GEORGE HODGES

JULIA SHELLEY HODGES

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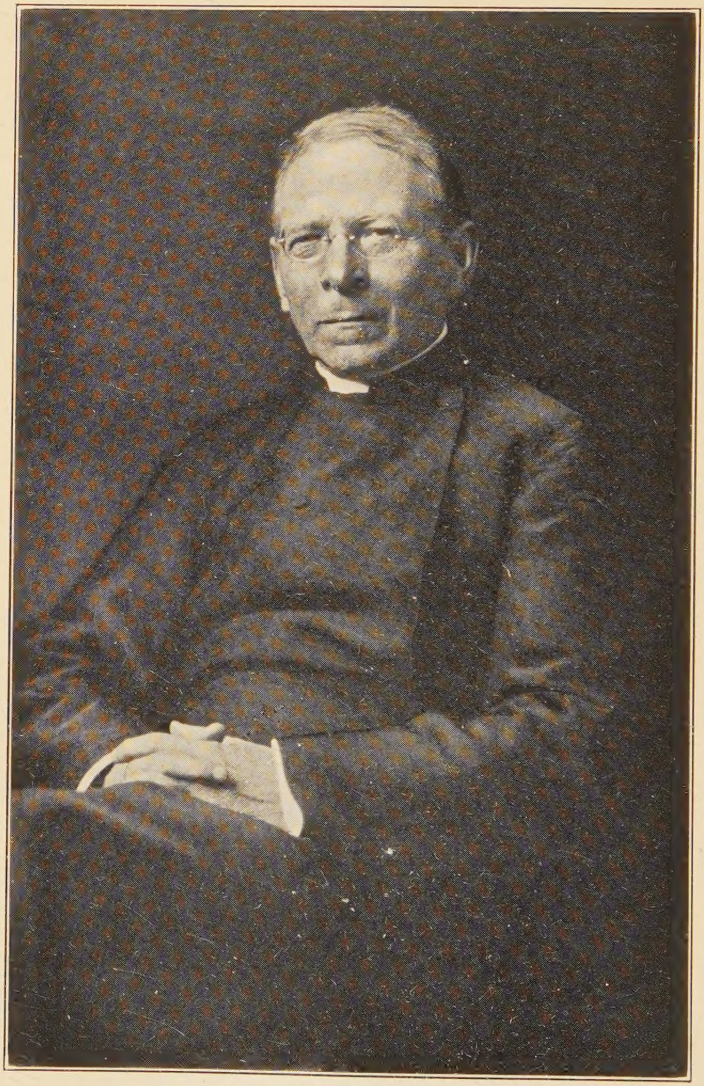

GEORGE HODGES IN 1918

GEORGE HODGES

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

JULIA SHELLEY HODGES

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One who never turned his back,
But marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph. Held we fall to rise,
Are baffled to fight better; sleep to wake.

BROWNING.

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GEORGE HODGES

GEORGE HODGES

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE AND BOYHOOD

GEORGE HODGES was of New England ancestry. His grandparents, Zephaniah Leonard Hodges and Dolly Reed, Roswell Ballard and Hannah Sampson, were residents of Taunton, Massachusetts, in the early part of the nineteenth century. He was of the eighth generation in descent from William Hodges, a sea-captain, who came from Taunton, England, to Boston as early as 1633. After ten years of voyaging, William settled in Taunton, Massachusetts, in 1643. His name is set down among those of the "thirty-five settlers," who are added to the forty-six "first and ancient proprietors" of Taunton. He married Mary Andrews, daughter of Henry Andrews, one of the forty-six purchasers of Taunton site from Massasoit, and also one of the "seven freemen," to each of whom was given a grant of land for his services.

The descendants of William Hodges and Mary Andrews became landholders and leading men in the civil and military affairs of the town, and deacons and elders in the church.

George Hodges's grandfather, Zephaniah

Leonard Hodges, was a man of cultivated mind, and of a strong mechanical bent. He was an organ builder and a maker of violoncellos, and was "markedly a musician, playing several instruments notably well." Even at the age of eighty-three he continued to play the cello, with great ability, in the Taunton Beethoven Society. His wife, Dolly Reed, was of a family distinguished for service in the War of the Revolution and in the administration of colonial affairs. From 1670 the Reed family have held the old homestead, deeded then to William Reed. The original house was burned when George Hodges's father (George Frederick Hodges) was a little boy. He was sleeping that night at his grandfather's, and he and the tall clock were the most precious possessions saved. Beginning in 1846 for over fifty years Reed Picknicks were held annually at midsummer in the Locust Grove on the homestead, there perpetuating the family traditions.

George Hodges's mother, Hannah Elisabeth Ballard, was the daughter of Deacon Roswell Ballard of Taunton. He was a descendant of William Ballard, who, on coming from England, lived for a time at Newbury (1635) and, at the settlement of Andover, became one of the original proprietors of that town. The next four generations of Ballards continued to live in New England, but Roswell's father moved to Whiteston, New York, where Roswell was born in 1792. Roswell, however, returned to New England, and at Taunton married Hannah Sampson of Plympton in 1816. It is through Hannah Sampson that George Hodges traced his descent from Captain Myles Standish, Hannah being

the great-great-great-granddaughter of Alexander Standish and Sarah Alden.

Deacon Roswell Ballard was known in Taunton as a man of unusual spiritual insight and piety. He was instrumental in founding the Spring Street Church, which later became merged in the Winslow Church. A neighbor, Hodges Reed, said in a memorial address shortly after the death of Roswell Ballard: "He threw his whole soul, and, we might almost say, his whole estate into the enterprise. He was engaged in a profitable business which required the most unremitting attention. He was careful that it should not suffer from neglect, though he was often seen literally running to the prayer-meeting, while his mill, somehow, seemed to keep a-going of itself. Once, when the wheels of the new enterprise dragged heavily, and we hardly knew where the money was coming from to lift us over the slough, he said: 'I am not discouraged, for I suppose the profits of my business would pay the whole expense, if need be. The Lord is with us, and is, every now and then, sending us a token of his favor in the conversion of a sinner, and it is not for us to be disheartened because the way is not so smooth as we would have it.' His mill, in fact, was a consecrated place. His Bible had a niche in it and his Village Hymn Book, yellowed and thumbed all over, was his constant companion. Many a man who brought his sack of wool to be carded, carried something better than it away—a word of encouragement or exhortation, or warning, as circumstances required. It is true of him that many names of impenitent men, written out on slips of paper, were carried about, from day to day, if not from year to year,

in his pocket, and made the subject of earnest prayer. Some of these were converted, and others, as it would seem, had all the harder work to resist the strivings of the Holy Spirit, for his prayers. So well known was this fact, that Christians and sometimes the unbelievers were heard to say: there is hope of this and that hardened sinner, for their names are in Deacon Ballard's pocket." Not a man of learning, but, some one said, "a man with one talent—his knowledge of the Bible." This knowledge, and his piety, in addition to his experience and affectionate nature, made him a strong influence for good in the community.

From these sources of courageous, hard-working, self-respecting, God-fearing, community-serving citizens of the Massachusetts colony George Hodges drew his inheritance of high-minded and deeply spiritual character. He was deservedly proud of his ancestry. With a twinkle in his eye, he frequently referred to "the middle class, to which so many of us belong." But there was a pride and satisfaction in belonging to that "middle class," which has been, after all, the bulwark of the American nation.

George Frederick (Handel) Hodges and Hannah Elisabeth Ballard were married on November 28, 1844, at Taunton, Massachusetts. Soon after, in June, 1845, they moved to Camden, New York, where Hannah's father and mother and her three brothers, Alvan, Roswell, and Charles, were then living. Here the brothers had a fulling mill, but the father, because of failing health, gradually became inactive in the business.

It was then the custom to spin, and weave cloth for all household purposes at home, the cloth being taken to a mill to be fulled and dressed. George did not join the brothers in this business, but kept books in the village bank. They formed one household, and their habits of living were of great simplicity, in accordance with their New England upbringing. It was a comfortable and hospitable home in a country village.

A love of gardening, and the use of his beautiful tenor voice both in church choir and concerts, gave George sufficient recreation, while Hannah had her books. Even as a school-girl in Taunton, she had been considered a person of exceptionally noble character and high intellectual attainments. A carefully kept list of books read by her in 1849 reveals a taste both wide and cultivated, in fiction, history, biography, and poetry, in French as well as in English.

At this time Hannah broke away from Congregationalism and became an Episcopalian; "both by reading and conviction," writes a friend. Her husband did not unite with her in this step. Never physically strong, but intellectually keen, she was spiritually attuned to the finest shades of right and wrong, with an extremely sensitive conscience and a deeply devotional spirit.

George and Hannah had lived in Camden little more than a year when a little girl, Georgiana, was born to them, on September 2, 1846. Three years later Charles Herbert was born, October 28, 1849. Charles lived only one year, but Georgiana was spared to them for seven years; "the light of our eyes, the joy of our hearts," her mother wrote. She also added, "Her body died,

her spirit was borne to the home of her Saviour." Three months later Hannah suffered another poignant sorrow in the death of her mother.

She bore her grief with Christian fortitude, but she longed for and dreamed of the little girl, and her fragile health suffered.

Soon after these losses, in 1854, George and Hannah Hodges moved to Rome, not many miles distant from her father's home in Camden. This was to be their permanent home. Rome was then a thriving village, with wide, shady streets, large, comfortable houses, with ample grounds about them. Here were people of culture, refinement, and large means, as well as people of lesser privileges. The attractive young couple readily made a place for themselves in society, and there was constant and happy intercourse with a large circle of friends.

Mr. Whipple, later "Apostle to the Indians" as missionary bishop of Minnesota, was then the rector of Zion Church, and of this church Hannah was a member and faithful attendant. That her husband did not become a professed church-member grieved her. When her friend, Mrs. Peggs, "took on herself the vows of a Christian, and received the water of Baptism" in the Episcopal Church, she wrote, "Oh, I cannot express the intense longing I have, that my dear husband may be led to do what she has this day done."

At first George and Hannah boarded with Mrs. Peggs; then they took over the house and began their first housekeeping alone in June, 1856. This marked an epoch of great joy in their lives, yet Hannah's conscience troubled her a bit. She wrote: "On looking back the few weeks past I have almost forgotten that I am a

labourer in my dear Saviour's service and that I have been an idle one. I have almost forgotten also that I am only a stranger journeying towards my home with hasty steps. I was being too well satisfied with the worldly blessings my merciful Heavenly Father surrounds us with. My dear Master, I humbly beg for a heart truly desirous of doing whatever thou wouldst have me."

On the long summer days spent in the garden, Hannah stored up strength to withstand the severe winters of Central New York, when she was frequently housed for weeks. She noted in her diary: "A train came in with six engines and a snow plough, and glad enough was I to get safely back to my good home once more, away from the unbroken wilderness of snow." Her "good *mari,*" her happy home with its books, and flowers and music, and the visits of many friends filled her days with pleasure.

In this quiet environment, George Hodges was born on October 6, 1856. He brought great comfort to his gentle and affectionate mother, bereft of two other children. Her bodily strength waned each year, and she became more closely confined to her home. The little fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, gentle and quiet by nature, did not disturb the serenity of the little household, but rather enlivened it with his drum and his sleigh, his efforts to learn to read, and "helping father." It was an important family event when "Georgy" wore pantaloons for the first time on Friday, May 11, 1860. These were made by the diligent maid-of-all-work, but the mother's loving fingers fashioned the shirt and braided the little coat. Thus in braided coat and ruffled shirt he appears in the

daguerreotype, taken at the age of four. He looks at us with searching eyes. And there is the little pucker over the eyebrows, so perceptible in after years.

These were stirring times, preceding the Civil War, but the little family was touched by it only by seeing the troops march away, and by reading aloud the eloquent political speeches of Seward, Douglas, and Wendell Phillips.

The visit of the Prince of Wales (Albert Edward) to New York in the autumn of 1860 caused intense interest, even as far north of the metropolis as Rome. It was surpassed, however, by the great presidential election and subsequent war developments. Georgy watched the torch-light processions and beat his drum, and probably wondered what it was all about.

That autumn the mother appears to be stronger, and there is a more optimistic tone in the entries in her diary. October 1, 1860: "How full of praise and thanksgiving my heart should be for the preservation of my health so late this fall. For three autumns in succession, at this time, I have been suffering much." October 6: "Georgy's birthday. I try to feel truly thankful that I am so well." October 16: "How peacefully and pleasantly the days pass by. May the goodness of our Heavenly Father, lead each of us to repentance."

But by the next spring her health had failed again. That she realized her physical condition is quite evident from the pathetic entry in her diary on March 21, 1861: "Still have some cough and shooting pains through the chest. The weather has been very cold, and I feel sen-

sibly that I can be no better as long as it remains so, perhaps not even if it should be warmer. But this I *do* know, that it will all be just right; (and I do not think that I should be a real loss to anyone.) If my loved Husband should have a wife who would lead him to the dear Saviour, my leaving earth would then be a gain to him. How I have longed and longed, and prayed and prayed that he might become a Christian; but it is my life that has not corresponded to my prayers. I am too feeble to be a useful mother to my precious boy—I will try hard the little time that is left me, to be as good a wife and mother as I can."

Though not professing himself a Christian, her husband was that in word and deed all his life, and tenderly devoted to his dying wife.

When Georgy was five years old, the faithful maidservant, Margaret, left them to be married; and a few months later Harriet Hodges came from Taunton, to be henceforth a useful and much-loved member of her brother's family.

The brave fight against tuberculosis ended, and Hannah Hodges died on Christmas day, 1862. Her courage and patience and religious insight were a noble heritage for her son.

Little George's first distinct memory was that of his father and himself, seated on a small haircloth sofa, at his mother's funeral. A pathetic little figure, this! However much he felt his sorrow, we know it was repressed. The little face shows that. How could he pour out his feeling to the silent though kindly father, or to the energetic maiden aunt? Aunt Hattie was kind

and devoted, with a strong sense of duty toward her younger brother and his child. She was then forty-six years old—of an age when habits of thought and living were too firmly formed to be readily adapted to a child's point of view. But at that time a child's point of view was made to coincide with that of his elders. She led little Georgy to church twice on Sunday—in the morning to the Episcopal Church, and in the afternoon to the Presbyterian, sometimes to the Methodist Church. Here began the catholicity of his church associations. He had been baptized by Mr. Whipple in the Episcopal Church.

Soon he began to attend Sunday-school, then day-school, in May, 1862.

From now on there was "plain living and high thinking" for the little boy. There was no indulgence in goodies between meals, and Aunt Hattie "improved his mind" by reading aloud to him Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and other instructive books, far beyond his ken. But he liked the sound of the words. Occasionally he was allowed an excursion of his own into *Peter Parley's Library* or some other perfectly safe literary field. *The Story of a Bad Boy* gave him especial delight.

He also began a correspondence with his grandfather Hodges in Taunton. His grandfather made for him a fascinating windmill, with a little man sawing wood as the wheel turned. He thanked his grandfather in the following letter:

DEAR GRANDFATHER

I THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE WIND-MILL USENT ME BY MY UNCLE. AND WHEN FATHER PUT IT UP ALL THE NEIGHBORS BOYS LOOKED AT IT AS LONG AS THEY COULD SEE IT SUNDAY SO MANY BOYS AND GIRLS GOT ON TO THE FENCE AND MADE SUCH A NOISE FATHER HAD TO TAKE IT DOWN. IT IS NOW VACATION SO I DO NOT HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL

WHEN THERE IS ONE
I GO EVERY DAY AND
LIKE TO VERY MUCH.
MRS MALLISON GAVE ME A
BOOK WHICH IS CALLED
DAILY FOOD AND I GET A
VERSE OUT OF IT EVERY
MORNING BEFORE BREAKFA
ST. FATHER SAID HE
WOULD GIVE ME A
LITTLE GARDEN WHEN WE
MOVE UP TO OUR NEW
HOUSE. I WISH YOU AND
GRANMA WOULD COME
AND SEE ME. I AM NOT TO
SEE YOU VERY MUCH.

GEORGE HODGES

The following letter, written when George was ten years old, indicates that he had human failings:

Rome, N. Y. Oct. 6, 1866.

Dear Grandfather:

As I suppose we must not break up correspondence so soon, thought I would write to you. I have been to Camden, staid nine weeks. Uncle Charles gave me a Temperance Banner which is very pretty it is one he had when he was a boy.

I am ten years old today. Father made me a ship and got it painted for my birthday present but as I was a bad boy he did not give it to me. But I am going to be a good boy. Jack Frost made a breakfast out of Father's beans and tomatoes. The little man that turns the windmill in the garden is as busy as ever. Give my love to Grandmother.

Yours truly,
GEORGIE.

When this letter was returned to him in 1916, his children clamored to know what terrible naughtiness had deprived him of his birthday present. He blushed, as he readily recalled that he had taken some cookies from the cookie-jar without asking permission!

His friend, John Barton, tells that George did not have much to do with other boys, not because he was unsocial, but because his nature and intellectual tastes, even at the age of ten, made him self-sufficient and self-entertaining. The boys used to play in the big Hodges garden and in a sort of store-room over the kitchen where George stored his few treasures. He had practically no playthings excepting those made by his thrifty father, who took keen pleasure in seeing the boys

drive round and round the garden paths in a cart made by himself, and in watching his kites, which always flew.

In the store-room they read, and George recited, eagerly commiting to memory all sorts of "pieces" and declaiming to Barton with as much enthusiasm as to a large audience. He had a big book which seemed to contain a little of everything, including the Greek alphabet, which at the age of ten George learned and recited with such fervor that Barton was inspired to learn it too, though he hated Latin and Greek. "Both boys were fond of reading, but George was quite insatiable in that direction, and his impeccable taste did not relish the dime novels that his friend perused excitedly and hid in the barn under the hay. But both boys read books they probably would not have read, if books had been less rare in those days."

He kept a little set of books like his father's in the bank, and, with two other boys, edited and printed a little newspaper, on the press set up in the store-room, and, to turn a penny, solicited subscribers to the *Little Corporal.* There were no idle moments in his day.

Mr. Barton refers to "his natural spirit of leadership, early in operation, in spite of his independent aloofness" in organizing a temperance society; "The Hodges Temperance Society," it was called. The gift of a gorgeous and elaborate temperance banner from his Uncle Charles gave him the incentive. "The ritual, initiations and grand marches brought great joy to all concerned, and made for George opportunities for management of a group of boys, which he met with masterly resourcefulness and generalship.

Aunt Hattie made him a beautiful blue sash to use in the ceremonies, whereupon the mothers of the other boys were all making blue sashes in short order."

George wrote an account of it to his grandfather: "I have organized a Cadets of Temperance which at present has about eight members. We meet every Saturday afternoon at half past two o'clock. We are getting members most every week. Our pledge is

> "So here we pledge
> Perpetual hate
> To all that can
> INTOXICATE."

"George," adds Mr. Barton, "with all his quiet tastes and studious habits was no coward or molly-coddle, but was a real boy and liked some of the outdoor excitements, though he was never in a fight, and could not be induced to go fishing."

When singing in the choir of Zion Church, George's father met a charming young lady, beautiful of face and character, Rosaline Shelley. They were married on November 7, 1866. This marriage brought a strong, motherly affection into the boy's life. She was devoted to her stepson, ready to help with games and lessons, and always an inspiration to him in whatever task he undertook. The marriage also brought him a large family connection. There were many cousins, especially girls, who made much of the shy, amiable boy.

The Shelleys were Baptists, so George now began to attend the Baptist Sunday-school. In addressing this Sunday-school many years later, he

said he went there because the pretty girls went there also. Or was it because the Sunday-school library contained the Oliver Optic books? Whatever the motive in his attendance, this Baptist church always remained to him a most friendly place. Its pastor, the Rev. Henry H. Peabody became his lifelong friend. His interest in the ambitious boy followed through college and on into the ministry, encouraging him by the example of his own faithful and neighborly ministrations.

To school duties and a moderate amount of recreation was added helping his father hoe the garden and dig the potatoes in summer, and shoveling snow and chopping wood in winter. Here began his education in real work, which strengthened his muscles and his character at the same time.

In 1868 a brother, Frederick Britton, was born. George's affection for and devotion to his brother began then, at the age of twelve. It may have tried his manly soul to take his small brother in the baby-carriage to the vacant lot where the boys played baseball, but he did not hesitate to leave the child in the carriage while he joined the game. This amused the little brother, and did not overstrain the patience of the good boy who was always ready to be helpful.

George was a good boy. He maintained that it was no credit to him; he was born that way.

CHAPTER II

YOUTH AND COLLEGE DAYS

With the arrival of a new superintendent, the schools of Rome were reorganized and regraded, and a special examination given, which George passed. He thus skipped a grade and entered Rome Free Academy in 1869, in advance of some of his companions. High-school days in a city of the size of Rome need not have been uneventful, but George looked back upon it as a rather cramped and joyless period of his life. The sensibilities of a boy are in a chaotic state between the thirteenth and seventeenth years of his life. He does not know why a certain thing pleases and another displeases; he only feels. There was much illness in his home, and he had to do the chores, while the beautiful things of life seemed elusive and always beyond his reach. He had an optimistic spirit, however, and the steadfast aunt watched over him and guided him when the path seemed too thorny. If he felt the pricks, they were supposed to be good for him, and he did not cry out.

The Hodges home was an hospitable center for the large family circle, and not a day passed but a bit of cheer was taken from it to some less favored person outside. The beautiful flowers and luscious grapes and berries from the garden of 604 North George Street gladdened many a "shut-in." Aunt Hattie in her bonnet and shawl,

carrying a bunch of sweet peas as she went to read to a sick old lady (often younger than herself), was an angel of mercy, indeed; and George was often her emissary.

Rome was then a thriving manufacturing and commercial city, a distributing point on main arteries of trade and travel, the New York Central Railroad and the Erie Canal. Its pulse throbbed with that of the world outside; it was not dependent on its own resources alone. Situated in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk River, a few minutes' walk or drive brought one to the picturesque palisades, not so high as those of the Hudson, but full of mystery and charm. Fort Stanwix, the original site of the city, was a notable point of defense in the French and Indian Wars, and the surrounding hills and valleys were full of reminders of the struggles of pioneer days.

A roving boy could have had many an adventure in the environs of Rome, but George's world was bounded by the brick walls of the Academy and the covers of his books. His adventures and travels were mostly in books. He was, first and last, a student, but the natural accuracy and love of detail of a student were counterbalanced by an untrammeled imagination. He led his classes in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, but he excelled in his orations, in which he demonstrated his originality of thought. His declamations, set off by gestures of his own improvising, were the pride and envy of his class. The majority of modern boys would shrink from this form of expression, but it was then a part of the school curriculum, and a valuable one. Many a classic poem was fixed in the school-boy memory, a well of information and entertainment in maturity.

His teachers, especially Miss Mary Bissell, gave him constant encouragement and inspiration. She lent him books, read with him, and furthered in every way his ambition to go to college. Years after the school days, after both had been long absent from Rome, when Miss Bissell attended service one day in Westminster Abbey, there rose in the pulpit to preach a small man with yellow hair whom she recognized with a thrill of joy and satisfaction as her former devoted pupil, George Hodges.

A companion of Academy days, Francis Bellamy, recalls that George was a quiet youth, "with few intimates, yet always around with the boys, good-natured and with a bright grin." While not belligerent by nature, and preferring peaceful methods of settling a dispute, he was not averse to fighting if the occasion demanded it.

Says Mr. Bellamy:

He played his full part in the prankish boyish democracy, but was, in a way, apart. Yet, if we didn't understand him, he never betrayed any consciousness of not being understood. He never showed sensitiveness. Not once do I remember any indication of a felt superiority, yet he was superior. Only once do I recall an instance when his face flushed. He was a book-worm, and he had the run of Dominie Peabody's extensive and varied library. The Dominie and he had talked of the town's need of a public library, and it was suggested that he write an article for the *Sentinel* urging such a library. One day his article was printed, and the last sentence read, "Arouse then, ye men of Rome, and give us a public library." That boyishly pompous exhortation was enough for the humour of the school. For weeks George was greeted with "Arouse, then, ye men of Rome." If he privately wished he had been less declamatory, he never

betrayed it. But he had an eventual justification, for after a while somebody started the library.

It was n't until years after these high school days that I began to understand the rare mind which none of the high school crowd were able to recognize. When I knew George Hodges in his superb maturity, after he had found himself, after he had arrived at coördination, after his trained faculties were in easy rein, then I could look back at all the "little unremembered" evidences of rarity and could see their unerring promise. . . . He loved men not for what they gave him, but for what he had to give them.

Of what he had to give to others George Hodges gave freely and unconsciously, even in those early days; to his family, his school-fellows, his teachers, his neighbors. In spite of being a book-worm, he loved human relationships.

He played duets on the piano and unlimited games of croquet with the girls next door, supplied them with books to read, stimulating a taste for good literature in many of his companions, carried Aunt Hattie's flowers to the sick and aged, helped with the housework, and made himself generally useful. These habits, together with an innate dignity and rather stately manner, did not make him popular among the boys. They thought him a little queer, but later on realized they had loved him for his gentleness, and devotion to his friends, and loyalty to his own ideals.

Other men besides Dr. Peabody gave the book-loving boy free access to their libraries, where he browsed to his heart's content. Thus in his high-school days he acquired an invaluable background of English literature and history, and early began to express himself in his school com-

positions and orations and in short articles to the *Rome Daily Sentinel.*

He was valedictorian of his class, and in his prize essay on Benjamin Franklin said: "Synonymous with all that is honest and true, the name of Franklin stands high among America's nobility. The pure character and pious principles of his simple life afford a splendid model to the young men of the world." In these two sentences is indicated something of the forceful brevity that characterized his later literary style. "Use strong adjectives and few conjunctions," said his teacher of English in the Academy, which advice, it is evident, he always followed.

Despite his previous attendance at the Baptist Sunday-school he retained his affection for the church of his baptism. Religion was to him one of the elemental facts of life, and it developed naturally, with no process of conversion. As he himself has said, "Religion is human life, plus God," and to God he early gave his allegiance. He was confirmed in the Episcopal Church by Bishop Huntington in 1875.

The ardent purpose of a seventeen-year-old boy does not always meet with enthusiasm at home. George wished to go to college and fit himself for a profession. He could not then decide whether it would be writing, teaching, or preaching, but he must have further preparation for any profession. George's father obtained sufficient satisfaction in the daily routine at the bank and in his pleasant home. His salary was not large, but he was thrifty and well-to-do. A college education was infrequent among boys of his class in 1873. It was considered unnecessary

and an extravagance. But George's stepmother favored it, and his teachers urged it.

At last it was decided that George could go to Hamilton College, at Clinton. It was small and inexpensive, and it was only nine miles from home. The college, named for Alexander Hamilton, one of its early trustees and contributors, had been established in the wilderness by Samuel Kirkland, as an institution of Christian learning, primarily for Indian boys. The plans were enlarged to include white boys, and to make of it a seat of learning to be to Central New York what Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth were to New England. Though it did not attain the size of those colleges, it has always ranked high in scholarship, and furnished many a president and professor to other colleges. It had a distinctly religious atmosphere, with a strong tendency toward Presbyterianism. The college was commandingly situated on a hill, a little removed from the town of Clinton, with a wide view of the Oriskany Valley and the distant hills. The buildings were dominated by the chapel. They who walked beneath the poplars and oaks of the beautiful campus were unconsciously uplifted and enriched by their surroundings.

George entered Hamilton College, then, at seventeen years of age, immature and awkward, but exceedingly ambitious. He roomed in a farmhouse outside the village, to save expense, and, on returning from his weekly visits home, brought a basket of provisions sufficient to last for the coming week. Not only did his health suffer from this arrangement, but it kept him out of the current of college life, so that he was little known among the students in his first year. In his soph-

omore year this plan was discontinued, and he became one of the well known men of his class. In the same year he became a member of the D K E fraternity. He and Louis Boisot, who roomed in the same dormitory, were drawn together by the discovery that both could repeat nearly all of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

Athletic games were not then in vogue at Hamilton, and so the two friends took their exercise in long walks. This gave opportunity for long talks, and they found much in common. Often they walked from College Hill to Rome to spend a holiday, and Boisot became a much loved visitor in George's home.

Mr. Boisot writes: "Hodges, while at college, was quiet and studious in his habits and rather reserved in his intercourse with his fellows, though always cheerful and jolly in conversation. He was not noisily popular, but had many good friends and no enemies. He did well in Greek and Latin and other studies. His chief distinction in college was in his writing. He was easily the best writer of his class. His reading, outside his college work, was extensive and well selected, and when he graduated he possessed an unusual knowledge of English literature and was able to express his ideas fluently in a clear and attractive style, peculiarly his own."

In his sophomore year he was awarded the prize in English composition on "The European University and the American College." In his junior year he received a prize in classics, the Hawley scholarship medal, and was elected an editor of the *Hamilton Literary Monthly,* in which he had some twenty essays published, more than any other man in his day. During his senior

year he took the Kirkland prize for an oration on "The Old Testament and Modern Christianity," and was one of the speakers at the Clark Prize Exhibition, then considered the highest literary honor in college. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and was class poet. He was graduated with honors.

To these scholastic honors was added the important one, to him, of having a short article printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the year of his graduation. It was called "Hawthorne's Chemistry" and found place in the Contributors' Club. William Dean Howells's acceptance of it, written in purple ink on a postal card, won the boy's everlasting gratitude. He never forgot the thrill of his first literary success.

The class of '77 consisted of twenty-five men, a group small enough to know each other and their teachers well. They knew each other's foibles, they praised each other's successes. They debated questions of the day, and knew what their professors thought about them too. The personal touch between faculty and student was possible. Eight entered the ministry, and carried on the missionary spirit in which the college was founded.

Later, in speaking to the alumni of his college, George Hodges said, "The teacher is of greater importance than the text-book," a truth he had learned at Hamilton. There were men of dignity and learning on the faculty. Professor North, known as "Old Greek," gave the boys a solid foundation in the classics, and, according to Charles Dudley Warner, their first idea of literary form also. Oren Root, called "Cube Root," and later his son, "Square Root," (Oren, Jr.), taught

mathematics, while Professors Frink and Scollard guided them in English composition.

The emphasis was not entirely on the serious side of life. There was the usual amount of activity and fun that is found in any group of normal young men, and much social intercourse between the college, the townspeople, and the nearby Houghton Seminary for Young Ladies.

The college life was wholesome and stimulating, and George grew intellectually and spiritually into a strong manhood, although physically he was neither tall nor strong nor handsome of face. A pronounced blond, his youthful yet intellectual face attracted by its gravity, often broken by the twinkling, kindly blue eyes.

The family at home enjoyed George's success and welcomed his brief visits at week-ends and the long summer vacations. He made no attempt to work his way through college. He deserved the leisure of the summer months, which he spent in reading, social life, and amusing his little brother. Sometimes he made a walking expedition with a friend, but no extensive traveling was possible.

George's friendship with Louis Boisot deepened and ripened. To Boisot he poured out his ambitions, his disappointments, his inmost thoughts; the demonstration of an uncommonly affectionate but extremely reticent nature. He was filled with enthusiasm for whatever task he had in hand; he was bubbling over with wit and fun at times; he had fits of "literary blues"; he enjoyed the companionship of both men and women; but with this friend alone did he freely share his aspirations and his spirtual experiences. To others there was often the "independent aloofness" noticeable in boyhood.

CHAPTER III

A YEAR OF TEACHING

DURING his college days George decided to be a minister. He was not quite twenty-one years old when he graduated from college, and he needed to earn money for his future education. So he turned to teaching, and in the autumn of 1877 went to London, Ontario, to be a master in Hellmuth College, a school for boys. His friend, Boisot, was teaching elsewhere, before beginning the study of law. The friends, now hundreds of miles apart, carried on a lively correspondence.

The following letters give us a glimpse of George's life as a schoolmaster, and of the way in which he thought out the problems of his future:

London, Ontario,
Sunday, 7 Oct. 1877.

My dear Boisot:

Your doubly welcome letter came Friday, and I rushed around London all the afternoon with my pocket full of its generous two sheets, my mouth full of dates, and my thoughts full of you. I miss you wofully, old fellow, —most wofully! My matutinal sponge-bath lacks zest, my afternoon ramble takes on a lonesome gloominess, my bright thoughts lack vent, my jokes are uttered to my looking-glass and laughed at in my own doleful sleeve,— for want of you. I get morose from lack of your sympathetic ear, in which to pour my torturings of nerve.

I have a most wickedly easy time. I suppose I actually teach about three hours a day. Nothing higher in Latin than the first book of Cæsar; one boy in the

Greek Testament; and a half an hour a week on English Grammar, and another half on Geography. I do lots of reading. I am working up the Latin of Horace, and Hamilton's Metaphysics. I have read since I came Holmes' "Professor at the Breakfast Table," Charles Lamb's Essays, Leigh Hunt's Autobiography, Carlyle's Life of Sterling, and Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp." I have lots of good things in prospect. I fairly gloat over a delightful copy of the veritable "Morte d'Arthur," which I picked up in the luckiest way at a book-store here. I have got on most excellent terms with the book-seller, and he lets me go upstairs and rummage around to my heart's content among the old books.

I have the crack bathing tub, you had better believe. The butler brings up two pails of water for me every night. In the morning I emulate the sweet Miss Whitfield of Houghtonian memory and roll from my couch into my tub of water. Then I drag forth my coarse towel and give myself so fierce and energetic a sand-papering that I get into such a glow that you would think the sun was rising by the light which pervades the apartment. Then I fall to and seize my Indian clubs—for I own a pair of beauties, five pounds apiece, price one dollar,—and proceed to make them red-hot by the friction caused my their rapid motion in the air. That done I get into a delightful combination of mental and moral gymnastics over my Greek and German Testaments. I have had one fit of my old "literary blues" since I came here, but I have shaken that and my high ambitions off together. . . . I have a copy of Sterne's works.

You *must* promise to spend Christmas with me.

Ever truly,
GEORGE HODGES.

London, Ontario, Canada,
Thursday, Oct. 25, 1877.

My dear Boisot:

Your long and doubly-delightful letter came yesterday. Don't ever complain of a fear lest your epistles should

get so long as to bore me. They are all too short. Reading them is the most fun I have—and I have a good deal of fun.

I am keeping a "Journal"—none of your little two-cent diaries for me. . . . You have just so much space to fill in every day—as if all days were alike, and a man never had one day in which he could live the events of a week. So I keep a Journal in a fair, blank book, and set down the many jolly happenings of my life in London.

I am very glad you like teaching so well. Did n't I tell you that it would be as much fun as teaching a Sunday School Class? Your example inspires me. . . . Have you discovered yet that a school-teacher must be omniscient? My boys approach me with a mild request for information about the name of the mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, with a confidence which frightens me.

That is a brilliant idea of yours about coming to New York to teach. Do you suppose I could get a place? What salaries do they pay? We could have a most unrighteous amount of fun, and live very economically, too. The idea pleases me immensely.

I look forward with all possible eagerness to Christmas, in spite of the anti-card ideas which you hang so fast to. I am perishing to see you and bursting with things to tell you. . . . I look forward to our walk to Clinton.

Truly yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

Rome, January 8, 1878
Tuesday.

My dear Boisot:

The delightful promptness with which you wrote to me won my gratitude, as much as your lonesomeness won my sympathy. In just about two weeks from date I shall be feeling the same unenviable emotions in my Canadian abode, pondering sadly and longingly over the old Clinton days, and wishing most heartily for you. I must get down to New York next year, if it is a possibility. And

right here I may as well unfold to you my last disposal of the future. It is my purpose now to teach and study next year, and to enter in September of 1879 as a student at the Yale Theological Seminary! Yale is the best theological school in the country, without regard to denomination, and I go there purely on that account. It is also the most liberal of schools. What church I shall enter, I can't tell, though I suspect it will not be the Episcopal church. In my last year at the seminary I shall make up my mind about that, and this seems to me to be the most manly way to do, Boisot. A man has no right to join himself to a church, at least in a ministerial way, for any ill-considered reason—because his father liked that church—and I propose to look into the thing.

Faithfully,
GEORGE HODGES.

London, January 20, 1878.

My dear Boisot:

Your letters grow better in geometrical progression—is n't it geometrical which doubles and quadruples?—and the last caps the climax.

I read the lines of the "Prodigious Poet" to the assembled family interrupted by tumultuous applause, and followed up by a couple of "judicious" encores. I am sorry I can't follow out your suggestion that I should imitate Charles Kingsley in his tone towards Maurice. I agree with you, however, in the idea of adherence to classical models, and I will endeavor as well as I can to play the part of Chesterfield in his "Letters to my Son."

No wonder you were a bit surprised at my theological announcement. The idea in a general way has been in my mind a long time. It has been only very lately, however, that I have conceived the possibility of getting away from my church. My mind is almost made up to go to Yale. The course is three years, and embraces in addition to the regular lectures free entrance to Prest. Porter's lectures on Intellectual and Moral Philosophy; Prof.

Loomis on Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; Prof. Dana on Evolution and Cosmogony; Prof. Wheeler on History; and Prof. Sumner on Political and Social Science. Besides this I would have free access to the college library. There is only one term—from the middle of September to May, and the expense, rating board at $5 a week, will fall a little short of $200. I wish I could see you, old fellow, and tell you all I think and feel about this thing, and ask your help in many questions which I shall have to solve. One idea only here, and that about the Reformed Episcopal Church. This is a body of ministers who by diligent search have found a chance to get up a schism in their church. They have no great ideas to fight for, no new good thing to offer, hardly an excuse to live that I can find. A Reformed Episcopalian is in the incongruous position of a Congregationalist under a Bishop. I can get up very little enthusiasm about the reformed church.

I had to leave Charles Kingsley in the middle of a chapter, which I regretted very much. I am reading the "Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament" by a Church of England man. It is very good and broad-minded.

It is Monday night, and I send you a hint of what is going on. I have the proud satisfaction of having twenty or thirty boys under my sole supervision. Dr. Darnell has gone away to preach, so I am monarch, and a happy place it is, I assure you, to rule over.

J. gone, behold me, your most obedient, etc., installed as head-master under Dr. Darnell, Principal, at a salary of six hundred dollars a year, dating from the end of last term. This will give me something over four hundred dollars for my work from now until June, and not much more to do. I am urged to make up my mind to stay here another year on an advanced salary, but have n't done so yet. I have as good as made up my mind about my profession now, and will have money to carry me with delightful smoothness through my first year at the seminary, so, if I teach next year it will be through choice.

If you can suggest any good theological reading, pray do it.

Good-bye, old fellow.

Very faithfully,
GEORGE HODGES.

London, Ont., February 22, 1878.

. . . I am just at the close of Carlyle's "Past and Present." Do you remember what Kingsley said about Carlyle's influence over him? I think it was in one of his earlier letters. I can see how Carlyle's strong, manly, brave truth, his hatred of pride and indolence and sham, his great, earnest helpfulness, must have found place in Kingsley's heart. Carlyle, more than any other man, helps me to do my duty, and is slowly turning—no easy task—my ambition for fame into an ambition for work and usefulness. Carlyle is the best tonic I know. A chapter of him should be taken before each meal, by every mental dyspeptic. Just now, I am full of "Hypatia." I never understood Neo-Platonism so well. Does n't it seem to you the purest idealism? An utter overlooking of the realistic truth of facts, in the endeavor to find spiritual fancies under them? What a value the book has in letting us into the life of the early church.

. . . I feel ashamed of myself, Boisot, to be a Bachelor of Arts and unable to read ordinary Greek at sight. Is the degree fairly given in such a state of things? I wish we were together, old fellow, that we might dig at it together in earnest. . . . I look eagerly forward to the time when the distance between us will be lessened. You had better finish up law at Yale. Or will Columbia and the fascinations of a New York law office hold you?

Sincerely,
GEORGE HODGES.

London, March 16, 1878.

. . . You discourage me, Boisot, with your reading of Macaulay, and your review of Sophocles, and your lectures on Optics. I fairly envy your hard work. My

teaching gives me not a bit of mental drill, not a bit of advancement in knowledge. I am perpetually getting back into the old college "blues" because I do not know anything. I have been reading Xenophon's "Memorabilia of Socrates"—not in the original—and find it full of good and true things. Socrates seems to me the prototype of such men as Carlyle and Kingsley—full of their grand love of truth, sublime scorn of all half-knowledge, and all sham-knowledge, and grace of humility. . . .

Let me quote you some Shakespere which adapts itself to us, most appropriately, "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel; but do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade."

I keep all your letters religiously with a view to making fame and fortune out of your biography. Don't you want to lend me some money or something on my prospects?

Sincerely,
GEORGE HODGES.

London, Ontario, April 8, 1878,
Wednesday afternoon.

. . . Don't make any definite arrangements about rooming with anybody next year, old fellow. I may come down to the Episcopal Seminary in New York. I have made no decision, but am going to do all I can to work myself into sympathy with my own Church before I settle finally. If I conclude to try a "Church" school before I go to Yale, I shall be with you next year. In my present unhappy frame of mind I think one thing one half hour and reverse it the next. It is hard work, getting into the light.

Hellmuth College, April 24, 1878.

. . . Your patience in awaiting the appearance of the "American Novelist" in the Atlantic is touching. My dear boy, I invite you to contemplate the sorrows of precocious authorship. The Atlantic "regrets not to use

my essay, etc., but has already accepted an article on the same subject." Scribner "regrets its inability to use my pleasant and suggestive little essay." The Independent "really regrets not to be able to make use, etc., and holds the manuscript at my disposal if I wish to keep it." I have bequeathed the essay to the Independent waste-basket. Such are the obstacles which a cold and unappreciative world casts maliciously in the way of aspiring genius!

I am sorry to gather from several of your letters of recent date, that legal lore has a strong tendency to rhyme with bore. Does n't that fierce Gradgrind, who abjures transcendentalism and metaphysics so heartily and so impossibly, who forgets the Hamiltonian dictum "philosophize we must,"—does n't the mad and unpoetic materialist find facts enough in the law of property to suit his obdurate nature? Here is the helpful use of transcendentalism and Carlyle and Emerson, Boisot, that will take you above the dryness of the work into the higher pleasure of feeling that you are doing your work thoroughly no matter how distasteful.

I will tell you, Boisot, something I confide to very few,—just what I am thinking now about the vexed problem of denominationalism. To what extent I may change my ideas I do not know. I have done some hard, and, I hope, conscientious work on the question, have changed my mind many times and got more good from every change, may change again. I have come to feel that the preacher's work lies above and outside of all denominations, lies chiefly in being himself devout and true and earnest and in making others so; that while sermonizing may be hampered by sectarianism, *preaching,*—"truth through personality" as Phillips Brooks defines it,—can find its place and work in any sect and under any creed.

I feel that what my own church needs to get her awake and to break down her barriers of exclusiveness is simply men who will try to do in their own small parishes and with their own small powers the kind of work which Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, Frederick W. Robert-

son, Dr. Tyng, and Phillips Brooks have been doing for the church at large. Nothing is more needed in the Episcopal Church than liberal, tolerant thought; devout earnestness; men who believe in the eternal preciousness of human souls, above all formalism. That sermon which Carlyle would preach to poets on "the duty of staying at home," may as well apply to preachers. If I have work waiting for me at home, it is wrong to leave it.

I am more and more convinced that the theological question is preëminently the battleground of modern thought, and that today of all times the ministry is the grandest profession.

Hellmuth College is to lose its charming title with the end of the year, and is to shine thereafter in history as "Dufferin College"—an improvement, don't you think so?

You speak of small boys coming up for lessons. I don't have any of that, but I don't suppose there is an hour a day but I have a couple of small boys in my room. Sometimes the number gets up to five. You should see me pounded with pillows, tied to my chair, punched, pinched, tickled, made a martyr of. I am afraid I have mislaid my dignity; at any rate, I can't find it, and so I make a small boy of myself with great success. Small boys form the biggest part of my daily life just now, and a very pleasant part.

Sincerely,
GEORGE HODGES.

London, June 1, 1878.

My dear Boisot:

The catalogue of the General Theological Seminary came duly; and presents a most uninviting panorama of desert islands, I must say. Plainly, I don't fancy it. The only thing which will take me there will be the proximity of a kindred spirit in yourself. Did n't the programme seem a sadly mediæval one to you? Compared to Yale, where a few modern thinkers are allowed to figure, where there is no elaborate apostolic succession to

be proven step by step, where real problems of theology are discussed, the prospect is most repelling. However, the sooner I come to face and examine the formalism and middle-age-ism of my church, the better.

Do I propose to spend my summer in study? No Hebrew for me, thank you, till I get into the divinity school.

Sincerely,
GEORGE HODGES.

London, June 21, 1878.

My dear Boisot:

One more examination, and that tomorrow, and my work as a pedagogue will be over. To tell the truth, B., I hate to leave Canada and London and the college more and more as the time gets nearer. Last night I had a talk with Colonel and almost made up my mind to come back, but today I thought of you and changed my mind.

Most truly,
GEORGE HODGES.

In referring to this year, George always said that he made a "poor fist of teaching." Perhaps his discipline was not rigid enough, but he must have been successful in imparting knowledge, and it was gratifying to be asked to return. Aside from longing to be with his friend who had been studying law in New York, he was eager to begin his life-work, though the beginning of it presented some obstacles.

Rome, July 15, 1878.

My dear Boisot:

There is a horrible deal of red-tape about getting into the Episcopal ministry. You have to write to the Bishop of the diocese, enclosing a letter of introduction from the Rector of the parish, stating your intention to become a candidate for holy orders. At the same time you have to

send to the Executive Committee of the diocese an application to be recommended to the Bishop, signed by the Rector and Vestry of the church. This done, with the Bishop's consent you become a Postulant. I confess to a kind of shrinking from the thing, but I am bound to carry it through.

Most sincerely,
GEORGE HODGES.

Dr. Egar, for many years rector of Zion Church, Rome, enthusiastically recommended so promising a theological student; but Bishop Huntington, while accepting him as a postulant, practically vetoed his going to the New York Seminary.

Bishop Huntington had been preacher and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard College, and was not then in sympathy with the "high-churchmanship" prevalent at the General Seminary. He urged George to come to him at Syracuse.

George's decision to abandon the more liberal courses at Yale, because his own church needed him, had been made, and now he must also abandon the larger environment of the seminary in New York and the possible companionship of his friend. The summer following the happy year of teaching ended on a note of disappointment.

CHAPTER IV

SEMINARY DAYS

Bishop Huntington founded St. Andrew's Divinity School in Syracuse in September, 1877, to be a training-school for his candidates for the ministry, with the hope that they would be missionaries in the diocese of Central New York during the period of their diaconate. There were schools for Indian boys and girls, and remote settlements where mission work was quite as arduous as in the foreign field or the slums of a large city.

There was also a boarding-school for girls—Keble School—in Syracuse, and St. John's school for boys at Manlius, showing Bishop Huntington's care and provision for the education of the young people of his diocese. He was a veritable "father in God," whose presence in the churches and homes of his diocese was always a benediction.

To St. Andrew's Divinity School, then, George went in the autumn of 1878. Again his own letters best recall these seminary days.

4 Highland St.,
Syracuse, September 22, 1878.

My dear Boisot:

Allow me to introduce to you a few statistics. The School consists of five students,—three seniors and two juniors. The Middle Class, whose name was Bigelow, has gone elsewhere. All the under-classmen room together, and the other half of the Junior Class is named

Wood,—Frank Wood, graduate of the Utica Academy, class of '78. None of the seniors are college men.

We go to church every morning, and the students take alphabetical turns in reading the church service by weeks. My week comes on rapidly.

There are three professors—Dr. Jennings (dean) who lectures on dogmatic theology and exegesis, and expects us to take down his words verbatim; Dr. Wahl, who teaches Greek and Hebrew, and insists on the derivatives in an enjoyable way; and Dr. Clarke, who hears us once every week in Church History, and who is at once odd and interesting. The Bishop, who is expected in a few days, will lecture on pastoral work.

I really cannot tell whether the balance of impressions bends towards the enjoyable or the unenjoyable in the idea of a course at St. Andrew's. Just now, I have an unhappy sort of feeling that my education of the past is not finding enough of a place in that of the present. To be in the same class with a school-boy brings with it a certain humiliation, and, at the same time, fosters a certain amount of self-conceit; and the attempt to accept the one and subdue the other may do me good. There is surely an air of devotion about many things here which charms me, and stimulates me; but with it comes a fondness for rites and forms, and a painful uncharity for the men, and unsympathy with the ideas which I accept as examples and principles which is not pleasant. I have not been without my expected dismalness, but it comes alternated with insane fits of mild hilarity.

If you love me, write to me, and that right soon.

4 Highland St.,
Sept. 29, 1878.

My dear Boisot:

I had a most refreshing talk with the Bishop yesterday, which contents me with St. A. in the happiest manner. It is far from his intention, he says, to keep us here for a three-years' course. For a young theologian the main requirements of his first year or two of elementary study

are a quiet place to work, a few good teachers to suggest methods of reading, and a devotional atmosphere. All these we get at St. A. and with them an experience of practical work which will prove very valuable. For our large culture, broad learning, and mingling amongst fellow-scholars, we can go elsewhere. So I fancy I shall stay two years here and take my third year possibly at New York, possibly at Harvard.

I am writing out a translation of "De Imitatione Christi" at the rate of a few pages every evening. . . . My Greek Testament work is particularly interesting, and the way in which it is taught pleases me. . . .

G. H.

The two friends had agreed to make a translation of Æschylus' *Prometheus,* and so many lines, usually twenty-five, were translated and exchanged at frequent intervals. The time for this was not taken from seminary work, but usually from holidays, and perhaps from one afternoon a week, set aside for miscellaneous reading. The methodical way in which they set about this shows their earnest purpose to add to the treasures of literature. Wrote Hodges to Boisot:

Let us gather all the different readings possible into marginal notes at the foot of each page of text; let us gather all comment on grammar and derivation into the lexicon; and confine the notes proper to an interpretation of the sense, beauties, and mythological references of the text; let us put all extant remarks upon the religion and poetry of Æschylus into an opening essay; and let us make an attempt, and as huge a one as possible, at a dictionary of synonyms in the Prometheus. I find that there is no good book of Greek synonyms in existence in any language, and any contribution toward such a collection would not only make a striking and original feature of the book, but would be an actual contribution to

Greek learning. These are not wholly my own ideas, —though the last is mine,—but have been built up on suggestions hinted at in reviews. . . .

This ambitious effort was not completed, though they continued the translation for two years or more.

Further comment on his life at St. Andrew's is contained in the following letter:

Syracuse, October 16, 1878.

. . . The very proper resolutions of sack-cloth-and-ashes behavior which I made before coming to St. Andrew's have faded away. . . . But in spite of all these seeming indications to the contrary, I feel a greater devoutness, and a more earnest sense of the peculiar, self-sacrificing consecration of a clergyman's life. . . . James Huntington, the Bishop's son, is a man of R's devoutness, and of a culture which R. lacked. His example is doing me much good.

I have taken a grim monastic vow against sarcastic remarks. Something tells me that Thomas a Kempis—whose name after all was Gerson—was not given to sarcasm. I find no traces of anything of the kind in "De Imitatione Christi," a page of which I am writing down every night.

What a sad world of mistaken facts and misguided statistics is this, in which Guido did not paint the Beatrice Cenci, and Kempis did not write the Imitation of Christ!

A friend of later days writes: "He once said that he was naturally lazy, and that he had to be busy in order to overcome that fault. If so, the victory was completely won, and it was a victory not by nature but by grace." The battle against laziness must have been won in seminary days. The following letter indicates little idleness:

Syracuse, Dec. 1, 1878.

My dear Boisot:

It is a rash act in me to begin a letter on Sunday, for my Sunday time is full up to the minutes. I will try to give you a little idea about how I pass my time. I have my days laid out in systematic programme after the fashion of the German university students. Every morning at six o'clock I get up, take a sponge bath in the dark, swing dumb bells, and am out of doors by half past six for an hour's walk. I breakfast at half past seven and usually get a quarter of an hour at Thomas a Kempis either just before or just after. After breakfast I have an hour before chapel time, which I spend over Greek Testament, studying the text and looking at references. At ten o'clock my first recitation ends and the hour which follows is devoted to Hebrew, or Pearson on the Creed. At twelve o'clock I sit down to Prometheus at which I work till dinner time. Before two o'clock I usually get a little chance to write out some German into English. From two to three comes Church History, from three to four comes Plato, which I am reading with Miss Jennings—not in the original. At four I start out for two hours calling among the poor people. After supper I recite in Hebrew, and from half past seven till half past nine is spent over German, which progresses delightfully; from half past nine to half past ten is spent in thinking over the doings and sayings of the day, planning tomorrow's work, and doing what odd reading I may have on hand.

I am assistant rector of St. James' Church, read in the service morning and evening every Sunday, and take charge of the Sunday School. My part of the parish is the parents of the Sunday School children. I have nearly a hundred families on my visiting list. I feel that I am getting more spiritual good from this part of my work than from anything I have ever done. It gives one such an utter distrust of self, such an entire dependence on God, that it is most helpful. I have seen more poverty and dirt, been on worse streets, and been in more miserable huts during the past few weeks than I ever knew

about before except in books. Syracuse is paradise, of course, compared with the dens of New York and London, but still I feel as though there were enough misery here to make me appreciate "Alton Locke."

And now occurred an interruption in his work. His aunt was very ill, and he was called home to help take care of her. His mother was not strong enough to bear the burden, trained nurses were not available then, and he and a cousin were considered sufficiently expert to perform this service for their beloved aunt. He obeyed the summons cheerfully, with no worry over his absence from the seminary. He continued to write to his friend in the watches of the night.

Rome, Jan. 31, 1879.

My dear Boisot:

At half past two o'clock in the morning of Friday, this thirty-first day of January, at Rome, in a sick-room, I lay aside my mediæval reading to write to you. My poor aunt is very, very sick, and I am home as nurse. Since last Wednesday, I have got not one good look at sunshine, for my days are nights. I go to bed at ten o'clock in the morning, and wake up again at six. The rest of the time I am on duty. You are to consider me as a watchman telling you of the night. Aunt Hattie, at best, gets no worse. A week ago, we were in despair of her; now we are beginning to hope again. It is only by making myself think of other things that I keep cheerful. There is a bright side to the unhappiness itself, in her perfect resignation and her rare faith. One of the pleasant things I try to fill my mind with, is the new turn in next year's prospects. Streibert wrote me a long, good account of Berkeley, not suspiciously enthusiastic, but full of rational liking and appreciation. It came to me at the end of a warm series of Savonarola-speeches, with the Dean's study for San Marco, and the Bishop's for the Duomo. I had just succeeded—with a frankness somewhat alarming even to myself—in making the faculty of

St. Andrew's understand my exact opinion of the School. The Doctor and the Bishop were both very kind to me. I told Bp. Huntington that I was learning nothing in Greek, nothing in Hebrew, very little in Church History, and not a bit in homiletics; that the only thing I got good from was Dr. Jennings' lectures on Systematic Divinity. Dr. Jennings was doing all he could, and more than he ought to be expected to do, for me; but without further instruction I could n't stay. Bishop said that he had been expecting me to make complaints for some time and could not refuse to let me go to Berkeley. St. Andrew's could not give me all I needed. . . . Berkeley seems to join all things most aptly. In vacation time I shall be near Syracuse; and in term-time not far from New York. Moreover, Father says Berkeley.

I am sorry you find law so dull. You need feminine seasoning for your bachelor brains.

Most sincerely and perpetually,
GEORGE HODGES.

Rome, Feb. 5, 1879.
Wednesday morning.

My dear Boisot:

What a beautiful and good thing is this to put in a letter: "And so I wish, above all things, to bear about with me a heart which I would not have shut by sin or by vanity, and always open, dear John, to thee." Norman Macleod wrote it to his friend John Mackintosh; and as I finish the story of his great, genuine life, and try to tell you how much it has impressed me, I can't think of a better way of beginning my letter than by making his words earnestly my own to you. . . . I can best epitomize the effect of the book on me by telling you that not only did it overwhelm me with the blue waters of Kingsley's "divine discontent," but it made me break off in the middle and go to reading Baxter's "Saints' Rest" and the New Testament!

I enjoyed Macaulay's life and letters hugely—and there is some likeness in the two lives; each with its home-love, its public life and familiar talk with great people, a voy-

age to India in each, and days crammed with the busiest of work, and a life of honors, deserved and taken modestly,—but Macleod's seems so much deeper than Macaulay's, such a grounding of everything upon God, such a prayerful comparison of his acts, and words, and thoughts, and feelings, with the Christ standard. You remember that after Macaulay's great sorrow over his sister's death he said, "Books have saved my life and my reason."

Since I have known Macleod I have come to feel a lack in that sentence. I hope Macaulay felt deeper than he spoke. Another thing that endears Macleod to us is the fact that he falls into that choice circle of men we like, Thomas Arnold, Kingsley, Stanley, Arthur Helps. Arnold's life impressed him permanently, and the other three were his personal friends. What I like most about Norman Macleod, next after the wonderful closeness of his "walk with God," is his thorough, self-forgetting genuineness and his simple and most delightful affectionateness. I would give all I have to be half as genuine as he, and to love my friends half so well. . . .

Aunt Hattie is but little better. Nights in indefinite vista loom up. . . . Write, write, write, write!

Most sincerely,
GEORGE HODGES.

10 Feb., 1879.

. . . Dr. Storrs, in "Preaching Without Notes," tells of a Professor in the Cambridge Divinity School [of Harvard University] who was reproached for having resigned his chair to take a seat in congress. He remarked that perhaps his critic was hardly aware of the extent of his theological opportunities. He had but three men to teach; and of these, one was a sceptic, another a dyspeptic, and the third a Swedenborgian. I wonder what Dr. Jennings would remark of a similar institution in Syracuse!

Referring to his acting as night-nurse for over a month, he remarked: "I have come to a land

where it is never afternoon. I like to compare myself to the little girl in Mrs. Whitney's story, and remark, 'There 's lots of good afternoons in the world, only I ain't never in 'em.' "

After an absence of six weeks, George returned to the Seminary to resume his theological studies. His aunt was slowly recovering, to his great happiness, but he was now thoroughly discontented with the limited scope of his opportunities at St. Andrew's. He writes on April 27: "I am in a most anomalous position in St. Andrew's. I am studying Hebrew with the Senior Class; Greek by myself; 'Browne on the Articles' is in our middle year; and I have just taken the last Divinity lecture of the Junior course."

A week later, May 4, he writes: "I am about in the middle of the middle year with Divinity lectures now. I take lectures at all hours of the day and night. The other evening, after German, Doctor gave me one, which lasted till quarter past eleven. I am never unprepared for hearing him come and shout up the back-stairs: 'Hodges, want to come and take a lecture?' "

June 20, 1879.

Lectures continue to be as generously plentiful as ever. I am on the third course now. I have the O. T. Exegesis, and the Systematic Theology for the three years, and am about in the middle year with New Testament Exegesis, so that I shall have *all* the lectures which the present out-going class has had for three years.

Thus ends his course in theology at St. Andrew's, and he goes home for the summer months. August 13, he writes:

I am not going to Taunton. I am going to send my oration to take my place. In the first place, I can't really afford it. All I have, or my father has for me, will have to go to Berkeley. I am going to be poor this year,—picturesquely and ascetically poor. I infer from the Bishop's letters,—if my translation of them is the correct one—that the life of a clergyman is one of the most abject poverty and utter destitution. I want to be prepared by a bit of foretaste. Leslie Stephen said that when Johnson found that he had no money, and no idea whatever how he was going to get any, he did the most natural thing in the world—got married. I wonder if it is this principle which actuates so many ministers! My second reason is that I would have to stay in Taunton four weeks—just a few weeks too long. So I abandon the project, hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry, and leave on Saturday for the solace of a week in Syracuse.

Rome, Sept. 17, 1879.

My dear Boisot:

How had I better begin it? Shall I put it mystically or practically? Shall I tell ideally or really? Shall I write it in prose or in poetry? Shall I blindfold you with guileful paragraphs and lead you easily up to it unsuspecting, and plunge you into it? . . . My dear, I will tell it as simply as I can, for it is one of the few great things which happen in an ordinary man's life, and it dates an era in mine. You have guessed it: I am betrothed to Miss Jennings. I don't know that I need to comment on it. You will know without the telling, that I went to Syracuse to stay one week, and quadrupled the time; and that I went with the certainty of a happy visit, and infinitely more than quadrupled the happiness. The biggest congratulations you can think for me can't equal the event, and one of the happy things about it, my dear —and not the least happy—is, that you and Miss Jennings have been able to meet and like one another. She told me of your hope expressed to her, that I would never get to thinking so much of anybody else as to forget you.

Have no fears, Boisot. You are just as dear to me as ever. I have made several discoveries about myself of late, for love is eminently subjective, as you will find some day, and one of them is that I have never been in love before. . . . I expect to go to Berkeley on Sunday night prox. and will write you from there. Oh, did I tell you? No, I did n't: we are to wait four years. That will be one year deacon, and one year priest. I know it will interest you to know, with regard to the way we spent our time together, that, after due deliberation, we resolved not to try to be "sensible"!

GEORGE HODGES.

So he had acquired much more than theology in the home of Dr. Jennings. There was a congenial, friendly atmosphere; a growing friendship for "the other half of the Junior Class," Frank Wood, whom he assisted in his preparation for Hobart College; many friends made in connection with his mission work; but, above all, the promise of the lasting companionship of Anna Jennings, a woman of rare piety and beauty of character. Their spiritual bond is obvious in the following quotation from a letter: "Our German story of the Icemaiden which we are just finishing, has for its meaning that 'God's ways are the best happenings,' and one of its most suggestive apothegms is that 'God gives us nuts but we have to crack them.' I never had much faith nor found much comfort in prayer till I knew Miss Jennings, but her perfect trust and the strength it brings her, make me rely upon it more and more. If we all prayed more for ourselves and our friends, I think we would get not only more tolerance in talking, but more good success and help in living. I know that you do pray for everything

you set about doing, but I have done it only lately very much."

Late in September, 1879, George entered Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Connecticut, to remain two years. His friend, Louis Boisot, had been admitted to the bar, and, after some time spent in Dubuque, had begun the practice of law in Chicago. The letters continued, sometimes at intervals of a week, and sometimes with longer lapses.

Berkeley Divinity School,
Middletown, Conn.,
9—23—'79.

My dear Boisot:

In Jake Streibert's room at Berkeley Divinity School, on a very dreary day, with a disconsolate rain-storm pounding the windows, with the spectre of a huge Hebrew lesson confronting him, but at the same old book-piled table, in the same old Oriental dressing-gown which made him gorgeous in college days, with the same old gold slab for a pen, and with a lamp before him which his chum gave him for Christmas, sits G. Hodges, member of the middle class in a Theological Seminary, and sends a doleful kind of greeting to L. Boisot, member of the Chicago bar. Streibert won't be here for a week. I should enjoy Streibert's company, but in lieu thereof, I am enjoying Streibert's room, and sleeping in his bed. My room is just next door. We are away up three flights of stairs in a big building, next to the roof. We live in the garret, in fact, and dub it Attica. Odd little rooms they are up here, just four of them; three pleasant neighbors. I am glad to seize upon a room that pleases me so well. My furniture is all in, except carpet and stove. My bedding has not come yet from home. On the whole, I can hardly be called settled. I bought fourteen dollars' worth of books this morning. That

GEORGE HODGES, AGED FOUR

quite settled me financially. I have written home for reinforcements. It 's a bad thing, B., about financial reinforcements, that they have to be drafted. Why can't they volunteer sometimes? . . . School began yesterday, with evening prayer in the chapel—a very lovely little chapel. There were but few of the boys back. I was the only man in the Middle Class. And we were requested to march in by classes, two and two! . . . We won't get at much work this week, I fancy, though a big vista of hard work opens out ahead, and, my eyes are feeling badly, too. Hebrew is made a big thing here—and, alas! I know but little Hebrew. Volney, of Volney's "Ruins" wrote a book called "Hebrew Simplified." Oh, shade of Volney, ascend and coach me! Sir Thomas Browne in "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" says that people used to think that if infants were left alone they would jabber Hebrew. "Oh, to be a child again, just for one night." . . . I mean to do no reading this year except the Bible. It would be a great thing for me, could I be shut up with it on a desert island. . . . Somehow, my position as a Middler gives me a kind of old-settler feeling, which puts airs upon me, and gives me a patronizing feeling towards my ecclesiastical inferiors, which both amuses and vexes me. It is a species of psychological phenomena which I doctor with Thomas a Kempis.—"De humilis sentire sui ipsius!" . . . But I am lonesome, of necessity. Everybody at home, too, is in such delicate health, that I have an irresistible feeling of foreboding and sadness when I think about them. Everything here is so like college, that it takes me back longingly to the good times we had together. I miss you ever so much, old man.

G. H.

Berkeley,—Middletown, Conn.,
Oct. 5, 1879.

. . . In fact, I am well satisfied with my class. There are eight of us, all college men. Four of us are new-comers. . . . We have three recitations a day, each

an hour long. The professors are very pleasant. Not a bit of pedagogically stiff dignity about them. The lectures are all of a largely conversational nature.

I have a very good room, which I like the best of any in the school. It is all settled now. How odd it did seem to get back again to the "settling" days of my Freshmanhood,—pushing around furniture, pounding tacks, putting up stove. You know I am poor,—abjectly poor, but I don't see any room much more comfortably furnished than mine. My window is a beautiful place to watch sunsets. This is a dreadfully disjointed description. It runs on with all the unlogic of school-girl gabble. But it all means just this: that I am at work; that I am settled; and that I am having a good, good time.

I am in the agonies of my first sermon. Text is Luke vi, 46. "Why call ye me lord, lord, and do not the things which I say?" Yes, I have to preach. Next Tuesday is the time; the Chapel is the place; Prof. Yardley and the Middle Class are the hearers. Do you remember how I used to inflict my essays upon you at college? Would I had you here, to listen critically to my sermon.

Berkeley, Middletown, Conn.,
Nov. 10, 1879.

My dear Boisot:

. . . Well, Boisot, I have a room-mate, at last. All room-mates subject themselves to disparaging comparisons with a fellow I roomed with at college, but they don't know that, and so they will force themselves upon me. I described my old room, I think. It had its discomforts—it was ambitiously upstairs; it lay in the teeth of the north wind, which had an unpleasantly "smithy way" of making uncomplimentary remarks to me from the window sills; and the sun scorned it, "loathed, detested" it, never put a ray into it all day long. So when Dennis, a man in my class—did I tell you about him?—the fellow who reads to me evenings—when Dennis asked me to come down on this floor below and share with him the biggest and sunniest rooms in the school, you may be sure I

agreed. We have two big rooms; and four big windows, three in our study-room and one in our bed-room. We have sumptuous hangings at our windows. We are going to curtain off the door into our bed-room. We have tables innumerable, a big sofa, easy chairs, rugs, pictures on the walls. Dennis has leanings toward art. . . . He reads Church History to me two hours every evening. I have a lame ankle just at present which has been keeping me to my room, and he brings me my meals with uncomplaining regularity. . . . I have preached two sermons, young man. Would n't you have liked to have seated yourself in the jury box and listened to them? One was written, and one, today, was ex tempore. I talked thirteen minutes, and the only criticism was that I talked too fast. Oh, Boisot, you don't know how I long for Frink. Mr. Yardley does n't criticize me a bit. . . .

Dennis reads aloud to me every evening two hours, in Stanley. We read Greek Testament together an hour every morning, and I am beginning to teach him German. Dennis and I take two walks daily, morning and afternoon, and exercise at rising and retiring with the scrupulosity of Brahmans.

Sincerely,
GEORGE HODGES.

Rome, January 9, 1880.

The Friday before Christmas I came home, and the next evening went up to Syracuse. On my journey home something happened to me that I have always wanted to happen but never expected. A newsboy came along the train with the January magazines, and handed me the *Atlantic*. While I was at St. Andrew's I wrote a little thing, and sent it to the Contributors' Club, and, as I heard no more about it, it had passed entirely out of my memory. I looked over the magazine, utterly oblivious of finding anything of my own in it, when (to put it in fairy-story style) what should I see but—and the remainder of this exciting story may be found in the January *Atlantic*.

The contribution to the Contributors' Club began:

When I cease to be a divinity student, and acquire a parish and a parsonage, I shall have a *knowledge corner.* The peculiar gem of this corner is to be an *ignorance-book,* to the editing of which every member of the family should contribute. My ignorance-book shall be a missionary of sincerity and humility and truth. It shall be an ever apt suggester of talk, and shall drive the weather, the state of the popular health, and unhappy comments on the doings of our neighbors out of our conversation. It will help to teach us the secret of culture,—how to read; and one of the needs of society and life,—the "best of life" is Emerson's name for it,—how to talk.

Berkeley, Middletown, Conn.,
Feb. 21, 1880.

Dear old fellow:

I have been ashamed to write to you, that 's all. The horrible incubus of two hundred lines of Prometheus has utterly deprived me of epistolary enthusiasm. Somehow I am never without a sermon in the mill. I 'll tell you how I do with my sermons, if I have n't told you before. I preach them ex tempore, and then write them out afterward, and Prof. Yardley corrects and criticizes the mss. privately. This gives me abundant practice in both ways of preaching; and it gives me abundant work, too. You see it takes me two weeks to get up my plan for the ex tempore, and two or three weeks more to write it out. By the time I get one off my hands, here comes another. Then another piece of extra work is a Bible class that I have every Sunday. The class belongs to a young lady who is out of town and I am taking it for her. A wing of her house is given up to a Bible room, and here on Sunday afternoons at two o'clock I meet my little congregation of fifteen or twenty men, and hold a little service with them and then talk to them for an hour. Now for a man to be perfectly fascinating for an hour is, as

Norman Macleod said, "no joke." . . . They are all working-men, and average from twenty-five to fifty years of age, and I 'm afraid some of them know more about the Bible than I do. So, you see, in order to talk an hour, I have to do a big lot of work on Saturday.

You know of old that I have an affection naturally for professors of rhetoric. Professor of Homiletics comes nearest that here, and Mr. Yardley sure enough is my favorite among the faculty. I do have most delightful talks with him. . . .

What do I do with myself? I get up every morning at half past six, learn the penitential psalms while I am dressing, read a chapter of the Epistle to the Romans in the Greek, and a section of Thomas a Kempis in the Latin. Then study and recite till three, and walk till five. After supper read German,—Undine,—and Prometheus now, write from eight to nine, read Isaiah till half past ten, and go to bed at eleven. It is a pretty busy life, lived as it should be. My Lenten privation is not to read any books but the Bible.

I wish I could write to you endlessly, Boisot. I miss you ever so much. Those good, good times of being together! How much delight and good we got out of them. Would that we might have just a taste once in awhile again, and that I could bring the old days back in the single respect of having back my old chum.

With a great deal of love, dear Boisot.

Faithfully,
George Hodges.

Middletown, Conn.
May 10, 1880.

I have a plan for the summer which will interest you. Do you know who Gerson was? Well, don't get mad if I tell you. I mentioned him to Mr. Yardley and he said "Gerson is only a name to me," and he rushed for his Encycl. Brittan. Gerson was a French divine of the 15th century. He was chancellor of the University of Paris, was the ruling spirit in the council of Constance which condemned Huss and Jerome of Prague, and came

narrowly near to being made "Papa." Just at the crisis of his life, when he was called the greatest mind in Europe, everybody turned strangely against him. The death of Huss was a cause of it. His failure to gain the pontificate was a cause, too. Everybody turned against him, and he had to flee away for his life. He went to a monastery of Celestine monks among the mountains of Bavaria, and lived there in utter obscurity. He had received this message from Huss the night before the martyrdom. "If I live, I will confute you; if I die, God will confute you," and it stuck in his heart. He spent his time teaching little children, and would take no pay save a promise to "pray for the soul of poor John Gerson." You see the immense capabilities for a commencement oration. I wonder if I have enough of the trail of the Hamiltonian imprint over me to make a "dee" on it. Well, in this seclusion of his later life, he wrote a book, and called it "De Consolatione Theologiæ," to show that theology had more comfort in it than philosophy. This book, Dr. Coit, Professor of Church History, tells me, is valuable. And it has never been put into English. I have it here, leaning against a leg of my table, in a huge Latin folio, vellum bound, two feet tall, printed two hundred years ago. I have begun to translate it. Dr. Coit told me to write out a couple of chapters, and read them to the Bishop, and get his advice about having it published. I read it to Mr. Yardley and he said that if I didn't publish it in a book, I must write it up for the *Atlantic,* with an account of Gerson and his times, and an application of the teaching of the book to the intellectual situation of the present time. I should likely make more money, and get more readers in a magazine article, for I fear the book would be gravely heavy. But I await his Lordship, the Ordinary. If I don't get my name on the front page of a book—and I have very little idea that I shall —I am at least nearer to it than I have ever been before.

About my scholarship and fellowship,—I thought I had told you. The Bishop has promised me a scholarship

of two hundred dollars next year, and is going to make me librarian with a salary of a hundred more. And then when I am ordained deacon, he has promised me a fellowship of five hundred dollars, to stay here at the school and attend his lectures, and read by myself. There is a good library here in Berkeley and I shall be turned loose in it for a year, with no recitations to bother me. I can't go to Europe, and this seems about the next best thing.

I must stop now, for the first bell has rung for Morning Prayers. I could never imagine the possibility of getting comfort out of going to service twice a day,—never, that is, in the old times,—but it seems very lovely to me now. I am glad God has put me in the way of being a clergyman, though it makes me feel blue to feel how big my spiritual lacks are.

I do want you, old man, to talk with!

Faithfully,
GEORGE HODGES.

After a summer spent at home, resting from severe eye-strain, and at Skaneateles, where Dr. Jennings now lived, St. Andrew's Divinity School at Syracuse having been closed, George returned to Middletown to complete his theological course.

Middletown, Conn.,
Sept. 30, 1880.

My dear, dear Boisot:

"Think not my silence forgetfulness, or that my love is as dumb as my papers. Though business may stop my hands, yet my heart, a much better member, is always with you." As George Herbert wrote to his sister, so I write to my brother, and tho' my hand may not have been so busy as his, my heart has been as full, I know. Dear old fellow, I did n't mean to, I really did n't, and the new love has n't driven out the old a bit. And here I am at Berkeley, sitting down to tell you about the summer. I made three visits at Anna's. One was a

very short one,—two days only,—when I first came home; the other two I didn't count the days of. Malicious persons and envious parents say that each visit was about four weeks long. It may be so, but I hope not. . . .

Well, if you could have been in Skaneateles this summer, and we all wished you there, you would have known your memory was green. . . . For one thing, little Gertrude, Anna's sister's little girl, not quite three years old, grew so familiar with your name,—and with the orthodox sound to it, you will notice—that she used to tell about Mr. "wazo" and announce that he lived in Chicago. And for another thing, it is entirely decided that you shall "stand up" with us, whenever the standing time comes. The prophetic entry in your diary is getting toward realization! I don't remember just how much you shortened the time in your prediction, but it surely won't be so long as four years, all things going happily. . . .

Well, what did I do at Skaneateles? I took walks; I played with the children,—the most delightful little children you ever saw;—I translated Prometheus (and I have stopped, now, to wait for returns from you. What is the matter? You shall set the day for resumption. Will you?) I read a little German, and a good deal of English, some delightful biographies,—Froude's *Bunyan,* Symond's *Shelley,* Taylor's *Loyola,* Coleridge's *Keble,* and Clark's *Savonarola.* And I read "The Undiscovered Country," and "The Lady of the Aroostook," "An Earnest Trifler," "The Light of Asia," "The Manliness of Christ" . . . oh, and more, too, twenty-six in all! It was a summer of entire happiness and many books. . . .

This afternoon I am going out botanizing. There is a man here from Schenectady. His name is Maxon, a Union College man. Have I spoken of him to you before? He is a capital fellow. We are together a good deal. We have just begun botany together. We read together Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and have Friday and Saturday afternoons for our regular field

days. This winter we are talking about looking up astronomy. I room with Dennis still. . . . There is quite a big Junior class this year,—fifteen men. There are more men here than the buildings will hold. . . .

Now I am going up to see a woman who drove her husband out of the house with a cane, and stabbed her little girl in the head with a knife! The poor abused little fellow was in my Bible class.

I have a whole hundred lines of Prometheus written out; ending with 600, but I shall keep it in reserve.

Do write soon, for I am wretchedly lonesome.

Faithfully,
George Hodges.

Middletown, Conn.,
November 3, 1880.

My dear Boisot:

. . . You did n't know I had a parish, did you, old man? Not a permanent arrangement, you know, but quite the same thing as a regular parish while it lasts. It is at South Glastonbury, eight miles from here, a little village that isn't on any railroad. I go on the train to Rocky Hill, am ferried across the Connecticut, and then have a mile walk. I go Saturday night and come back early Monday morning. Saturday evening, I hold a little service at which I preach a little sermon. I don't call it a sermon, tho'. I call it a talk, or to translate "talk" into ecclesiastical speech, a homily. I have a little bit of a service,—the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and a few more prayers, and then I talk for half an hour about the Prayer Book. I am explaining the meaning of it to them. Then Sunday I have two services at which I read two sermons,—I have read some from Charles Kingsley,—and between the services (the second one is at quarter before two) I have Sunday School, in which I teach a Bible class, and catechize the school at the close. I also am drilling them in singing, leading the singing myself! About four o'clock I set out and make calls till long after dark. Last Sunday I made twelve.

South Glastonbury is a sleepy, sleepy old place and rather hard to work in, but I enjoy it very much. I wish you could come into my rural parish. . . . I am getting a huge experience in ex tempore speaking. Somehow you feel as if you were more really getting at people, when you just stand up square on your feet, and swing your arms, and look straight into their eyes, and talk plainly right to them. . . . And, oh, such places I could take you to on Sunday afternoon. You could go with me to "Still Hill," or I would take you to "Cotton Hollow," to a house where I went last Sunday night—in a dirty lane, with a dirty rabble of dirty people, yelling dirty things in the street outside the door. I knocked at the horrible old door, after dark, you mind, and with this "hard crowd" gathered around, and was greeted from within by a big voice which shouted "Come in, you . . . !!"—oaths as big as your head. I went in, though, and was treated civilly. I would take you into some of the beastliest, foulest dens you ever saw,—and all in this quiet little country village of South Glastonbury! I went into a house last Saturday afternoon where a fearfully ragged man swore at ministers in general at the top of his beastly voice for ten minutes. And after I had gotten him quieted down, and given him a scolding, and said the Lord's Prayer with him, he said as I went away, "You didn't say nothin' but the Lord's Prayer, and I can say it better than that myself!!!!!!" Oh, my dear, making parish calls is not necessarily the dullest and humdrumest and borousest business in the world. There is really some life about it, if you try. I do enjoy my work most thoroughly. I am really getting a bit enthusiastic.

Faithfully,
GEORGE HODGES.

During the next six months his courses at Berkeley Divinity School were completed. He abandoned the idea of further study there, and considered a call to Oregon, then to Pittsburgh.

The practical side of the ministry urged him to begin his life-work. He had been contented with the instruction given, had honored and admired his professors, had made many lifelong friends, and had grown in his own powers of expression. The enthusiasm developed in his foretaste of parish work was to carry him far in the success of his first parish work in Wilkinsburg, a suburb of Pittsburgh. He kept for his working principles those examples set him by Charles Kingsley and Frederick Denison Maurice. To right the wrongs of the poor, to make the world a better place to live in by convincing others of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, were the ideals of his ministry. With God, incarnate in Jesus Christ, as his guide, himself devout and earnest, he put out his friendly hand to lead those with whom he came in contact to a better understanding of themselves and of each other and of the love of God for men.

CHAPTER V

ASSISTANT MINISTER AT CALVARY CHURCH, PITTSBURGH

In July, 1881, George Hodges arrived in Pittsburgh to become assistant minister at Calvary Church. The event was momentous for him, for Calvary, and for Pittsburgh.

The Rev. Boyd Vincent had been looking about for some one to assist him in the rapidly growing parish in East Liberty, which had now become a part of a great and developing city. All about what had once been a small village there had grown up the suburbs where the wealthy had built their handsome homes and laid out their beautiful grounds. Mr. Vincent turned to his old friend, the Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, then rector of Holy Trinity Church, Middletown, Connecticut, where Berkeley Divinity School was situated. He asked him if he knew any promising student in the school whom he could recommend for the position. Dr. McConnell answered by telling him that he had been attracted by the mental ability and general worth of a senior named George Hodges. So, through Dr. McConnell, Hodges came to Pittsburgh.

By what a strange thread things human sometimes hang together! Boyd Vincent and Samuel D. McConnell had been deacons together in Erie

County, Pennsylvania, and had formed a friendship that lasted during the years. By means of that tie, the serious, studious young deacon, who had expected to go back to some quiet village among the farms of Central New York to begin his ministry, found himself launched in the midst of the new rushing life and energy of a great inland city, of which he had only dimly known before, and in a parish which was rapidly becoming the leading one in the diocese of Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh was a city along whose rivers were miles of chimneys belching flame and smoke, day and night, from great iron, steel, and glass works; also, there were coke-ovens extending far beyond into the rich coal-country. At night the spectacle was titantic and infernal. The business men, who carried on these industries, were largely of Scotch and Scotch-Irish stock, and were as hard-headed as the men of that race have always shown themselves to be—yet filled with a rugged faith and idealism beneath the reserve and business keenness. To be connected with a prominent, rapidly growing parish in that city was a great opportunity for a young minister.

Moreover, Hodges was fortunate, indeed, to be called to serve under such a rector as Boyd Vincent. Vincent had come from Erie, ten years before, a young man, to a parish rent in twain. More than half the members had gone off with their rector, the Rev. Joseph Wilson, and, only a block away, had built a church and founded a parish of the Reformed Episcopal Church. "Not only that," said Bishop Vincent, jestingly, many years later, in a sermon. "They had been mean enough to go to church by the ringing of our bell." By his patient tact, rare judgment, and conse-

crated abilities, Boyd Vincent had won the heart of the community at large; and little by little the new venture waned and the people came back to Calvary, until finally the new church closed its doors and was made into tenements. The split in Calvary was becoming history when Hodges arrived.

Graduating from Berkeley, Hodges went home to Rome, New York, and on Whitsunday, 1881, was made deacon by Bishop Huntington in Zion Church. The rector, the Rev. John H. Egar, D. D., preached the sermon. While visiting with his family and friends he preached his first sermon in St. James's Church, Skaneateles, New York, on Trinity Sunday. Many of the characteristics of this sermon appear in all his later preaching: the terse and vivid descriptions; the short sentences; the simplicity and clearness of style. The text was St. John, IV, 34: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." And these are the opening sentences: "The scene is Samaria; near the city Sychar; at an old well. Our Blessed Lord, weary with long walking, hungry and thirsty, sits by the well to rest. The disciples go on to Sychar to buy food. A Samaritan woman comes to draw water. Our Lord talks with her—this sinful woman of a hated people."

On July 1, the day made memorable by the shooting of President Garfield in Washington, Hodges arrived in Pittsburgh. He stayed with Mr. Vincent and took part in the service at Calvary on Sunday morning. In the afternoon he preached at the new mission which had been started in Wilkinsburg, St. Stephen's. The serv-

ice was held in the basement of what had been called Hamilton Hall. This basement room was part of what remained of a hotel that had been torn down. Down a flight of steps the congregation came into a dingy and inconvenient room, suggesting anything but the beauty of holiness. There Hodges found gathered to greet him about a dozen Sunday-school scholars, and later, for congregation, about a dozen more persons. He preached the same sermon that he had preached in Skaneateles. This was the beginning of what was to be his special work those first years. He was to take charge of the Sunday-school at Calvary, help in the services and visiting, preach when so requested, and try to develop the new mission, preaching there, after a Sunday-school session, every Sunday afternoon.

The next Sunday he preached for the first time at Calvary. It was the same sermon. Evidently the "barrel" was not extensive as yet. Old-time gossip had it that neither at St. Stephen's nor at Calvary was the congregation much impressed. Hodges at this time had a head of light hair and was near-sighted and more than ordinarily "stooped" for a young man. First impressions are proverbially deceitful, and never more so than in this instance. They were so strong, however, on the part of some that in later years men would tell in amazed surprise of how they felt those first days; for George Hodges left Pittsburgh the most influential and admired Christian minister in Western Pennsylvania.

A letter written to Louis Boisot gives Hodges's first impressions and a sketch of his life during those first weeks.

Cor. 5th and Dennison Aves.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.,
July 19, 1881.

My dear old Boisot:

Don't you owe me one? Methinks you do. However, this will but double the debt,—you will owe me two, and if you but return me one that is big enough for two,—to be testified by two stamps on the outside,—I will count it square.

Well, I am in Pittsburgh. I look at myself once-in-a-while in the glass and wonder to behold a man who has had so many good things piled on to him. Just think! In the first place, I expected to be in the Diocese of Central New York in some microscopic parish with an infinitesimal salary; instead I am in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, in the most promising and prosperous parish (I didn't mean those "p's") in the diocese, with a salary of $1000 which is paid me monthly, with the regularity of clockwork, and in advance. They even insisted upon paying back my railroad fare down here. I have one of the best sort of men to work with, the richest and most aristocratic of Pittsburgh society to associate with, and mission work—the kind of all kinds I prefer,—to do. I came here expecting to rush at once into the desolate wilderness of some grimy boarding-house, and here I am at Mr. Vincent's in a delightful house on Fifth Avenue, with none of the bothers of a city, and all its advantages, with none of the smoke of Pittsburgh, and all its pleasantness, with delightful friends, made entirely at home, with a good library to bone at, and with no board bills to pay. Mr. Vincent insisted in taking me right into his family. I won't go to boarding till September anyway, and possibly not at all. I expect to be married in October, and I have my eye on one of the delightfullest little cottages you ever saw, in a high-toned neighbourhood, amidst trees and a great lawn, and comfortable-priced rent,—perhaps I can get it. At any rate, my dear boy, I am in the superlatives. I am where the weather has lately been up among the nineties. I have everything to thank God

for, and if I didn't put myself into His holy service with all my body and mind and heart, I should be the most ungrateful of creatures.

This is a little idea of my plan of work,—you see how much more I tell you of myself than you reveal to me about yourself!—I read Greek Testament,—in St. Matthew now, are you there?—before breakfast, and a chapter in Greek of S. Clement "To the Corinthians," with other devotional reading. The morning I take for study and work at sermons,—of which I write one a week for my little St. Stephen's Mission,—the afternoon I take for calls. This morning, for instance, I made a plan for a sermon on St. Mt. v. 20 for next Sunday, and this afternoon I walked five miles and made ten calls. On Sundays I assist at morning service in the parish church. I have preached there once. In the afternoon at three, I have Sunday School at St. Stephen's in the basement of a big brick building that was intended for a hotel but turned out a failure. We have a room in the basement free of rent. I catechise the children; and at four I have service and preach in this catacomb. It is a funny congregation. One of them who is a millionaire,—I think,—gave a couple of pairs of pants to another who was too poor to clothe his children! In the evening I assist again at Calvary. This is my Sunday. My time is jammed full, and I begin, with old Jansen, to wish some of the days of Joshua, and one in particular, could come back again. However, he slept only four hours, while I alas! I fall into that illustrious retinue headed by Arnold and Kingsley and McLeod whose motto is out of Pilgrim's Progress, "Miserable man that I am that I should sleep in the daytime!"

Faithfully,
George Hodges.

At Skaneateles, in St. James's Church, Hodges was duly married, as he anticipated, on October 18, and brought his bride back to Pittsburgh.

After some experiments in boarding and house-hunting, a house was rented next to the lot which had been secured for the new chapel which was now being planned for Wilkinsburg. In this modest but cozy little house, they set up housekeeping and home-making.

That first year was a busy one for both husband and wife. Besides his duties at the parish-church Hodges made a thorough house-to-house canvass of all the region around the mission, and thereby increased the Sunday-school and congregation. He was cheerful and happy, and planning work and methods at a great rate, as his memoranda fully show. The Christmas services in the old Hamilton Hall basement were the last. It had been sold, and the last remnants were now to be demolished. The congregation of St. Stephen's removed to the Park Place Steam Laundry, the use of which was tendered free of rent. A less stout and modest heart might have been appalled. The following description of this place of worship is taken from the young minister's first anniversary sermon:

> Those who wandered through the almost unfathomable mud as far as the Laundry found a large room, lined about the edges with ironing tables and other machinery of clothes-cleaning, often decorated with belated collars and cuffs, and furnished on Sunday afternoons with the benches, always worse for wear and weather, which were stored out of doors during the week. In the winter the service and sermon and Sunday School proceeded to the distracting and penetrating sound of the hiss of natural gas from the furnace. Passers-by looked in at the windows; the bolder spirits gathered about the door. Employees of the Laundry came several times during most services to draw water at a

pump in the rear of the room, with much obtrusive squeaking of pump handle and slamming of door. Dogs prowled about during the prayers; children were inspired with misdirected curiosity. Cows never came in during the service, and the congregation congratulated themselves on that as a happy exemption. After the services were over and everybody was gone, the laundry girls took possession and danced un-Sabbatarian jigs to the music of the unhappy melodeon. All these circumstances were arguments for a church building.

The new chapel was begun, to cost thirty-one hundred dollars, and by Advent, 1882, after nearly a year in the laundry, it was under roof and near completion. On the Fourth Sunday in Advent, windows, doors and furniture being still lacking, the Sunday-school took possession; there they had their Christmas celebration. On St. Stephen's day, 1882, the congregation had its first service, the bishop, the rector, and the assistant all being in the chancel and making addresses. In due order a girls' guild (St. Francisca's), a boys' guild (St. Christopher's), and a Mothers' Meeting were added to the Women's Aid Society; and St. Stephen's was really a going concern. There had never been a morning service held in this mission as yet.

Hodges was as happy over this modest little wooden building as though it were a great permanent church of stone, and so was his wife. The joy and gratefulness and enthusiasm of a first aim accomplished all appear in his writings and memoranda. He tells at length, in the next anniversary sermon, of lamps given, and vases and chancel furniture; of the printing-press and scroll-saws for the boys' guild; of the fence, and the light outside the door. It is doubtful if any of his

later successes in Pittsburgh ever gave him as much personal happiness as this dream fulfilled at St. Stephen's. One can scarcely wonder—after the "laundry."

During the year 1885 a girl child was born to the young couple and named Dorothea—the gift of God. Hodges's love for this little daughter was intense and beautiful. Alas! she stayed with them only about a year. He has set down his memories of her in a paper in one of his books, which, sacred and personal as it is, seems worthy of publicity, at least in part, as showing the inner life of the man:

We desire to set down here what we can remember of our dear little daughter Dorothea. She was born on Thursday, Aug. 27, 1885, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately began looking about with very bright eyes at the new world into which she had come. She was born in the front room of the house next the Chapel in Wilkinsburg.

On Thursday, Sept. 29, being the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, our dear little baby was christened. The Bishop and Mrs. Whitehead and her grandmama, Mrs. Jennings, were her sponsors. The font was trimmed with roses laid around the rim. She was given the name of Dorothea Gertrude. We gave an apple and a rose to each of her god-parents in memory of the sweet legend of St. Dorothea. . . .

The first word our dear little girl spoke was "Papa." When she was in any trouble she would cry "Mama." She learned with great quickness. She was very fond of watching the cars from the front porch. When she heard them she would turn and try to say "cars." There were two places where she could see them, there being houses between. When they were gone at one place she would look immediately for them at the other. She was fond of dogs, horses and cows; liked little children, always would

put out her hand to touch them; loved flowers, especially roses and pansies. She had a funny way of creeping, pulling herself along by her arms. When she was a very little girl she used to like to chew her clothes, especially the sashes of her little dresses. She loved to pull off her shoes and put them in her mouth.

Her mama always took all the care of her, day and night, never keeping a nurse girl; devoting to her every minute and every thought of every day. She never knew what it was to be uncared for, even for a minute in all her little life. When her first two little white teeth came, when she was seven months old, she made her dear little thumb sore biting it, and her mama had to tie up her hands in little bags which she made. Dorothea didn't like that but was entirely patient, and seldom so much as tried to pull the bag off.

At great length, and with all these details so sacred to parents, George Hodges has set down his recollections of this first child. They have given the writer more insight into Hodges's life, and done him, perhaps, more good than any of his sermons. About one year after the passing of Dorothea, there came a baby boy to the little house in Wilkinsburg, George Vincent Hodges.

During that first year in the new chapel, thirteen persons had been confirmed. The Holy Communion had been celebrated six times. On such Sundays, Hodges would drive rapidly, after Sunday-school at the parish church, to Wilkinsburg, for the morning service there. A public reading-room was opened through his efforts and those of the people at the mission, on a corner in the town. This was his first social service venture. It was to be open every evening, stocked with newspapers and magazines. The beginnings of a library of good books was made. He con-

fesses in his anniversary sermon that this was not used so much as he had hoped by people outside the mission. That is an experience that many zealous young reformers have had. Yet the good work went on.

There were addresses for preparation for the Holy Communion on Friday evenings; lectures on "The Four Councils," "The Prayer Book," "Heroes of the First Three Centuries," "Some Helps to Holy Living," and others. Already he was writing a series of "Forty Lessons on the Church Catechism," to be used there at the mission, and later at Calvary. His note-books are full of printed matter of all sorts: notices of meetings, prayers for the guilds, programs for the guilds, etc. Much of this work seems to have been done by the boys' guild on their printing-press. There are all kinds of registration cards, attendance cards, cards to notify teachers that some scholars of their classes have been absent two consecutive Sundays and requesting them to find out the reason. All this was largely worked out by himself, and was a new thing in the Episcopal Church of the eighties. This abundant use of printer's ink, and a careful systematizing of all the details of parish work and life, were to distinguish his whole parochial ministry. The note-books are filled with samples of this in astonishing abundance. He would have been a great business success—almost a genius—as head of a church supply company, if he had not been a great parish priest instead. Just a year after his ordination to the diaconate he was ordained priest by the bishop of Pittsburgh, the Right Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, D.D. The service was in Calvary Church, and the sermon was preached

by his father-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Charles P. Jennings.

The first outstanding success of Hodges's ministry was in the Church School. It began to be evident and was talked about at Calvary. The regular teachers' meetings, with their readings of helpful books on teaching, and comments thereon; the discussions of methods; the systematic calling upon delinquent pupils; the quarterly reports upon attendance and progress, made at special services held in the church instead of in the parish house; the new special leaflets prepared for the school by Hodges himself—all of these had stimulated interest, increased attendance, filled teachers and scholars with enthusiasm, and made Calvary School and Hodges talked about. Moreover, he communicated his enthusiasm to the diocese and was active in its movements to better the work of the Sunday-school. It would not be too much to say that he was the engineer and the fire under the boiler in all this movement. The first approach of a publisher to him is in a letter from E. P. Dutton & Co., asking him about some lessons on the Catechism, which they had seen mentioned in one of the church papers, and proposing that he publish them. So there soon appeared *The Church Catechism in Forty Lessons,* and then *The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in Forty Lessons* for primary schools. These were his first steps in the world of public authorship.

Now, too, people were beginning to speak of the preaching of the young assistant at Calvary. He was reading interesting and brilliant papers at the meetings of the clergy, and was in demand at diocesan gatherings. About this time came his

first call, so far as is known. In 1886, St. Thomas's Church, at Oakmont, a suburb of Pittsburgh, asked him to become its rector at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars and a rectory. After some thought the offer was declined. Then the Church of the Ascension, a new parish in Shadyside, the nucleus of which had been a mission Sunday-school, started by Mr. Vincent, and whose people were largely from Calvary, asked him to be its first rector, at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars. That was a large salary for those days, and the new church was in the most attractive part of the East End, where some of the most influential and prosperous people lived. The Hon. Philander C. Knox, afterward senator and secretary of state, and Mr. James McCrea, afterward president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, were on the first vestry of the new parish. They had no church building as yet but proposed to build one immediately. As a matter of fact, it soon became one of the most influential parishes in the city, and, to-day, is second only to Calvary.

At this proposal Calvary was thoroughly waked up and realized that it could not afford to lose Hodges. Consequently, after six years' service as assistant minister of Calvary Church, George Hodges was made associate pastor, with a salary of three thousand dollars. All this was with Mr. Vincent's coöperation and by his urgent solicitation. The two clergymen were to preach as they might agree, practically on alternate Sundays.

Thus began a year of work which was probably the most congenial and happy of Hodges's parochial ministry. A new assistant minister was selected to take charge of the work at Wilkinsburg

—the Rev. William Heakes—and Hodges with his family moved down to a house near the parish church. While he still had oversight of St. Stephen's, his own intimate personal work there had come to an end. Now St. Stephen's needed the full time of a clergyman. At Calvary there was none of the difficulty that might ordinarily inhere in the relations of a rector and his associate. The two men loved each other, and Vincent was as confident of Hodges as Hodges was of Vincent. In the splendid new Calvary Church, one of the stateliest churches in America, there has been placed, in the north transept, a beautiful window representing St. Barnabas and St. John Mark, to commemorate the united ministries of Boyd Vincent and George Hodges.

This happy union was not to last for long. In the autumn of 1888 Mr. Vincent was elected bishop coadjutor of Southern Ohio and accepted the election. He was consecrated in St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, on St. Paul's day, January 25, 1889, and on that day George Hodges became rector of Calvary Church.

CHAPTER VI

RECTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH

WELL known as George Hodges had become in the city of Pittsburgh, he now occupied a vantage ground as rector of the most important Episcopal Church. He had gained confidence in himself, and had attained to maturity of thought and experience, and was ready to begin his strong independent career. Also, he had won the love of his people, as well as their admiration, and had a most intense love for them. He came to the rectorship knowing his parish, his city, and the needs of the situation.

Pittsburgh is Scotch in its blood and in its instincts. With all its hospitality, there is an underlying caution and wariness. With a kind of fierce subconscious reserve, it takes a stranger's measure. But when once it has given its confidence and love, it goes the whole way. No stranger coming to Calvary Church could have begun with the advantages Hodges had.

George Hodges was never tired of telling his people, in those first days of his rectorship, how much he loved Calvary Church and its people, and how wonderful he thought them as a congregation. And it was sincerely whole-hearted. He had worked there for seven years, and they had been most kind to him and his.

It is by no means certain that a stranger could

have carried off so successfully the guarding of his study hours as Hodges did. On the door of his house this notice was posted: "The rector is engaged every morning, between the hours of nine and one. No names or messages are taken to him during these hours, except in unusual cases needing instant attention. Persons wishing to see him are asked to call between the hours of one and two." Commenting on this notice in his first number of the *Parish Advocate,* Hodges says: "This may seem a little hard, but what it means is that the rector's morning belongs to the whole parish and not to any individual in it. It is study time, and planning time, and sermon time. Everybody who breaks in upon it takes to himself just so many minutes which belong to the whole parish. But the afternoons belong to the individuals. The minister's afternoon is calling-time. If you want him to call upon you, if anybody is sick or in trouble, if you are a new-comer into the parish, or if you know anybody else who needs any attention which the clergy can render, there is just one very sensible and reasonable thing that you can do, and that is to let me know. The time of a clergyman is occupied, every minute of it. He would enjoy making simply social calls: would enjoy it very much, and seizes upon every opportunity to do it. But these pleasant moments are very rare in his time. He is busy visiting people who need him. But if you do want to see him about anything, *don't* content yourself with wondering why the rector does n't call, and thinking it very unkind of him that he does n't call. *Send for him.*" It was his adherence to this plan that gave him time for so much of his indefatigable study, writing, and planning.

Hodges chose as his assistant at the parish church the Rev. Laurens MacLure, then rector of St. Luke's, a small church nearer to the old city. The Rev. Mr. Heakes stayed on at Wilkinsburg. Every Tuesday the two assistant ministers came to the house and had luncheon with the rector and Mrs. Hodges. The week's work was planned and carefully assigned. Reports were made on the calls, the sick, the Sunday-school attendance, the names of absentees for two successive Sundays. These last were assigned to the teachers to look up and report. On the wall of the study, where these conferences were held, was a large map of the parish, made by the rector, showing all the streets and locating every house where members of the parish lived. Every two or three years this map had to be renewed.

The work began to be aggressive at once. A new mission Sunday-school, St. Thomas's, had been started about two years before at Homewood, between Calvary and St. Stephen's. Now another mission was begun on Mayflower Street, called St. Phillip's. A woman of means offered her substantial brick stable as a place for the mission. With some expense it could have been made to answer, at least for a while, and Hodges declared that the new mission was likely to begin as Christianity itself had, in a stable. But by generous subscriptions from a few parishioners a house was secured as a center for the new work. Then a house-to-house canvass was made, by Mr. MacLure and the parish visitor, of the whole district. This district was "across the railroad" and was occupied largely by wage-earners. It was entirely different in character from the wealthy and beautiful residence district which lay on the

other side of the parish church. There were many Roman Catholic families and some Calvary people. The other Christian bodies were represented, of course. The canvass revealed about eighty children who were not in any Sunday-school, and some families who did not profess affiliation with any Christian body. A men's club, a girls' club, and a sewing-school were soon under way. There were nearly 150 enrolled in the Sunday-school after it got fairly going in the autumn.

And now Hodges determined to inaugurate what the district seemed to be crying for, a Day Nursery. It was known that many mothers in the Mayflower Mission District, as it came to be called, went out to work by the day, that they left little children under school age to be cared for by the neighbors or by sisters not much older than the children themselves. The nursery plan appealed to some of the wealthy women of Calvary, and soon furniture, dishes, toys, and games were provided, and a nurse engaged. The opening was announced on characteristic hand-bills distributed through the district. They were headed "Twenty Babies," and went on to say:

> We want twenty babies on Monday morning, Oct. 7, at 134 Mayflower Street. What for? Why, we are going to start a Day Nursery. (A Day Nursery is a place for taking care of babies.)
>
> Sometimes the mother has to go away and be gone all day long. And sometimes the mother has so much to do, that to do the work and take care of the babies is almost too much. Now we have a plan to help: that any mother can bring any baby, who is not more than five years old, and leave the baby here any day of the week, or every day of the week (except Sunday) from

seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night; and we will take good care of the babies and see that they have a good time and plenty to eat.

This will cost the mother ten cents for one baby for one day, fifteen cents for two days, and five cents for each additional day. That includes the baby's dinner.

The Day Nursery will be in charge of ladies connected with Calvary Church. But they won't ask any questions about the Church which the babies' mothers go to. That will make no difference at all.

On the day of opening the house looked beautiful. Flowers were arranged in the rooms by enthusiastic young ladies; the matron was on hand with her helpers—and only two babies appeared. At first with a sheepish grin, and afterward with a hearty laugh, Hodges used to tell of this, his first and only failure in Pittsburgh. It seems that most of the mothers in need of help belonged to the Roman Catholic parish in the neighborhood, and that the priest in charge, taking alarm at this insidious endeavor, as it seemed to him, to get hold of the small children of the neighborhood, had sternly commanded them not to send their children there. The rector and assistant, who were on hand for the opening, looked at each other in bewildered dismay. Finally the rector remarked: "Mrs. Frick is coming over on Saturday to see her little beds and the cunning little children in them, as well as the older ones playing about in the next room. I wonder if we cannot send out and *hire* some children for the day."

After a few months, with varying success but always small attendance, the enterprise was given up. From that day forward Mr. Hodges never attempted to start any neighborhood work, anywhere in the city, no matter how much it seemed

to be needed, without propitiating the "gods of the place," as will appear in the starting of Kingsley House and the musical services at Exposition Hall, when we come to that part of our story. He never needed two lessons on the same subject.

Calvary Church was well organized. That was a legacy left by Bishop Vincent. The Men's Brotherhood was large and had committees that really did something. The Woman's Benevolent Society and the Sisterhood were most energetic and included most of the women, young and old, in the congregation. The Sewing-school was a shining success and most useful. All these continued and enlarged their activities. The Boys' Guild and the Young Men's Guild were started. Every Saturday, after summer began that first year—and all the years—fifty mothers and their babies, selected by the visitors of the Society for the Improvement of the Poor, were given an outing, with transportation and dinner, and sent home in the evening, after games and recreation in the park. Thus five hundred mothers and homes each summer felt the kindly touch of Christian neighborliness with Calvary Church.

From the beginning the evening services were emphasized. Attractive preachers were drawn from other cities for courses of addresses in Advent and after Easter. The rector gave lectures on interesting subjects such as "The Rise of the Monastic Orders," "The Crusades," "The Puritan Revolution." These usually consisted of a series of six lectures. Then the musical services, with a fine choir and special orchestra, gave oratorios and cantatas. All this was new thirty-five years ago, and the church became as well

filled in the evening as in the morning. On special occasions people stood all along the walls. Nothing like it had been seen before in an Episcopal church in Pittsburgh. Hodges's use of printed matter almost amounted to genius; he would have made a great success as a publicity expert, and it was evidenced in the tasteful and attractive cards on which the subjects for special lectures and series of sermons were set forth. These cards were widely distributed and brought people to the evening services who never had been accustomed to the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church. Therefore leaflets were handed to all, by the ushers at the doors, containing the service for the evening. People acquired the habit of going to Calvary in the evening to such an extent that on a hot summer evening, when it was known that the rector was in Europe, the assistant minister would often preach to two hundred and fifty or three hundred people.

There was no rectory in Calvary Parish. Mr. Vincent had lived for years in a quaint and charming little house on Fifth Avenue, large enough for his needs; and the congregation let it go at that. Mr. Hodges had found what house he could when he came down from Wilkinsburg to be associate rector, and it was not worthy of his position or of the parish when he became rector. The movement for a rectory was soon started by the vestry, and after a year of discussion, subscription, and an Easter offering, an adequate and dignified house was purchased, on the corner of Shady Avenue and Alder Street. It was in this rectory that the third child was born, Margaret Burnett, in the spring of 1892.

In 1890 St. Stephen's Chapel, where Hodges had worked so faithfully and well in his first years in the ministry, was set off from Calvary Parish and began its independent career. The time had come when it seemed that the daughter could walk alone, and St. Stephen's, with regret on both sides, was no longer part of the old parish. It was with entire approval but with a natural pang that Hodges saw this separation. He had many dear ties with the people in Wilkinsburg and they with him. St. Stephen's is now a large parish, with a beautiful stone church and about six hundred communicants.

With the departure of the Rev. William Heakes the rector was left now with but one assistant and a manifold work to do. His tireless energy was astonishing. One of his assistants has said:

> George Hodges expected much of us. He set us amazing tasks at our weekly conferences. In addition he encouraged us to initiative. He was always delighted when we saw something new to do, and, if it seemed at all feasible, gave us his heartiest support and promises to help financially. But we never felt for a moment that he was asking us to work one half as much as he did himself. With his sermons and lectures, with his sermon for the Dispatch and his mid-week article, with the Parish Advocate, more ably conducted than any parish paper I have ever seen, with his organizations in the parish all watched, advised, and inspired, with his outside papers, and clubs and preaching, we used to marvel that he could stand it. Indeed it does not seem to me possible that he could have continued the pace of the Pittsburgh ministry for many years more. He was the incarnation of method, order and industry. He never seemed to waste a moment.

In the midst of growing popularity and prominence, increasing influence in the church and city, George Hodges remained a modest and humble-minded man. With all his energy and initiative, he was by nature shy and reticent. His nature is well illustrated by an incident that occurred in the second year of his rectorship. He had won the admiration of Mr. H. C. Frick, perhaps the ablest man in the Pittsburgh business world, and he and Mrs. Frick attended Calvary. One evening, about two weeks before Christmas, Hodges was dining at the Fricks', and as he was leaving, Mr. Frick put into his hand a very liberal check, saying, as he was bidding him good night, "I wish you to make good use of this for Christmas." Hodges reported this in high glee to his assistant, and they spent some absorbing hours in laying out the sum so as to bring a bright Christmas surprise and good cheer into some forty homes of humble people in East Liberty. It is doubtful if any like sum was ever better—certainly not more conscientiously—spent. Hodges then made a report of the matter verbally to Mr. Frick, who looked at him with an amazed twinkle in his eye and exclaimed, "Why, man, I intended that for your own personal use!" Probably the check which provided for a trip to Europe some months later was intended as a compensation. In reporting this incident to the assistant, Hodges said, "That was a fine but costly Christmas I gave to the people of Calvary." It had not even occurred to him that the money was for himself.

In the summer of 1890 George Hodges made his first trip to Europe. As intimated above, this was no doubt partly a result of the bread so generously and painstakingly cast upon the wa-

ters at Christmas. With him went his friend of the Berkeley Divinity School days, the Rev. William D. Maxon, who was afterward to succeed him in the rectorship of Calvary. The two friends went fortified with many letters, met some prominent persons in England, and had a few charming glimpses of English home life. On the Continent they were sight-seers and confined to hotels. They attended the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and Hodges gave a brilliant lecture on the play upon his return; first to his own parishioners, and then, in response to urgent requests, to a number of audiences. He also gave a series of addresses on some of the English cathedrals.

As a sample of the way the rector of Calvary did things, and of how he appealed to his people, the following extract—the editorial—from the *Parish Advocate* for October, 1889, is given:

Almost all the parish machinery gets into motion during the first week in October.

On Wednesday the Sisterhood will meet. It is hoped that every young lady in the parish, whether a member or not, will be present. Plans for the year will be discussed, officers elected, and committees appointed.

On Thursday the Mothers' Meeting will begin again.

On Friday the Benevolent Society will reassemble. This Society already includes most of the married women of the congregation. It ought to take in every one. Plans for the year will be considered, opportunities and needs being presented by the heads of the Woman's Auxiliary, Church Home, and Hospital Committees. This first meeting of the year is the Benevolent Society's reception. All the ladies, and especially strangers in the parish, are cordially invited to it.

On Friday at 4:00, I will meet the District Visitors. Some reorganization is proposed in this department which

will necessitate an enlargement of the working force: there will be more visitors and fewer families to each. The parish will be divided into sixteen districts, with one visitor in each, all the visitors making reports weekly. I want sixteen ladies, who have time, and are willing to try to do some good among the poorer families of the parish, to volunteer, without any previous asking, for this work, and to meet in the chapel on Friday, Oct. 4, at 4:00 P. M.

On Friday at 5:00, P. M., immediately after the Litany service, the Chancel Society will meet.

The Vestry meets on Monday, the 7th. The Brotherhood on Monday, the 14th. "Plans, Prospects and Preparations" is the subject. I want twenty young men to help in the Sunday evening work, as ushers, as reception committees, as look-outs and welcomers, to make it possible for us to get hold of some of the many young men who come to our Sunday evening services. It will help me greatly if twenty young men will give me their names for this not very difficult but attractive and useful work. Mr. —— [he goes on to name twenty young men], in addition to those who are already serving, are among the men I want.

On Tuesday, the eighth day of the month, the Senior Boys' Guild will meet, the Junior Guild beginning on Tuesday the 15th. "Thirteen Things Worth Thinking About" will be the subject at the Senior Boys' Meeting. The rector will conduct this part of the program. Besides that each member will be expected to tell something about the "Seventeenth Century," and George Collins, George Ferguson and Tom Hartley will tell some of the good points of the "Twentieth Century."

The Church History lectures will begin again on the first Sunday evening of this month, and continue during October and November. The following are the titles:

In October:

I. The Beginning of the Middle Ages.
II. The Popes and the Emperors.

III. The Crusades.
IV. Doctors and Schoolmen.

In November:

V. Friars in Brown and Black.
VI. The Priests and the People.
VII. The Story of the Inquisition.
VIII. Before the Reformation.

The Rector asks especial attention to this announcement of a change in the character of the Wednesday evening services:

The Wednesday evening meetings will begin again on October 2. But Evening Prayer will not be said as heretofore. Instead of that the meeting will be for the purposes of a Bible Class. The name which will be given to this class is "The Congregational Bible Class," because we hope the whole congregation will come to it. There ought, at the very least, to be four times as many in attendance as there used to be.

The program proposed is something like this: After the singing of a hymn or two, led by the boys' and girls' choir, of twenty voices, there will be a brief prayer, and then an informal comment for a few minutes upon various current topics which may naturally present themselves: sometimes a new book which is worth reading; sometimes a point in some contemporary discussion; sometimes some event which people are thinking about. After that, with a hymn, perhaps, between, will come the lesson. The subject will be the Bible, not a single passage or book, but the Book itself. A good deal is being said in these days about the Bible. It is worth the while of Christians to know exactly what is being said and what it means. The lesson will deal accordingly with the Bible as it is commented upon by the "Higher Criticism." Here are some of the subjects which will be treated: "What the Bible is"; "The Bible and Science"; "The Miracles of the Bible"; "The Histories of the Bible"; "The Prophecies of the Bible"; "The Ethics of the Bible"; "The

Writers of the Bible"; "The Bible as Literature"; "The Canon and the Text"; "Revelation and Inspiration"; "The Authority of the Bible."

The labor of preparing these lessons will be considerable, as anybody can see. But the task is undertaken under a strong impression that it will approve itself to the more thoughtful people of the parish, especially, and that it will be a work well worth doing.

The lessons will be quite informal, the leader, without surplice or cassock, sitting at his table, and anyone may ask questions.

And now the work begins, and we want workers. There are a good many people in the congregation who have not in the past done any work in the parish organization. They cannot be waiting for an invitation. A man who sees a need for his helping hands waits not to be invited. The need invites him. It must be that these good people have not noticed yet that they are needed. I hope that they will not continue in that frame of mind. Surely among all these various industries, and all these opportunities of waging war upon the devil, there is one which appeals to you. There must be something here which you can do, and which needs your hand to get it thoroughly done. Then why not come in and help us to do it?

This was an ambitious program, but it was faithfully and energetically carried out. Never had there been so many workers in these societies mentioned, and also in the Sewing-school and the Fresh Air Outings and the Sunday-school. Some came as volunteers; others were drafted. However, in the interests of truth, and as a lesson for the energetic initiator to reflect upon, the most interesting, and apparently sensible and opportune, program for the Wednesday evening meetings was not a success. The Bible lessons were well and reverently done. It was work and con-

clusions that would be accepted to-day almost anywhere without question. But all this was thirty-six years ago, and it proved to be "strong meat for babies." The young student class—college boys and girls, of whom there were many—did not come in any numbers. Neither did the hard-headed, clear-thinking people of maturer years. And the pious older people who had been the mainstay of the Wednesday meeting dropped out, a good many of them. Probably the rector was glad enough when Lent came, the lectures were ended, and a new line of effort could be taken up. The regular Wednesday evening meeting never quite recovered. This lesson was set beside that of the Day Nursery in the rector's mind. He did not fail to acknowledge it.

The parish house of Calvary was an old wooden chapel, which had been altered and greatly enlarged in years gone by. To one end of it a sexton's house had been added. It was too small for the Sunday-school and the increasing work of the parish. But there it was, in good repair, and just what to do was the problem. Of course there was much talk, and some people said there ought to be a new one. Others thought it answered very well. There the matter was hanging when Providence solved the problem on the second Saturday in January, 1892. About half an hour before the Sewing-school of about four hundred children was to assemble, the building was found to be on fire from an overheated flue. It burned rapidly and was soon a total loss. All sorts of wild rumors went abroad—that Calvary Church was burning down, that several firemen were buried in the ruins, and so on. So when the rector arrived breathless upon

the scene and found that it was only the old "chapel," as most people persisted in calling it, his relief was almost laughable. Indeed he seemed to have some difficulty in keeping his face straight.

In a characteristic editorial in the *Parish Advocate,* Hodges says:

It seems to me that our fire ought to give us all new tongues; not tongues of fire, perhaps, but tongues taught by fire some lessons about the right use of human speech. For that Saturday afternoon there were wild reports on the streets and in the papers. The first report was that Calvary Church was burning down. That was the way the news came to me over the telephone. The next report was that half a dozen men had been buried under the falling roof of the chapel, that two of them were killed, and that the others were in fearful danger. I had the pleasure of reading one of the newspaper accounts in the Highland Avenue engine house, after the fire, by the bedside of one of the injured firemen. He had just told me that he was not much hurt, only bruised, nothing broken, and that he was feeling quite comfortable. I was able to assure him, on the authority of one of the evening newspapers, that he had a leg and arm fractured, that he was also hurt internally, and that his condition was serious. He was much interested to learn this. The other firemen were also interested in the information that two of them were still in the ruins.

That is the way things grow. Every man who tells the story adds a little. In the game called "Russian Scandal" all the players sit in a circle, and the first whispers into the ear of the second some sort of elaborate tale, and the second tells it to the third. Finally the last player tells aloud the story as it has come to him. The starter of the story is scarcely able to recognize it.

There are few things so profoundly difficult as the telling of the truth. Truth-telling, Sir Arthur Helps says, is one of the severest forms of self-denial. With the best

intentions, a bad memory and an obtrusive imagination crowd in between the facts and the lips. We are none of us given to intentional and malicious deceit. Nevertheless, we all tell lies. The old story of George Washington is declared to be a myth. I know not upon what grounds, except that it is a contradiction of human nature. At least, only a small and very inexperienced boy would say, "I cannot tell a lie." As we grow in age we grow in the knowledge of our inability to do anything else. Euclid is the only absolutely accurate man with whose writings I am acquainted. And Coleridge said that if a proposition of Euclid were found in a will, so that money depended upon its absolute and definite certainty, plenty of lawyers would be able to drive a coach and four through the midst of it.

The best plan is never to believe anything that anybody tells us about anybody else's bad sayings or doings. All the black and blue spots are certain to be reported as fractures. Every fallen roof has two men under it still buried in the ruins.

Another characteristic editorial is headed "The Second Sermon":

The old chapel preaches a second sermon. The subject of this sermon is the translation of disaster. One of the great achievements of human life is to learn the language of disaster: to learn it, I mean, so that we can translate it, and discover what it really signifies. Disaster is very often a black and ugly mystery. We can make nothing good out of it. The probability is, however, that we do not know as much about it as we might. It is as mysterious as a sentence in Hebrew. We do not know the meaning of a single one of these strange letters. But, sometimes, when the Hebrew sentence is translated, it is found to be a wonderful message of consolation and of benediction. . . . One reason why disaster weighs so heavily upon us is that we do not understand it. It needs translation. When we learn its meaning we are astonished. The grief is discovered to be a message of ben-

ediction. This ruined chapel, with its ugly, black, torn walls and roof, looks forlorn enough. Yet it is the most encouraging sight to be seen today in the neighborhood of Calvary Church. The burning of the old building was one of the best things that could happen to us. This dismantled building means a new house, five times better than the old one.

Bishop Vincent and Bishop Scarborough both wrote to say that they hoped that the fire might mean a new church, also. No, not a new church. It is even a question if a new church would be an unmixed blessing. But a new parish building, certainly that much benediction, anyhow.

On the next day after the fire, Calvary Sunday-school, Main Department, met in the Masonic Temple, a little distance off. The Primary Department assembled in the hall over the office of the Pittsburgh Gas Co. Between these two places, some blocks apart, and the basement under the chancel of the church, all the parish activities were carried on until the large, massive, and convenient new parish building was ready for occupancy. In spite of the inconvenience, everything was going on, without a hitch, by the end of the second week. The fire was not over when the vestry held an informal meeting and decided to rebuild at once, and set the Sunday next, eight days afterward, for a general offering at the morning service. This brought in a generous sum which was about doubled by the time that plans were accepted and the building begun. Bishop Huntington wrote suggesting that the rector should preach a sermon on the text, "Beauty for Ashes." He had been Hodges's "father in God" during his boyhood and student days.

Sometime before this Bishop Vincent wrote a personal letter to Hodges asking him if he would consider an election to the presidency of Kenyon College, and assuring him that there would be no question of a unanimous election if he would consider the matter. The offer was quietly declined. Scarcely any one knew of it. But the letter appears in one of the scrap-books which Hodges always made and kept.

In June, 1892, at its commencement, the University of Western Pennsylvania, now the University of Pittsburgh, conferred upon George Hodges the degree of doctor of divinity. This was the first of a long list of honorary degrees which he received. From Hobart College, in 1902, he received the degree of D.C.L.; from the University of Pittsburgh, in 1911, the degree of LL.D., and the next year, from his own college, Hamilton, the same degree. Brown University gave him a D.D. in 1914, and Harvard, the same degree in 1916.

Hodges, with his family, had spent the summer of 1891 at Duxbury, Massachusetts, being housed in the Powder Point School, which became a hotel in the vacation time. This was the place where his famous ancestor, Myles Standish, had settled, and he enjoyed the historical associations of the place as much as the sea air and the Massachusetts people. There he met for the first time the Rev. Julius W. Atwood, later the bishop of Arizona. They formed a close friendship (which was to have a significant influence on Hodges's after-life and destiny) and went together to Europe in the summer of 1892.

In June, 1893, came his election by the diocese of Oregon to be bishop coadjutor. Bishop Ben-

jamin Wistar Morris had asked for help in the working of the diocese, on account of age and infirmities. Thereupon some of the clergy and prominent laymen of that distant country on the Pacific Slope, who had learned of the notable work that was being done in Pittsburgh, began canvassing the possibilities of electing and securing the Rev. George Hodges, D.D., as their bishop. The Rev. George B. Van Waters, of Portland, Oregon, wrote to Bishop Whitehead, asking his opinion as to whether Dr. Hodges would allow his name to be presented, and also what Bishop Whitehead thought of his fitness for the position. In reply Bishop Whitehead wrote as follows:

I believe Dr. Hodges would make a capital man for the place. He is unwearied in labors, full of new methods, faithful in all the duties of his position, with a rare faculty for getting on with men, original in thought, a most interesting preacher, a loyal churchman, belonging to no so-called "School" of Churchmanship. I believe he would bring to such a Diocese as Oregon immense stimulus—to both clergy and people—and would be helpful in a remarkable degree. He would also be as a son to Bishop Morris, who would take great comfort, I know, in his energetic and intelligent administration.

This much I feel bound to say, although in saying it I may be preparing the way for a great loss to our own city and diocese. He has eight hundred communicants in his own parish, and is wielding a wide influence far beyond the limits of his own congregation.

This letter was read to the convention of the diocese of Oregon, when it assembled in June, and on June 10 Dr. Hodges was elected by the

clergy on the first ballot. When this choice was submitted to the lay representatives, it was confirmed. The election was then made unanimous, and before many hours had elapsed a telegram reached Pittsburgh to that effect.

Among the letters that began to pour in urging Dr. Hodges to accept, notably from Bishop Williams of Connecticut, Bishop Nichols of California, and Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac, probably the most appealing was from Bishop Williams, his beloved teacher and mentor at Berkeley Divinity School, which is given here in part:

My dear Hodges:

I have just—within 30 minutes—heard of your election in Oregon, and I write at once to express my joy at it and to say how earnestly I hope you will accept it. It is, I do believe, a true call: and it carries possibilities of good to the Church that cannot be overestimated. Just think, with you and Nichols on the Pacific Coast, working together, what may be accomplished there! I am perfectly sure that it is the Lord's voice calling you. I beg you to say "Yes" to it . . .

God bless and guide you in this weighty matter!

Most aff'y yrs,
J. Williams.

On the other hand, his friends and parishioners in Pittsburgh pressed upon him their need of him and his leadership. Quite characteristic of the attitude of the city and of the ministers of the other churches is this graceful letter from the Rev. Dr. W. Oldham, of the Butler Street Methodist Church, one of the leading churches of Pittsburgh, received on June 13:

My dear Dr. Hodges:

It was no surprise to me to read that you had been asked to go to Oregon as a Bishop, and for the sake of that great new state, I should be glad to hear that you had accepted the call. But Pittsburgh cannot afford to lose you, nor can you afford to remove from a theatre of such wide action as Western Penn'a affords you. I need scarcely say that the name of the office is nothing. You are nearer being the Assistant Bishop of *all of us* here than any man bearing any ecclesiastical title, and I hope to hear that Oregon will find some other good man, without serious detriment to Pittsburgh—and indeed to the Kingdom at large.

Yours very sincerely,
W. F. Oldham.

Appeals, like these two which have been set down above, must have made a difficult decision even more difficult. Oregon was a field of growing importance and prominence and promise, but the population of Allegheny County, which, in a sense, had become his parish, was larger than that of all Oregon. When the formal letter of notification came, one paragraph in it must have been decisive. Bishop Morris, whether intentionally or not, in conferring jurisdiction, had said absolutely nothing—with a magnificent gesture. His transfer was completely indefinite. It might mean nearly everything—or very little. Who was to decide what duties "properly belong to a Bishop in the Church of God" which he assigned to Hodges, and what "properly belong to the senior Bishop and the Diocese" which he reserved for himself? Dr. Hodges was not long in deciding. This decision was communicated to the notification committee in the following letter:

My dear Brethren of the Notification Committee;

I have been awaiting your official letter, which has now arrived, in the meantime giving your call much thought and prayer, and consulting with friends in whose judgment I have confidence.

I appreciate to the full the great opportunities of the Episcopal office, and the great future that lies before the Diocese of Oregon, and I am not unmindful of the gratifying unanimity of my election.

Yet I have not felt from the first that I ought to go to Oregon. I am sure that I would be able to work in entire harmony with Bishop Morris, though I do not believe it to be wise for a man to accept the Episcopal office without receiving with it the undivided and unqualified administration of the Diocese.

I am strongly convinced that my best usefulness is here in the East. I am deeply interested in my present work, which engages my affection, employs all my powers, and offers increasing opportunities for doing good. New enterprises, recently undertaken, need me here, at least for the present. I am truly sorry that I cannot do as you ask.

Faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

So the people of Pittsburgh breathed freely, and the people of Calvary congratulated themselves. And yet the Pittsburgh ministry had only a few months more to run.

CHAPTER VII

MINISTER AND CITIZEN OF PITTSBURGH

On entering the second year of his administration, the young rector of Calvary Church began to stress with deep earnestness the note of the Social Gospel. He had been much influenced by the writings of Charles Kingsley and Frederick Dennison Maurice. Then there had come to his notice the work and sermons of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, an English Wesleyan minister. These influences accorded with his own temperament and convictions, and his sermons and his articles in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* more and more emphasized the duties that social and civic life and responsibility bring to the Christian man or woman. It was a new note in those days, and there were eager and alert persons in Calvary and in Pittsburgh who hearkened and pondered.

The first two volumes of his printed sermons (all of which were preached in Calvary), *Christianity Between Sundays* and *The Heresy of Cain*, are full of this message. One especially memorable sermon, "New Quests for New Knights," was preached to a crowded congregation of the Knights Templar of the masonic order and made a sensation at the time. A letter of protest came from a leading politician of Pittsburgh, who, as

a Knight Templar, was present at the service. He declared that he had come as a member of a Christian order to worship and hear a Christian sermon, not to listen to a political harangue on the supposed condition of Pittsburgh. Indeed it was a very different sermon from the usual one on such an occasion. Hodges took his text from II Samuel, XXIII, 11–12: "And the Philistines were gathered together into a troop, where was a plot of ground full of lentils; and the people fled from the Philistines. But he stood in the midst of the plot, and defended it, and slew the Philistines, and the Lord wrought a great victory." In the sermon were such ringing words as these:

> The Philistines were gathered together into a troop. They were drawn up in battle order, had some sort of discipline among them, were of one mind about this grim business. They were unanimously resolved to keep possession of the field of beans. The people of Israel, on the other hand, were disorganized, destitute of discipline, and thus able to make but a scattering and ineffective fight. And the natural consequence was that the people fled. Under such conditions the people are bound to flee. The people of God, the men and women who have a preference for light, if they are ever to accomplish reformation and betterment must be gathered together into a troop. . . .
>
> Take the bad business which is notorious all over this country, of municipal mis-government. It is that old fight over again. The Philistines are gathered together into a ring. The good people who oppose them in the interest of honest administration and of public welfare are without discipline, without organization, without agreement. And the people flee. Of course the people flee! . . .
>
> The beanfield is the city. What is the purpose of a beanfield? It is to provide hungry people with beans.

What is the purpose of a city? It is to provide opportunity and protection and the accompaniments of decent living for its citizens. The only rightful errand that men have into a cultivated field is to till the field or gather the fruits of it for its owners. The only rightful occupation for the administrators of a city is to further in all kinds of ways the well-being of the people. They are the people's stewards. . . .

A city is only another form of a great office-building, or apartment-house, in which the streets are the halls and stairways, and our dwellings are the rooms. And a city ought to be, and can be, managed as well as any office-building. It can be kept clean. It can be protected against disturbances. It can be secured in the possession of good air and sunlight. It can be provided with perfect service in the matter of sanitation, of transportation, of light and heat and water. It can be made attractive, adorned with works of art, decked out with flower-beds and fountains, a pleasure to the eye, and an education and satisfaction to the mind. . . .

All honor to the brave men of the Crusades! To Peter the Preacher, to Godfrey the King, to Tancred the Knight, who knew no fear and no reproach, and to their brothers who counted their lives as nothing that they might free the Holy City from the dominion of the infidel! Where is the holy city of our day? It is New York; it is Boston; it is Pittsburgh. And the Knights of the nineteenth century may find, like the Knights of old, its rescue a field for all their valor, all their chivalry, and all their strength. . . .

God makes great use of minorities. Every good cause begins in the heart of one good man. Sometimes he goes on unhelped and unbefriended. Nevertheless, though alone, on he goes, and stands up face to face with the Philistines, determined, brave, persistent, sure of the right, and resolved to defend the right even with his life. The people flee; the Philistines come on in force: let them come on! "Though their bodies be of furnace flame, and their swords keen as forked lightning, yet will I stand my

ground!" That is what the good Knight Tancred said. . . .

The task of the Knight of the nineteenth century is, as of old, the rescue of a city. But our Jerusalem is the city where we live.

These extracts give some idea of the stirring sermon to Tancred Commandery and the crowded congregation that evening. Also, they illustrate the message that was going out from the pulpit of Calvary, Sunday by Sunday. The Pittsburgh of those days began to see a great light. The Pittsburgh of to-day, with its park systems and civic center, owes much to the influence of George Hodges and his ringing messages. He gave Pittsburgh a great vision.

Little by little there grew up what the politicians of the city came to call "The D—— Calvary crowd." They actually elected two representative Christian leaders of Pittsburgh, Mr. James W. Brown, senior warden of Calvary Church, and Mr. H. Kirke Porter, the leading Baptist layman, to Congress, on a Citizen ticket, against the regular Republican ticket, and overthrew the city ring government, Mr. George W. Guthrie, a layman of Calvary, being chosen as mayor. Mr. William Diehl, another Calvary layman, served also as mayor of the city.

Another night Calvary Church was packed to hear a sermon on "Business and Religion." This sermon had been preceded by a letter sent to many of the representative business men of the city asking their opinions on the subject of doing business on Christian principles, and they were there in great numbers. The sermon was the chief topic of conversation in the clubs and business

houses of the city during the next week. It has been published in *Christianity Between Sundays.*

Dr. Hodges captured the imagination of Pittsburgh and gained the admiration of all its thoughtful people, next, by instituting the famous musical services at the Point. This Point was at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. It was the oldest and shabbiest part of the city. Where it was not filled with freight-yards and mills, it had rows of old-fashioned houses made into forlorn-looking tenements. In these the freight-handlers and mill-workers lived, with their families. The tenements were cheap and nasty. The district was sordid and grimy—dismal with the soot of the Smoky City. The rector of Calvary determined to bring to the people of this district, if possible, the same sort of musical services that had become so popular at Calvary, out in the East End among the people with the handsome homes and broad lawns. There was a solid and handsome Exposition Building near the literal point, which could accommodate, in its main hall, several thousand people. Here there had been held, for a few years, a great May Festival, at which the famous opera singers of the land, with a great orchestra, had given concerts. It was admirably adapted to Dr. Hodges's purpose, and he proceeded to unfold his plans and seek for financial assistance.

The lesson learned from the day nursery enterprise had been taken to heart. Hodges called into consultation the Rev. Morgan Sheedy, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church in that district, and laid his plans before him before going on. He secured not only his consent but his enthusiastic coöperation. The Exposition authorities read-

ily granted the use of the hall; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Henry C. Frick, and others of the leading business men were enthusiastic and generous. Father Sheedy had charge of the details and of getting the three thousand tickets into the right hands. Mr. Karl Retter, organist at Calvary, had charge of the singers and orchestra. The chorus consisted of more than two hundred voices, and there was an orchestra of thirty-five pieces. Father Sheedy and Dr. Hodges read the words that were to be sung (these being in the words of Holy Scripture), and the success was overwhelming. Three of these services were held in May and June, 1893, on Sunday afternoons. All of the Pittsburgh papers gave them extended notices and generally added editorial mention and praise. To the disappointment of all, it would seem, they were not carried on the next year. Dr. Hodges had gone from Pittsburgh; Father Sheedy apparently found no co-worker to give the vision and get the financial support of the citizens. The vision, the enthusiasm, and the managing energy were all removed. It was a rare combination—Dr. Hodges and Father Sheedy. It needed both men to bring such a magnificent result. The following is Father Sheedy's letter to Hodges on his departure:

Oct. 5th, 1893.

My dear Doctor:

Allow me to join in the very general expression of congratulation on your merited promotion. "Friend, go up higher." Since that Western invitation came, about a year ago, I have been in almost daily fear that some quarter of the globe would succeed in robbing this community of your transcendent services to religion and humanity. And now I suppose the enlightened east will claim

you as one of its wise men. But, what is going to become of us? Who will fill your place in this Western Pennsylvania where you have broadened the lines and helped along with accelerating speed the cause of brotherhood? How are all these noble projects which *you* have set a-going to live and prosper with you away?

Perhaps the Good Lord may provide?

God bless you, dear friend, and may He always watch over you!

Sincerely in Christ,
Yours,
MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

Certainly this is a fine, friendly, and Christian tribute, and coming from a Roman Catholic priest to an Episcopal priest, it is as rare as it is beautiful. Hodges had captured Pittsburgh. His idea in starting these musical services is best shown by some of his words about them in the *Parish Advocate:*

The purpose of these services is the better keeping of Sunday. Out here in the East End we have pianos in our houses, and on Sunday afternoons we have the music which is appropriate to the day, and in line with its restful and uplifting purposes. But our friends and brothers at the Point and in the tenement houses have n't so many pianos as we have; and if they had, they have not had time in their busy lives to learn how to play them very well. How can we share our privileges with them? We cannot cart our pianos down to the Point on Sunday. No, but we can provide one great, living piano and organ together, in the shape of a fine orchestra. We can share with them in that way. Privileges, we are coming to realize, are abused when they are not shared. We want to have the Kingdom of Heaven come in Pittsburgh, and we are beginning to see that praying is not enough: we have got to set to work ushering it in. And the first thing to do is to cultivate this sense of social inclusion, of

social fraternity and responsibility, and to share our good music with our neighbors, who have not so much good music as we have, is a small beginning.

In the hospitals we share with our less favored brothers the privilege of being cared for by trained nurses. In Allegheny and in Pittsburgh, Mr. Carnegie and other good citizens are sharing their books with us. Mr. Phipps is sharing his flowers. In beautiful Knebworth the blossoms are beginning to glorify the trees: I can imagine how the loveliness of the English spring-time increases day by day in those fair gardens. Mr. Phipps enjoys it doubly on account of his conservatories in the parks, here, open to all the people. These are great steps marking out a path in which this musical project is but a very little step indeed. All these benefits are in the highest degree Christian. And when we all do in private what some of our best citizens are doing in public, then the Kingdom of Heaven will be here in power.

One of the prominent newspapers of the city made the following comments on these most successful services:

These praise services have done a great good to the cause of religion, in allying men of diverse creeds upon a common basis of brotherhood, and in a practical effort to make Sunday a better day for the unprivileged classes. In doing this, and in bringing the best music to the ears of the masses, the services have done a still greater good to the cause of humanity. . . . Never before in our city have thousands of the poorer classes been brought together to hear musical performances of this class. The noble effort begun by Mr. Homer Moore, in his Sunday working-men's concerts, with solos and detached choruses, has now been carried into the higher realms of orchestral and choral music. The people have come by the thousands and attentively heard, and manifestly enjoyed the best music elaborately performed—performances that they never before did or could care for at all.

Another new enterprise which stirred the city was started that same spring. Three Christian ministers of the East End district met in Dr. Hodges's study, at his invitation, to organize a United Teachers' Meeting for all the Sunday-schools of the East End. There was not much enthusiasm for it on any side, but the rector of Calvary pushed ahead, and it was tried with conspicuous success. It shows what one keen-sighted, enthusiastic leader can do in any enterprise. Out of this movement grew a Ministers' Meeting of all the East End churches represented in the Union, for conference and fraternal discussion. Then Dr. Hodges urged the publication of a *common parish paper*. He had a glowing passion for Church Unity—just as fast and as far as possible. So this paper came into being. It was called *The Kingdom*. It was to appear monthly and to be distributed in all the churches represented in the Teachers' Union, on the third Sunday of each month—except the summer ones. The Presbyterian pastor, Dr. J. P. E. Kumler; the Baptist, Dr. W. A. Stanton, and the Episcopalian, Dr. George Hodges, were to be the editors for the first year—of course unpaid.

The following appeared in the *Parish Advocate* for May, 1893:

It is wonderful how the prospect widens as one climbs up the hill. They who consider the steepness of the cliff, and stay down at the foot, miss more than they know. It is only by going on that discoveries are made and blessings gained.

The "man with the measuring line" hinders half the good possibilities of life by trying to persuade us to make preparations for all emergencies before we begin. There are so many emergencies to be looked after that we are

frightened out of the whole purpose. We do not begin at all. The only way is to begin, and trust God to give the help and guidance that we need in the emergencies. Then it is wonderful, as I said, how many new things suggest themselves and become possible, which, beforehand, would have seemed too difficult to undertake.

Some time ago three of us met in my study to consider the idea of starting a union Sunday School teachers' meeting here in the East End. It seemed a somewhat formidable venture. There was not much enthusiasm about it. Nevertheless we began; and the result has astonished us all. The series of meetings, which comes to an end this month, has been successful beyond anybody's hopes. Already plans are being made for new meetings in October, and so on. The instructions have been most interesting and helpful, and the attendance surprising.

Presently, out of that came the idea that it would be helpful if we could get all the East End parsons together, once a month, to talk over matters of common interest. It seemed to a few of us that this would be a good move for the whole community; and such a meeting was called. I was doubtful how many would attend, but the ministers came out in force: almost every Church was represented. It was agreed to meet hereafter on the first Monday afternoon of every month, in the vestry-room of Calvary Church.

The mere good fellowship of mutual conference is a good thing. Christian Unity must begin with Christian friendship. Adjustment of theologies and reconcilement of polities will come afterward. But we were not content with this. We resolved to take the whole East End as one parish, and somehow to work it together. We set South Negley and Dallas Avenues as the boundaries, west and east. And we divided all the intervening space into eleven districts for systematic visitation, each district being assigned to one or more parishes. And now that visitation is going on, first for the purpose of finding out all the people who are not at present reached by the Churches. Presently, when the reports are all in, we shall know what we ought to do next.

The latest advancement along this line is the announcement, which I am glad to be able now to make, that we propose to have a parish paper for this great East End parish. The new journalistic venture will be an eight-page monthly paper, the pages being a little larger than those on which our own parish paper is printed. Three pages will be given to advertising, as a means of financial support. The other five pages will be filled with the best reading matter that we can write or find. We purpose to publish each month news items, notices of services, hours of meetings of societies, subjects of sermons, and other matters of interest from every one of the twenty congregations of the East End. There will probably be, in each issue, a sermon, one page in length, from the East End ministers in turn. Another page will be given to the young people.

The purpose of the paper is to bring the people of the East End closer together, to arouse here a certain fraternal spirit, and to further all efforts that will be made for the betterment of the community in all sorts of ways. The new paper will be in sympathy with everything that is good; it will be in opposition to all hindering narrowness; it will try to be as Christian as possible; it will know no differences of denomination; it will try to get above all barriers that part Christians one from another; it will endeavor, without prejudice, to test all matters by the test of Christian utility and truth. Whatever helps and is true is on our side.

As early as his reception of the first number of this paper, the Rev. William R. Huntington of Grace Church, New York City, sent a letter of congratulation to Hodges. Dr. Huntington had been working, speaking, and writing in the cause of Church Unity for years. He looked upon the new venture with joy and hope. His letter follows:

Grace Church Rectory, New York.
May 13, 1893.

Dear Dr. Hodges:

Many thanks for the newspaper. Yours is the most practical attempt yet made, within my knowledge, toward the construction of a "Working Model" of Church Unity. Pray put me down on the list of subscribers to your new parish paper.

Yours faithfully,
W. R. HUNTINGTON.

The new venture lasted through one year, in the midst of which Dr. Hodges, the animating spirit of it all, left Pittsburgh, and then it died. What might have happened if Hodges had stayed, no one can say. But it is certain that many persons who had hoped much from this new attempt were bitterly disappointed. It shows how much one trusted, dominating, enthusiastic personality can accomplish, and how much we are dependent upon fearless, forward-looking personal leadership to move the mountains of timidity and inertia in human nature. Pittsburgh and its ministers had come to trust George Hodges. He, they believed, would not lead astray: and they were ready to do what he thought best to a surprising extent. A thoughtful man, who knows his Pittsburgh well, has asserted that Pittsburgh has never given such trust and loyalty to any leadership since. The truth is that the amazed city had been kept panting for breath and wondering what would come next. Moreover, it had found that each new movement was in broad and fraternal loyalty to the spirit of Christ. And the city did homage.

As early as the second year of his rectorship at

Calvary, Hodges was contemplating the possibility of a social settlement in Pittsburgh. He had become the foremost exponent of the Social Gospel in that city, and he was studying the movement in England and America. In 1890 he went abroad for the first time, and, in London, carefully investigated the whole subject. He not only talked with the leaders, but spent some days at Toynbee Hall. On his return he began to discuss the matter with prominent persons and to correspond with the heads of the Rivington Street House, in New York, and of the larger work, Hull House, in Chicago, and Robert A. Woods of Andover House, Boston, formerly of Pittsburgh. Then he called together some prominent people of the city, of whom the majority were from Calvary Church, after which he proceeded to form a definite organization. Notice the men chosen to undertake the organization: the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Roman Catholic; the Rev. E. M. Donehoo, Presbyterian; the Rev. Charles St. John, Unitarian; and himself. They were to recruit a company of men and women who would agree to be annual contributors. A location was chosen; Miss Kate C. Everest—a pupil of Miss Jane Addams at Hull House—was selected for head; Mr. H. D. W. English was the energetic head of the lay organization. This splendid layman, who has ever since been a wise and willing worker in the city of Pittsburgh and in the Episcopal Church, had been attracted to Calvary by the work and preaching of Dr. Hodges. For years he has been senior warden of that parish. Reared as a Baptist, he had for some years been entirely indifferent to organized religion and had not been a church-goer.

To Mr. Woods, Dr. Hodges wrote:

12–1–'92.

My dear Mr. Woods:

Do you know of the Junta Club of the East End here? It is an association of thirty gentlemen, men of eminent position here in law and commercial life. It is probably the finest representative body that could be found of an evening anywhere in town. I am the only parson in it.

Now we want you to come and tell us about Social Settlements, and anything else that you think we ought to know.

Faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

Pittsburgh, Dec. 15, 1892.

My dear Mr. Woods:

Anybody would know that you are not a parson! The parson's business is to create "social compunction." You want to be assured that your congregation are all converted before you preach! Really, I can't promise anything: I don't believe that the Junta Club has any social compunction. But I want them to have. If you came, they might have. Also, if you came I would be glad to have you speak in Calvary Church on a Sunday night about the relation of the church to the town. I can promise you a large and attentive audience, with and without social compunction. Also, the Episcopal parsons here are studying social problems this winter. It would be a great help to have you counsel us. Something might come of it, or nothing. Anyhow, it seems to me worth trying. You would better come. Will you?

Faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

Another letter to Robert A. Woods:

280 Shady Lane, Pittsburgh.
Aug. 2, 1893.

My dear Mr. Woods:

The Settlement is assured. I confess that I shiver a

little on the brink, but I hope we will get along all right. Miss Everest is to be in charge. I think we will call it *Kingsley House*. I got $2000 in subscriptions yesterday. Miss E. is to be given $1000 and a house. Do you think we can get through on that? You know how fearfully bad the times are.

Faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

Let Dr. Hodges explain his own plan and hopes, in the following article.

The college settlement in the Twelfth Ward is to be called Kingsley House, hoping for help from the good memory of Charles Kingsley. It is likely that Charles Kingsley will be longest remembered, not as a novelist, not as a poet, not as a parson, but as one of the first of modern men in England to open his eyes to the industrial situation, to devote himself with thorough sympathy to the cause of laboring men, and to recognize the fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ has a message to the whole of life. He believed in uplifting all men in all ways, ministering not only to their souls but to their minds and bodies, and trying to bring the Kingdom of Heaven down here on this present earth.

It is remarkable in how many directions Kingsley extended his interests, and occupied positions into which most thoughtful people have now come. In his day, to stand in those positions was to stand in a pillory; every passer-by might throw his hostile brick. He emphasized religion in preference to theology, cared a great deal more for things Christian than for things ecclesiastical. He desired the spread of knowledge among the working classes and was one of the inspirers of the present University Extension movement. He took advanced ground in regard to the relation between the Bible and geology. He did not believe in everlasting torment.

Especially, he had a fellow-feeling for all men who were down. He made himself the champion of the Chartists, fought the sweaters, tried to awaken England to a sense of the wrongs of the laborer. To this end he wrote

"Alton Locke," and the "Parson Lot" articles, and "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," and numberless tracts and pamphlets and penny papers. He called himself a "Christian Socialist." He went in for trade-unionism. He identified himself with the aspiration and the purposes of the friends of the working people. He believed most sincerely in the great principle that lies at the heart of all the work of the college settlement, the principle of betterment by contact, the truth that personal friendship is the one open avenue toward improvement.

"I have a longing," he wrote, "to do something—what, God only knows," wherein many and many of us can heartily sympathize. "The truth is," he said, "I feel we are all going on in the dark, toward something wonderful and awful, but whether toward a precipice or a paradise, or neither, or both, I cannot tell." There, too, he put into speech that which lies unexpressed in the background of all our hearts.

I cannot think of any man whose name stands for so many of the ideas that enter into the working of a college settlement, as does Charles Kingsley.

Kingsley House, then, it is. And the purpose of it is to work among the poor in Kingsley's fine, broad, sympathetic Christian spirit. It will be located somewhere in that great mill district that lies all along between Penn Avenue and the river. It is to be a woman's settlement, like the famous one at 95 Rivington Street, in New York, and the still larger one at the Hull House, in Chicago. Miss Kate A. Everest, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, a doctor of philosophy, a young woman of wide reading in sociological literature and of considerable experience in work among the poor, and a favorite pupil of Dr. Richard T. Ely, is to be at the head of the house. Her mother will come with her. Two young ladies have already offered themselves as residents. There will probably be no lack of others.

Advice and counsel have been asked from Mr. McGonigle, whose associations with philanthropic work are very extensive; from Mr. H. D. W. English, Mr. C. E. E. Childers, and Mr. W. H. Keech; from four

parsons, so separated one from another in their ecclesiastical relations as to effectually defend the House from denominational bias, Father Sheedy, Mr. Donehoo (Presbyterian), Mr. St. John (Unitarian) and Mr. Hodges (Episcopalian), and from a number of ladies, Mrs. Lippincott, of the Association for the Improvement of the Poor, Mrs. Wm. R. Thompson, of the Vassar College Association, and Mrs. H. C. Frick.

It is probable that at some time in the near future a Kingsley House Association will be formed with several hundred members, contributing each an annual sum towards the maintaining of the House, and making an interested audience for lectures from time to time on social and economic subjects and for reports of work accomplished. But this will wait till the experiment is far enough advanced to have caught sight of genuine success. In the meantime, what is the Kingsley House for? What will the residents do?

Kingsley House is for two purposes, for study and for work. The residents will, first of all, and as their prime occupation, make the acquaintance of the neighborhood. They will call upon their neighbors. They will move into the community as householders and dwellers there. They mean to stay. And they will devote themselves to making friends. They will have reason to be satisfied if during a whole year they accomplish nothing more than that.

In the progress of these social visits they will, naturally and inevitably, find out a great many things about the neighborhood,—how many houses there are in a block, how many families there are in a house, the condition of the streets and houses from the sanitary point of view, the names and responsibilities of the owners of the property, the occupation of the residents, with their hours of work, their wages and the relation between their pay and their needs, their abundance or lack of employment, their good points and their faults, their opportunities, their possibilities. These things are commonly studied in books. We have all read "How the Other Half Lives," and "The Children of the Poor," and "In Darkest Eng-

land." But the books are written about other places, New York or London. We want to know what the realities are in Pittsburg. And the only authoritative book on that subject is that which lies open on the bank of the Allegheny, covering some ten blocks, from Tenth Street out to Twentieth. This book the residents of Kingsley House will study, and they will tell us what they learn. They will tell us what we ought to know.

They will have, one of these days, such a chart at Kingsley House as I remember at Toynbee Hall, whereon will be marked down all the streets of the district and the houses, with their character indicated, all the churches and all the saloons and all the mills. It will be a moral map of the Twelfth Ward.

Then, together with this study, there will be work. The residents will try to make the house a meeting place for the neighborhood. There will be clubs for the older boys and guilds for the older girls, and a free kindergarten for the little children, with a kitchen school in connection with it, and mothers' meetings for the women, and smoking conferences for the men. Everything, indeed, except preaching. That, the residents will leave to the faithful pastors of the churches. There will be an endeavor to bring light and life increasingly into the neighborhood. Recreation will be provided. Pictures and music and lectures will be furnished. The drawing-room and the dining-room of the house will never be without guests. There will be a loan library for the old and young, and a loan collection of games for children. When it is possible there will be a playground. The residents will identify themselves with the interests of the district. They will be immensely interested in all phases of politics which affect the welfare of the ward. They will be a means of mutual understanding in case of industrial discussion. They will do something towards the breaking down of the barriers that divide classes.

It is hoped that Kingsley House may be opened about the middle of October. It is not likely that it will be heralded with any flourish of trumpets. The work is quiet, personal work, and will not probably at any time

make very much noise in the world. So much the better. Now, what does the house want? It wants half a dozen residents, young ladies with social enthusiasm, able to work and glad to work on terms of absolute fraternal equality among the people of the neighborhood, who will pay their board at the house, and live there for six months at least, purely for love of humanity.

It wants a good many people to make contributions of furniture, books, carpets, pictures, for the House. Somebody to provide the china, somebody to give the linen, somebody to carpet the rooms, and paper them, somebody to take a chamber and provide for it throughout, somebody to furnish the parlor, the library, the dining-room, the kindergarten, the kitchen garden, in the same way. If the Vassar Association could take a room, and the University Club another; if the Pennsylvania College for Women could make a contribution, and the Western University another; if the Theological schools in Allegheny could give the House their prayers, and something more tangible in addition, all these things would greatly help. Persons desirous of making any of these contributions will kindly send a note to Mr. H. D. W. English, at the Fidelity building, on Fourth Avenue.

Especially, the promoters of Kingsley House, want to feel that they have the city behind them, that people in general are interested and in sympathy. That is the atmosphere which makes all good work grow.

Kingsley House still survives and flourishes. It has done splendid work along the lines of its founder's hopes and plans. It has been a true social center all these years.

Mr. H. D. W. English writes of Dr. Hodges's work and influence in Pittsburgh, in a letter dated July 26, 1919, as follows:

His was a brave undertaking in the "Work-shop of the World" where the old-time Iron-master had thought food and coal given to the needy was the best method of

settling the problem of poverty, and where the idea that the privileged had any wide responsibility was rarely thought of, and but rarely mentioned above one's breath. For several years, indeed throughout his entire ministry, he had been preaching and "building a bridge" between the privileged East End and Poplar Alley in the unprivileged section. He gave himself unreservedly to the task of gaining the city's attention to his message. Every Monday morning, his sermon on Sunday was printed in the Dispatch. His quaint and often humorous way of saying things gained attention until the paper found it was getting a class of readers of real value to itself. He was asked to speak everywhere. One day he would occupy the Judges' bench, at our County Court House, where he would crowd the great court-room with lawyers and judges, his theme being "Christ and the Lawyer." Another day he would be at some business men's luncheon club, where his theme would be "Christ and the Business Man." He never lost a chance to bring in a social ideal. His acquaintance multiplied.

He had the blessed faculty of getting everybody to work in his parish and the still greater faculty of an infinite faith that they were doing their best. He seemed to be inspired by a social soul. He would find ten or fifteen old unprivileged ladies, some shut-ins. The next Sunday morning he would announce a "tea" for them in the Parish House and request ten or fifteen young ladies to offer their services to paint, or procure, as many cups and saucers and bring them to the tea, and to act as hostesses for "these dear old ladies I have discovered." Well, the young ladies were found and the shut-ins brought in carriages; and the "tea" became "teas," and the young ladies found a new joy in service. He was always writing a short note to some man to do some one thing. As an instance: I received a note one morning telling that he had picked up four boys on the street—"not very refined boys, but just boys" and suggesting that as I belonged to a good many clubs I ought to know how to run a club, and would I start one to keep these fellows away from pool-rooms, the street, and worse. That was

the beginning of the Boys' Club of Calvary Parish. It had its 26th anniversary last June. Over fifteen hundred boys have gone through,—or belong now to the Club. The present number is eighty. Thirty of the present membership were in the late war. One came home colonel of the regiment. Three received the "Croix de Guerre"; one the D.S.C., and another, as Y. M. C. A. Secretary, represented the ministry of our Church. We have another who is a missionary in Wyoming—and so I might go on.

Calvary men and women, under Dr. Hodges, began to take an interest in the City and its affairs. They entered into the political life, becoming candidates, as well as acting on Commissions. It was not long until the political powers that controlled the city called us that "D—— Calvary crowd." We elected one of our Vestry, Hon. George W. Guthrie, mayor of the city. Afterward he was Ambassador to Japan. We elected our Senior Warden to Congress. We elected another Vestryman to be Judge of the Orphan's Court. Under Mayor Guthrie an organization was formed called "The Voters' League" —of which I was Vice President. That was the organization which cleaned up graft in the Councils, putting eighteen councilmen in the penitentiary or in jail—as well as a number of bankers, and brought about a new charter for the city.

Mayor Guthrie, Hon. Joseph Buffington, and myself were the sponsors for the famous "Pittsburgh Survey"— the greatest social survey ever made of a city. This survey caused a change in the working conditions in the country. Mayor Guthrie appointed me Chairman of a Civic Commission to carry out many social reforms suggested by the Survey. The Graft Trials, The Survey, The Civic Commission, would need a volume for each. Indeed, the Sage Foundation, which conducted the Survey, has published six large volumes on that work alone.

In all this we needed the Dean to help us in what he had begun. When he had the call to Cambridge I begged him to decline. I said that few men had the unique privilege of ministering to and influencing the

social conscience of an entire city. He was a very modest man, and did not agree that he was such an influence, but said, "Even if your statement is correct, and I have those faculties, then is it not my duty to train other men to go out and capture cities for the Kingdom?" I can't say, yet, that I agree with his decision then made. When one is turning the social conscience of a city, it is a responsibility to leave it. Of course he left that "D—— Calvary crowd," and many more.

The following extracts are from a letter written by the now Very Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy:

"Let us build a bridge (a social bridge, he meant), between the East End and the Point." That was the pressing invitation Dr. Hodges gave me one day more than a quarter of a century ago. . . . The bridge was built. Dr. Hodges, by voice and pen, and then by practical organization doing most of the work. I have never met a man more resourceful in ideas and practical means to carry out his ideas for social betterment than the Rev. Dr. Hodges. He was a great Christian social democrat. In those days there was no stronger and more far-reaching influence for good in Pittsburgh than his. Today social service is accepted everywhere: twenty-five years ago Dr. Hodges was preaching and applying it in Pittsburgh, and the results are felt to this hour.

To show how catholic were his views on religious subjects, I would refer to a few incidents. One day I had a letter from him, saying that he was preparing a series of "talks" (he always used this word rather than lectures or discourses) to be given to his theological students on the "Mass." He wished me to send him some points of information, and suggest some authorities on the subject. I reminded him of the saying of Augustine Birrell that "It is the Mass that matters" and congratulated him on taking up this vital religious subject; knowing that he would treat it with that fearlessness and fairness of mind which were so characteristic of him.

Another rather amusing incident I recall. One eve-

ning I visited him at his home in the East End. As I entered the study, just inside the door was a small holy-water font hanging from the wall. "Hello, Hodges," I said, "What is this?" He said, "A holy-water font." "What is it doing here in the study of a Protestant Episcopal clergyman's house?" "Oh, don't you see it is filled with matches (lucifer)," he replied. "I must bring you some holy-water," I said, "for you should know the devil (lucifer) hates holy-water." And the dear good man enjoyed our joke immensely.

Looking around the room I saw splendid engravings of two eminent English Cardinals, Manning and Newman, and I said to myself, "These distinguished churchmen, once members of the Anglican Church, now Catholic priests, typify the social, religious and intellectual bent of Dr. Hodges' mind. Manning appeals to the social reforming side of his mind and Newman to the intellectual." And so he had the engravings hanging on the walls of his study.

The memory of his works and friendship I shall always cherish.

A short time after the matter of the Oregon election had been settled, the rector of Calvary went for his summer vacation, taking a well earned and much needed rest. Pittsburgh friends and Calvary parishioners breathed freely. Dr. Hodges would remain with them, and all was well.

That summer was spent on Fishers Island, off New London, Connecticut. There Hodges preached in the chapel and went off for one or two lectures.

Scarcely had the work been resumed in the fall, with all the usual vigor, when disquieting rumors began to trouble the people of Calvary. Dean William Lawrence of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, had been elected to succeed Phillips Brooks as bishop of Massachusetts, and the trustees of the school were

in search of a new dean. It was rumored that the choice was likely to be the rector of Calvary. His name had been strongly presented by the Rev. Julius W. Atwood. The election was held on October 5, and Dr. Hodges was chosen unanimously.

Here was a call to take the headship of a school for the training of young men for the work of the Christian ministry. The school was situated under the shadow of Harvard University. Around it lived men of culture, prominent in the world of scholars. Dr. Hodges had been emphasizing in sermons and addresses the importance of training young men in the new ways of the new age, with a full sense of the social responsibilities and opportunities of a Christian pastor. His friends and parishioners felt at once that here was a call that might take him away. They hoped against hope, but that was all. Mr. Clement K. Fay and Mr. Robert Treat Paine had been appointed by the trustees of the Episcopal Theological School to go to Pittsburgh and lay the matter before Dr. Hodges. The newspapers, both in Boston and Pittsburgh, gave prominent place to the fact of the election and discussed the reputation of the dean-elect as well as the probability of his acceptance. Dr. Hodges's writings, sermons, success, and influence in Pittsburgh were fully set forth. The Boston papers hoped he would accept, and the Pittsburgh papers, with a protest that they did not wish to speak selfishly, hoped he would not.

Those were days of turmoil and upset for George Hodges. Letters rained down upon him from every side. Bishop Lawrence wrote:

> I cannot let the day of my consecration go by without writing you of my deep gratification that you have been elected Dean of this School. I shall in a few days write

you more fully, but today I will simply write this—and I do not know that a fuller statement could be stronger: I have been here as Professor, Vice Dean and Dean almost nine years altogether, and in all soberness I can say that it is the one position which in attractiveness, effectiveness, hope, opportunity, and joy, stands first in the Church. One does not begin to know the largeness of opportunity until he has lived here. However I will say no more now except that the whole spirit of your election has been hearty and strong, and that in considering the matter you can be assured of the hearty reception and response of all who are here—and certainly from myself.

Bishop Vincent telegraphed on October 7: "First news. Sincere congratulations. You ought to go."

Bishop Whitehead wrote a letter full of loving appreciation of Dr. Hodges's work, expressing his sense of great loss to himself and the diocese of Pittsburgh, if he should decide to go.

The Rev. Dr. Washington Cladden, the most widely known forward-looking clergyman in the Congregational Church, wrote as follows:

Pastor's Study,
First Congregational Church,
Columbus, Ohio,
Nov. 3, 1893.

My dear Dr. Hodges:

I have had you on my mind ever since I saw you: but I believe I have n't yet tried to unload. I can partly understand your quandary. As I wrote to Phillips Brooks, when he was called to Harvard,—you cannot decide the question without suffering. To go away from Pittsburgh will be painful. To refuse the opportunity at Cambridge will cost a pang.

I know that Pittsburgh needs you: in fact I don't know how it can spare you: but my sense of the immense im-

portance of the field at Cambridge makes me hope that you will go. I know that you will have a great opportunity among the young men and that you will improve it. There is great openness of mind among the Harvard men—a deep seriousness: a disposition to be done with negations and to get hold of some positive theory of life. The number of young men looking toward the ministry is large. Professor Peabody thinks that more young men entered theological schools from the last class than any previous college class has contributed to the ministry. That belief is yet to be verified, but there was surely a goodly number. And many who are not contemplating the ministry have the spirit of service in them and need guidance. My work there was a daily delight.

I hope that when I go back, in March, I shall find you there. If so, we will have some brave pow-wows at 1 Wadsworth House.

Yours ever,
WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Dr. Hodges visited Boston and Cambridge in the latter part of October. He met the trustees, faculty, and students of the school, and had conferences with the trustees and faculty. Also, he advised with Bishop Clark of Rhode Island and with the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington of Grace Church, New York. An article in *The Parish Advocate* for November, 1893, seemed to indicate what the decision would be. After describing the buildings and location, with reference to the able men on the faculty, Hodges goes on:

The school, indeed, is remarkably independent. It has no official connection with either the Diocese of Massachusetts or the General Convention. It has no relation, except by courtesy, with the bishop of that diocese or of any other diocese. It is not officially responsible for its teaching or conduct to any body of men

except its own trustees, a board composed entirely of laymen. These gentlemen are among the foremost citizens of the state.

The duties of the Dean of the School are to administer the affairs and direct the policy of the institution, to occupy the chair of homiletics and pastoral care,—which means to give instruction in preaching and parish work—and to preach every Sunday morning in the chapel. The opportunities, it seems to me, are great. The students, of whom there are now between fifty and sixty, are an unusually high class of young men, bright, intelligent, college graduates, gentlemanly, and in earnest. They are bound, by their training and character, to occupy the important parishes of the important cities and to be representatives of the Church. The future of the Episcopal Church in this country depends greatly upon these young men, and the young men are being formed in large measures by the influences of the school. In the congregation of the chapel, too, are young Harvard men. They are, also, to be men of influence in this country. They are getting their ideas of the Christian religion from men they hear, Sunday by Sunday, in the pulpit of the Seminary Church. The preacher, therefore, who stands in that pulpit, preaches to a hundred thousand people there represented by these future leaders.

And then, of course, as a personal consideration, is the privilege of living in Cambridge. The people who live there think that it is ever so much more desirable as a place of residence than Pittsburgh. Though that may be due to their ignorance of Pittsburgh. Mr. John Fiske's house is across the street from the Deanery. Mr. Richard H. Dana, Mr. Arthur Gilman, of the Harvard Annex, and Mr. Horace E. Scudder, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* are members of the congregation of the chapel. The advantages of proximity to Harvard, with its libraries and its lectures, are evident.

Yet during those weeks, while he was weighing and balancing, there was the deep sorrow that comes from tearing up the roots of home and

friendship. He had spent all his ministry—twelve years—in Calvary Parish. Before the month was out, he had made up his mind and sent his resignation to the vestry of Calvary Church. He wrote, in *The Parish Advocate* for December:

That this separation is a great grief to me, everybody, I am sure, will believe. I am enthusiastically interested in this city. A score of schemes in both parish and city are very near to my heart. There are no words that I can find to express what this parting means to me. Indeed, I have no intention of preaching any farewell sermon when the last Sunday comes. I fear I could not get through with it.

As for this Parish, I have not a fear for its future. It will go on and grow until the days of the present administration will be remembered as some people recollect the times of Mr. Paddock and Mr. Peet and Mr. Wilson, as the days of beginnings. A good many people thought, when Mr. Vincent went away, that the Parish would speedily fall into destruction, but everybody took a good hold and all things went on. They will still go on, better than before.

The Parish, as I have said over and over again, is not the parson but the people. And this parish has the best people in it that are to be found in the inhabited world. The work is certain to grow because the workers will still be here to make it grow.

So that I go away—if the vestry accept my resignation—with full faith in the future of this parish. It is the largest parish of our Church in the state, outside of Philadelphia, and it will grow larger. It has a rather shabby old church in which to worship, but it will remedy that in time. [Calvary has, now, perhaps the most beautiful and stately church building in America.]

Thus on January 1, 1894, the Pittsburgh ministry came to an end. There had been congratulations, regrets, lamentations, tears. There had

been receptions by the parish, by the ministers of the East End, and by the diocese. There had been letters of regret from clergymen and laymen of all the churches. One significant letter is set forth here. It will be remembered that when the new rector started a day nursery in the Mayflower district its success was frustrated by the vigorous opposition and suspicious alarm of the Roman Catholic pastor in the neighborhood. That had been Dr. Hodges's one distinct failure in attempting to do social welfare work. Unable to attend the final reception given Dr. Hodges, Father Joseph Sühr, pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, sent the following letter:

Rev. and dear Dr.:

I regret that I cannot attend the reception to be given in your honor this evening. I wished to be present in order to express publicly my admiration for your work in our midst, for your zeal and charity, your liberality and catholicity of mind and heart. You have accomplished a great work in tearing down, if but in part, the huge wall of bigotry that separates brethren who worship the same God, and hope for salvation from the same Christ. For this the Catholics of Pittsburgh owe you a debt of gratitude, and I would be false to my priestly character were I afraid to publicly express the fact.

Accept then, dear Dr., my sincere and kindest wishes for your future welfare. May heaven pour its blessings on you in your new field of labor, and may the Grace of our Lord give you light and strength.

Wishing you a Happy New Year,

I remain with great respect,
Yours fraternally,
Jos. Sühr.

How better close the tale of the Pittsburgh ministry than with those words from the once suspicious Roman Catholic neighbor?

CHAPTER VIII

EARLY YEARS IN CAMBRIDGE

The tie with Pittsburgh being regretfully severed, George Hodges came to Cambridge and began his duties at the Episcopal Theological School on the morning of the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6, 1894.

There was no formal inaugural ceremony, but merely a celebration of the Holy Communion and a short address to the students. He began by urging the men to make the study of theology religious, and to bring it into contact with daily life. He had become known as a "broad-churchman," and he now voiced a hope for broad-churchmanship, which he defined as "a quality, not a party. It is a Church spirit that is liberal enough to recognize differences. All churchmen are either broad or narrow. The broad-churchman sets the church above the party. He sets truth above tradition. He is intent on truth and on the progress of the Church—on any line." Thus he made a plea for inclusion, for high-churchmen and low-churchmen.

Bishop Slattery says: "When the Rev. Dr. Huntington of Grace Church in New York was asked to nominate a man for the post [dean of the Episcopal Theological School], he answered instantly, 'The author of a little book entitled *The Episcopal Church*—Dr. Hodges: it is the best argument for the Church I know.'"

The same little book is still carrying its message. It ends with the following:

> The peculiar glory of the Episcopal Church is that there is place within her borders for all sorts of people, and a welcome for every kind of temperament and a ministry for every variety of man.
>
> The only kind of ritual which seriously contradicts the spirit of the Episcopal Church is that which exalts itself above righteousness, which sets more emphasis on colors than it does on charity, and which cares more for "mint, anise and cummin" than it does for judgment, mercy, truth, and brotherly love.
>
> Indeed, these pages have quite failed of their purpose if they have not shown that the Episcopal Church is built like the pattern which St. John saw in the Revelation, four-square, facing the four corners of the earth, and with three doors on every side, and these doors wide open, so that there is far more door than wall. To keep the Church from narrowness, from pettiness, from lapsing into sectarianism; to preserve its catholicity, its recognition of the difference between the essential and the non-essential, its relation to all the varying needs of human nature, its spiritual sanity, its religious hospitality—this is what we must do if we would have the Church of the English-speaking people of the past to be the Church of the English-speaking people of the future.

The Episcopal Theological School, at the time when George Hodges became its dean, occupied a unique place among theological seminaries. It had begun by taking a stand against traditions. "Justification by Faith," was its watchword; "that great sentence of the low Churchman, which was at the heart of the Reformation." Somewhat evangelical in its type of worship, it had taken an advanced position in biblical criticism. It was looked at askance in some quarters, but, while

liberal, was not heretical. Its motto, *"Veritas et Vita,"* has always been a protest against outgrown forms and traditions.

The members of the able faculty of the school either had been teachers in it from its foundation, or had been graduated from it, and taught there since. Dr. Steenstra, professor of Old Testament, and Dr. Allen, professor of church history, were scholars of ripe experience, while Dr. Nash in New Testament, Dr. Kellner in the department of Old Testament languages and history, and Dr. Drown in theology were authorities in their subjects.

Between this body of scholarly men and the active world of business affairs and daily needs, the dean was to be an interpreter. He must be a man with a knowledge of the world and of human nature, and must possess administrative ability. George Hodges had proved that he had these qualities by the successful administration of a parish of eight hundred or more communicants, and by his many projects for civic betterment.

The students had been warmly attached to Dean Lawrence, now bishop, and they enthusiastically welcomed another leader in the prime of life (in his thirty-eighth year), who would be likewise progressive, who would understand their problems, and to whom they could go in perplexity. He was a stranger to them, and from the Middle West; but they had faith in him.

Though of Massachusetts descent, George Hodges had no Massachusetts traditions and no annoying bigotries. As the prevailing or "native" religion of Western Pennsylvania had been Presbyterian, so that of Boston was Congrega-

tional and Unitarian. Episcopalians were in the minority. The Episcopal Church was considered rather medieval by many New Englanders, and only a step removed from the Roman Catholic. But the freshness and originality of the new dean's point of view struck his hearers at once. There was some life in the "true Church" yet—for as the "true Church" he persisted in alluding to it—and his attitude was conciliatory.

In his first sermon to the congregation gathered in St. John's Memorial Chapel, the school chapel, on his first Sunday morning in Cambridge, he struck his oft-sounded note of Church Unity. The title of the sermon was "The Gospel of the Kingdom."

> What means the gospel? [asked he]. It means good tidings, tidings that are attended with great joy. The Christian religion, we find, therefore, is intended to make people happy.
>
> The gospel is intended for all. The good tidings are meant to reach all people and to be extended to all generations. It is as new today, as new every morning of our lives, as it was at the moment of its birth. As it is intended for all people, so it is for every moment of our lives—for all life.
>
> It is for the church, but it is equally for the home and the office. It has to do with society, with politics, with elections, and, in fine, with the exercise of power, be it in whatever form it may. In fact, it has to do with everything in the universe. . . .
>
> The Christian minister should feel a personal responsibility for all the unhappiness about him. He should have a lively interest in all that is happening in his immediate surroundings; have a lively interest in politics; in whatever concerns the good of the state and the city; in caring for and helping the unemployed; in short, look into all that comes into the life of man.

He should be instructed in theology, but more in sociology. It is well to be instructed in the history of Jerusalem, but it is better to know well the history of one's own state, city or town.

He concluded by saying that the religion of the future would be one in which prejudice would have no place. The time was surely coming when the Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Unitarian, Baptist, and all would unite in a common prayer.

In one of the early years a restless lady left St. John's congregation because, she said, Dean Hodges was a Unitarian, Dr. Nash an atheist and Mr. Drown impossible! This did not appal him when viewed in the light of a note on Church Unity written him in 1898 by Dr. Hale:

You know that *Unity* is what Unite-arians are for. You will not find the word Unitarian in literature before the Hungarian Council of Thorde, in the latter half of the sixteenth century. At the beginning it did not mean the unity of God, which of course all Christians recognize; but it meant what we call harmony, toleration, or mutual regard among Christian bodies. Some of us think that it will mean this again.

Always Yours,
EDWARD E. HALE.

At the celebration of Dr. Hale's seventy-fifth birthday by the Channing Club, George Hodges in an after-dinner speech told of meeting Dr. Hale for the first time in Canterbury Cathedral, "where," he said, "I had the privilege of showing him the places in the Prayer Book."

"I should have told that, if you had n't," replied Dr. Hale.

Yet with his tolerance for all sects and parties

he was ever loyal to his own church. His colleague, Edward S. Drown, has said: "He had the true breadth, which is rooted in loyalty to one's own. The tree that has its roots deep in the soil can spread its branches all the more widely. That was Hodges's breadth, not the kind of breadth that is so broad that it becomes thin."

He had a deep love and reverence for all the beautiful things in the historic background of the Christian religion—for the legends, the symbols, the observance of saints' days, the poetry of religion.

The school chapel, beautiful in its outlines and construction, was severe and plain within. It disappointed him that there was no cross on the altar. He promptly sought the gift of one and placed it there. He also introduced the wearing of colored stoles on appropriate occasions. But with him the business of worship was never vulgarized by too much pageantry, nor its value diminished by too much external show. Christ was the Master of his life, and he was intent upon his Master's business. His appeal was not to the eye but to the heart.

Said a student in the early days: "It was his manliness that impressed us. We knew that we were in touch with a real man whose faith in his Master had formed him into the strength like that of the gnarled, knotted and triumphant oak. He had confidence too in the Church. He could not have been a High Churchman for its postures would not have fitted him; and I cannot think of him as being serious over candles any more than I can think of him as being serious over cologne on his handkerchief. But he could keep the

saints' days and bring them beautifully down to earth and to our own times." However, candles on the altar would not have been so much out of keeping with his tastes as were the absence of the cross of Christ, the infrequency of the partaking of the Lord's Supper, and the omissions from Morning and Evening Prayer which he found at the school. His restoration of full Morning Prayer and introduction of colored stoles called forth a protest from the senior class, noted in his journal:

May 6, 1894.

The lengthening of morning service (daily) does not please all the students. Slattery came to me the other day, and protested, also against white stoles. Found a card pinned beside my white stole the day after Ascension Day, having a scripture reference written upon it, which being looked up was found to read, "And so we went toward Rome." When I came here there were no opening sentences, no *Venite,* one psalm (chanted) and only one lesson. This I changed, making the service according to the rubrics.

May 9, 1894.

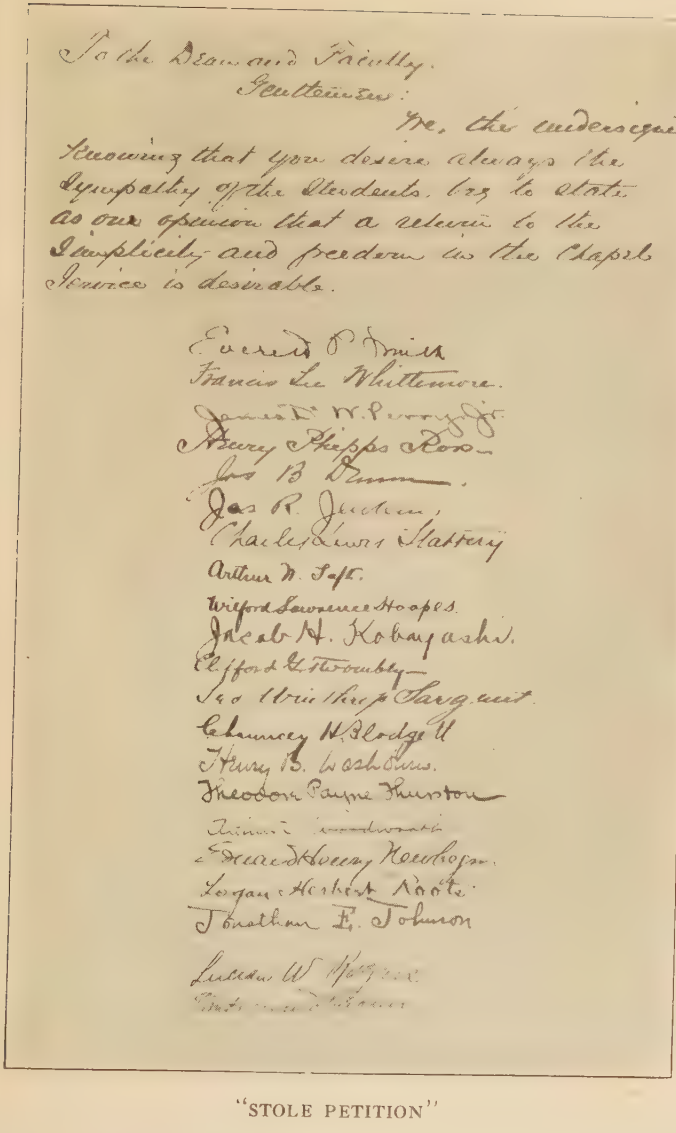
Was waited upon today by a delegation consisting of Slattery, Hoopes, and Washburn who wanted a return to the former directness and simplicity of the service. Had a pleasant interview with them. They brought a petition signed by 22 students, very good names.

It was politely received and quietly tabled. He afterward said that he had supposed he was entering a radical institution. He had found it, on the contrary, the most conservative institution on the face of the earth.

His methods of discipline (for even theological students have to be disciplined occasionally) were

equally quiet, but effective. He soon noticed that the students were lax in their attendance at daily Morning Prayer. To his mind, the beginning of the day with prayer was essential and appropriate to the life of a future minister of the Gospel. There appeared on the bulletin-board this notice: "See Joshua III: 1." They found, "And Joshua rose early in the morning." The students replied, "See St. John XI: 12," which reads, "If he sleep, he shall do well." Nevertheless attendance at chapel services improved at once. The dean set his students an example of regularity, for he was seldom absent from chapel, either morning or evening. If business took him out of town, he was frequently known on his return to thrust his valise into the vestibule of his house, while he hurried to morning service. Next to his own private devotions, he found these daily services a source of spiritual joy and peace.

He quickly adapted himself to his duties in the school and chapel, though matters at home were unsettled because of repairs to the deanery and because of contagious diseases with which his children were afflicted, and he was not allowed to live at home. But he waved aside these personal inconveniences and eagerly took part in each new activity as it presented itself. Neighboring churches asked him to preach in their pulpits; clubs—social, patriotic, literary and philanthropic —extended invitations to membership. He was cordially welcomed everywhere. Writing back to Pittsburgh, he said: "All people here are as hospitable as it is possible for mortals to be. I enjoy even the weather, which is of every imaginable kind every day; so that I am able to appreciate Emerson's delight in the cosmopolitan clim-



To the Dean and Faculty.

Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned, knowing that you desire always the sympathy of the Students, beg to state as our opinion that a return to the simplicity and freedom in the Chapel Service is desirable.

Everett P. Smith
Francis Le Whittemore.
James D. W. Perry, Jr.
Henry Phipps Ross
Jos B Dunn.
Jas R. Jenkins
Charles Lewis Slattery
Arthur N. Safford
Wilford Seymour Hoopes.
Jacob H. Kobayashi.
Clifford G. Trowbridge
Geo Wm Thorp Sargent
Edmund W. Sedgwick
Henry B. Washburn.
Theodore Payne Thurston
Tsunao Inouye
Edward Henry Hodgson.
Logan Herbert Roots.
Jonathan E. Johnson
Lucius W. Hoyt
Charles J. Tilden

"STOLE PETITION"

ate of these regions, where, he said, the favored residents have a touch of all the temperatures of the planet, from the cold of Labrador to the heat of Syria."

Preaching three times on Sunday was his usual allowance; morning and afternoon at St. John's, in the evening at Fall River, Providence, Worcester, or Lynn, wherever he was asked, to large city parish or small country church, seldom saying no.

On Monday, Tuesday, and all the other days, in addition to his lectures in the school, there were frequent lectures and speeches, which sometimes took him far afield but increased his acquaintance among men and women of all creeds and social conditions. His enthusiasm for making the world a happier and better place to live in made him a welcome visitor. The traditional coldness of the New England temperament did not alarm him. He wrote to his old parishioners at Calvary Church, Pittsburgh: "These Boston people don't warm up to you, but sometimes they freeze to you." He met formality with an engaging simplicity and frankness, with few words but a warm hand-clasp that was unmistakable in its genuineness of character.

Every good cause asked for his support and received his commendation. His zeal for social betterment was turned into the channels already formed in Boston. Here were charitable organizations—the Associated Charities, the Consumer's League, two settlement houses, Dennison House and Andover House, which later was named the South End House. He became president of this organization on President Tucker's retirement, and continued in this capacity for

nearly twenty-five years until his death. A tribute to this service was written by the council of the South End House: "As Chairman of the Council he has guided our discussions with a peculiar quality of wisdom infused with humor. His thorough insight and sympathy in relation to all the problems confronting the House have never failed to add an element of special interest and value to our meetings. At all important stages in the development of our work, his luminous interpretation of the principles involved, his aptly turned allusions and illustrations and his contagious courage and confidence have gone far to bring about the end in view."

After coming to Cambridge, he seemed content with the rôle of interpreter, both of the Social Gospel and the doctrines of Christianity. To interpretation he added vision. He had the vision of united Christendom. As a first step locally, he called together the pastors of the churches in Cambridge, and heads of various charitable organizations, with a view of districting the city, after the Pittsburgh and Buffalo plan, each church being responsible for the welfare of a district. This was in 1898, but after a time it was abandoned, as not being suited to the Cambridge situation.

He went so far as to ask the clergymen of various denominations to a meeting of prayer and consecration in the Theological School Chapel, which brought down upon his head the wrath and criticism of his more narrow ecclesiastical neighbors.

In an article on the Protestant Episcopal Church, printed in the New York *Independent* in 1897, he said: "This has been a year of peace

and quiet. . . . Certain 'growing pains' must, indeed, attend the days of a growing Church, and certain outcries will inevitably be made. Year by year the Episcopal Church broadens its sympathies, enters more and more into fraternal relations with its neighbors, and becomes less ecclesiastical and more Christian, and in the process some of the old bottles are sure to burst with more or less of an explosion."

He advocated the no-license campaigns in Cambridge, a university city full of young people, and gave his active sympathy, too, to the Political Equality Association, the Cremation Society, the Evangelical Alliance, the Church Social Union; in fact, to every cause which might bring the "millennium" nearer.

Apropos of the coal strike in 1902, he wrote: "What we need most is daily, every-day, humdrum, commonplace fraternity. The Consumer's League, Social Settlements, Trades' Unions, are all fraternal organizations. They make their mistakes, of course, but they are all trying for a very praiseworthy end—to raise the standard of living."

One of his co-workers (Francis G. Peabody) in those early days said: "He was quick with most genuine sympathy for each worthy cause or need. If I were to name his most rare and dominating characteristic, I should dwell upon his courage, both intellectual and moral,—the fearless candor of his thought and speech, which made both so refreshing. Ecclesiastical obscurantism, social hypocrisy, and personal affectation had no mercy from him. His quick wit, pungent aphorisms, and sagacious common sense were more convincing than elaborate arguments, and left no sting."

His faith in God and man remained unshaken through the storm and stress of theological controversies, but charges of heresy against the Episcopal Theological School, in the early years of his administration, troubled him. He knew the devoutness of its founders, and the sincerity and faith of its professors and students, and had little patience with the trivialities that were designed to cast suspicion upon it and break down its rapidly growing prestige. He was outwardly serene but inwardly troubled. That Episcopal churches in the neighborhood should unite in publishing unfriendly criticisms seemed to him out of accord with the spirit of Christ. He met the heresy charges with patience, and by personal consultation rather than by acrimonious replies in the press. He could not refrain, however, from a gentle reproof: "Some truth has been involved in theological controversies, but more temper." And, "Don't raise the devil, until you can lay him." Even from boyhood, his part had been to smooth out difficulties and get discordant groups together. "His gift of conciliation sprang from the soil of a real Christian fellowship. The quick intuition which sought and found agreement was the fruit of his spirit of love. In all his religious contacts there was the preventive grace of humor," said his friend, William Austin Smith.

He not only represented his own particular theological school at gatherings of church and state, and by his breadth of vision and kindliness of spirit won for it interest and prestige second to none in the country, but he represented the diocese at six of the church's triennial conventions:

1892 at Baltimore, 1895 at Minneapolis, 1898 at Washington, 1901 at San Francisco, 1904 at Boston, and 1907 at Richmond.

His voice was seldom heard in debate. His most effective work was on committees and in conferences, notably on the Joint Commission on the Relations between Capital and Labor, and on Christian Education.

While he set a limit of eight hours to the working-man's day, his own hours of work were more nearly sixteen. His vacation time was not spent in idleness, but in the early years in lecturing at Chautauqua, the School of Applied Ethics at Plymouth, at Summer Conferences, with three or four notable trips to Europe, which were really a renewal of spirit.

Later, in his beloved summer home at Holderness in the foot-hills of the White Mountains, he found inspiration and refreshment, but never allowed himself a complete rest. There was always an article or book to write, or a sermon to preach in a near-by or distant church. The summer congregation at St. Peter's-in-the-Mount, Holderness, and St. George's, York Harbor, Maine, or at the Community Church at Nahant, looked forward to his annual message, and many regarded him as their "summer pastor." One prominent Bostonian acknowledged that he went to church once a year—on the Sunday when Dean Hodges preached at Nahant.

For as "Dean Hodges" he soon became known in the vicinity of Boston, and even farther afield. Often the little theological seminary near Boston was introduced to new friends in the West, or maybe North or South, through its dean. It must

be a worth-while institution, they thought, and the Episcopal Church very progressive, to be represented by such a wide-awake educator.

In the early years there was constant intercourse with the former parish in Pittsburgh. He was called back on anniversaries, or for a wedding, a funeral, a christening, and there was deep affection and loyalty on both sides, through joy and sorrow. But when called back in 1899 to be their rector again, he declined, even at considerable financial sacrifice. As he put it, it was his duty "to train other men to go out and capture cities for the Kingdom."

He continued to write a weekly sermon for the *Pittsburgh Dispatch,* the leading daily paper of the city. "This was a very exceptional thing for any clergyman to do, especially an Episcopalian," said his friend, Robert A. Woods. "He made his column so interesting that everybody read it. . . . It was an interpretation from week to week of the actual given data of the progress of the Kingdom of God on earth."

At the end of his first two years of residence in Cambridge, the *Dispatch* politely notified him that they could not continue this arrangement, possibly because of the panic of 1896. At any rate, the entry in his journal on September 30, 1896, stands: "This ends my service in the *Dispatch* begun eight years ago. Thus $1500 falls off my salary, and I must give up the house plan on Fisher's Island." The column was resumed again in 1902, on request of the *Dispatch* but did not continue long. Perhaps by that time he looked too much through academic eyes.

From the first, and always, he added to his income by the fruits of his pen. He had come to

Cambridge at a financial sacrifice, but he would not consent to come until a promise of larger rewards to his colleagues had been given. There was only a small endowment of the school in those days, and salaries were low. The professors were obliged to do parish work in near-by towns, or give additional courses at other institutions, to increase their incomes. This took time and strength which each needed for his particular work, and the dean soon brought about a happier adjustment, without the strain of so much outside work. His sincere admiration and pride in the scholarship of his colleagues was a lesson in "vital appreciation."

It became his task to gather up annually sufficient money for scholarships for students who could not afford all the expense of three years of theological study. Friends were generous, but it was an irksome task. So also was the management of the refectory, for which the dean was responsible. He had no talent for housekeeping, and after a few years of failure to make both ends meet he turned over the management of this part of the school to a committee.

Hospitality he regarded as one of the cardinal virtues, as well as a pleasure. The door of the deanery was always open to students and parishioners, and to visiting friends and strangers.

The Friday afternoons "at home" began in 1894 and continued for twenty-five years. Friday evenings were given up to students in the school, and Sunday noon brought one or two students from Harvard or other near-by colleges to his table regularly. There was the personal touch, which men away from home appreciated.

He delighted in telling these young men and

women anecdotes about famous people in and around Boston, not because these people were his friends, but that the visitors might carry away something of the literary and historical flavor of their temporary environment to their future fields of work. Something of a hero-worshiper himself, he tried to make his young guests acquainted with the great characters of New England. He valued highly his own personal acquaintance with Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Colonel Higginson, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. James T. Fields. With Mrs. Howe he had a special bond in their mutual sense of humor. "Such delicious fun as they made together, she sparkling, he twinkling, to the delight of their hearers," said her daughter, Mrs. Laura E. Richards.

In carrying his message of social service to Gardiner, Maine, he acquired one of the most precious friendships of his life with Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Richards (Laura E.) and their family.

The aloofness and reticence of childhood remained with him in a large measure through life, and serious matters came uppermost, as would be natural in the life of a minister. But there was a lighter side to his nature, which responded to children and to those who saw into the heart of youth as he did. To these friends he gave in unstinted measure a choice companionship, and they to him. There were long summer visits at the Richards summer camp in Maine, and short winter visits on afternoons at Mrs. Howe's in Beacon Street or at the deanery; and letters went back and forth, antiphonally praising each other's books or poems or sermons. He was made

"No. 9" in their family circle, and participated in their family joys.

How better tell of it than by their own letters?

York Harbor, Maine,
Monday, Aug. 31, 1896.

My dear Mrs. Richards:

Am blithely coming Down East from great hills in jolting *kars,* leaving Monday next. O pleasant quiet! Restful sweet thickets under vines! What xenium your zest! That means Monday, September 6th, on the afternoon of which I hope to arrive in Camp. Today we expect to be in Shelburne. There 's no place like home —except Gardiner, which is very much like home to me.

Always most faithfully yours,
George Hodges.

The Deanery, Cambridge,
September 15, 1896.

My dear Mrs. Richards:

Maggie gave me two eggs for breakfast, so that nothing was omitted from the felicity of the Great Week. And Mr. Richards and John went down to the station with me through the misty, moisty morning, and carried my bags. The way in which the Richards family have conveyed my luggage this summer gives me twinges of conscience. And did you find the elegant copy of verses which I left upon your desk? If I could but tell you how great a space in my life has come to be occupied by the eight new friendships of the past year! I would hardly have believed it possible. But, as I told you, it was love at first sight.

Ah me! A day ago at this moment R. and I were sitting at the end of the land and looking out over the wind and waves!

Then Mrs. Hodges came and George and Margaret, and they were all very well, and everything was most delightful, and I spent most of the afternoon telling them

of the beautiful time I had had. And here we are at home at last, and the house does look lovely, and my study most attractive. And you too are at home. God bless you all. My best love to you all, and believe me always devotedly yours,

GEORGE HODGES.

The Deanery, Cambridge,
7 October, 1896.

Dear Mrs. Richards:

How can I better begin my fortieth year than by writing to you? For yesterday was my birthday, and "Nautilus"—with all its appropriate suggestions of "more stately mansions"—came as a birthday gift. It was lovely of you to send it, and both "George the Greater and George the Less" appreciated it fully—especially the inscription. I am particularly glad to have Nautilus because the cover-design hangs on the wall of our Gardiner home, so that I have a home feeling whenever I look at it. Last night I read half the book aloud, to the great joy of the family, and today I will finish it.

And I saw H—— for a minute yesterday as I was going across the college yard. And when I told him that E—— had just sent me two alphabet *poems,* which actually scan and rhyme, he remarked, "Great Scott!" which I thought expressed the situation to a nicety. Yes, E. has composed alphabetic verse, and so have I in answer; and I have sent the correspondence to Alice suggesting that she use it with the youngsters for instruction in their letters, and with the elders for inspiration in the art of poetry! . . .

Believe me always most faithfully yours,

GEORGE HODGES.

George and I have just been reading Morte D'Arthur, where Sir Tristram puts off his helmet to drink of the burbly water, and the questing beast appears with Sir Palamides in hot pursuit, and there is hurtling and rash-

ing and a great to-shivering of mighty spears, and fair knights and gentle ladies take such measure of merriment as befits a life which, so far as I can make out, is altogether innocent of housekeeping, of grocer's bills, of lessons in vulgar fractions or in French, of paper mills, of Theological Schools, and even of disconsolate young persons (see *Transcript* book notices) who throw themselves into the deep sea because they want to be deaf and dumb and can't.

By the way, Mrs. Hodges and I see a good deal of Helen Keller. She comes to the house, and we go to Howell's House to dinner. Happily, I learned long ago to talk with my fingers. She speaks of you and A—— and R——. She was at church last Sunday, and said she liked my sermon very much.

Mrs. Richards wrote:

Gardiner, Dec. 29, /96.

Dear Dr. Hodges:

How pleasant of you to like the book! We humbly hoped you would, dear Sir, we are so glad you do! And we like chocolate—oh, don't we! and we have feasted well on that fat box—rather, on its contents—(I write to a neighbor of the English Department!) and bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok, otherwise the Dean of Cambridge.

Now, won't you please borrow somebody's magic carpet, and jump aboard, you and Mrs. Hodges, and come to our Flower Party tomorrow night? You might, just for friendliness! Madame would be Violet—or better, Heartsease—and you—what? Not Adonis, nor London Pride, nor foolish Narcissus! I think on the whole you shall be Witch Hazel, because it keeps off evil spirits. We expect to look very nice, I can tell you!

We shall dance in the kitchen, with the old fiddler perched upon the dresser—really, you 'd better come!

Now, a happy, happy New Year to you and yours, dear Friend!

Plenty of work, and strength to do it with,
Plenty of play and heart to pursue it with,
All good things from near and far,
May they be yours! says L. E. R.

To which he replied:

The Deanery, Cambridge,
1 January, 1897.

Dear Mrs. Richards:

The early service is just over in the Church, and the day is crowded with appointments, but in this little clear space I want to send a happy-new-year greeting to you all, and to wish you all manner of joy and beatitude in it from the first day to the last.

How very fine the flower party! Mrs. Hodges and I greatly regretted that our magic carpet is at present being fumigated, after having measles in the house, so that we could not use it. But we jumped thither in imagination.

Again, a Happy New Year with all blessings to you all.

Always most faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

The following letter is typical of the way in which he spent his time when traveling:

B. and A. R. R.
Between Albany and Springfield.

Dear Mrs. Richards:

I am writing on board a jiggling, joggling train, but my handwriting is no worse than usual, so far as I can see, and I will venture the chance of your being able to make it out. I have just finished a letter to J——, for we will soon be passing Springfield and it did not seem right to go by Northampton looking the other way and saying nothing.

My week is almost ended. When I get to Boston tonight at nine o'clock, being four hours from this

present moment, I shall have spent two full days out of the past six in railway trains; in the remaining four I made six speeches.

That doesn't sound like a description of a voyage of delight, but I have had a very pleasant time. I left last Sunday at two o'clock, and had Professor Peabody as a fellow passenger—and a most pleasant one—as far as Albany. There my car tarried for two hours, which I used by running up into the town, going into the first church which I found open, hearing a rather good Christian sermon of the Baptist sort,—and seeing two young persons quite impressively immersed. They managed that better in the early church, when they had immersion at midnight in the light of flaring torches.

Then I went back to my car with a serene mind and a rainbow in my soul, and slept till I woke in Buffalo for breakfast. It was the middle of the afternoon when I arrived at Columbus and found my friend, Mr. Atwood, waiting for me. Thence to his house, beautifully furnished with wedding gifts—he was married a year and more ago—with wedding gifts and a very nice wife and baby. And they had asked some people to come in and call upon me, and a professor of Greek to dine. And in the evening at Mr. Atwood's church I discoursed to a considerable company of people upon Christian Socialism, with Dr. Washington Gladden in the front seat—who knows more about that subject in an hour than I do in a year.

Eleven o'clock on Tuesday found me in Cincinnati. The president of the Church Club, on whose invitation I went, had gone up the road to Springfield to meet me, being a railroad man and travelling on a pass, and was pleasant company. Bishop Vincent met me at the station. You know I was his assistant for almost eight years, and George is named for him, and we are Very Particular friends. And he had some parsons to lunch with me. And I looked in at the public library while the Bishop kept his office hour, and read a page in a book which quoted that fine saying in which St. Francis of Assisi speaks of the sending of the rain upon the just and the

unjust as the Great Courtesy of God. That was worth going a long way for. So we went to the Bishop's house in Avondale, where I found his mother and sister and brother, who have been for these many years mother and sister and brother to me. The trouble is that one's family gets so scattered—in Cambridge and Pittsburgh and Rome and Gardiner. Then I lectured, going back to town, in Christ Church, one of the queerest looking churches you ever saw—black and dingy as possible on the outside, and within having the resplendent decorations of a Moorish mosque. It is a bit of the Alhambra, a chapel in the Alhambra, with intertwining circles, and hanging lamps, and a niche presumably in the direction of Mecca. Here I lectured, appropriately, on the Pagan World, being the first of three lectures on The Early Church. And Wednesday night on the Noble Army of Martyrs, and Thursday night on Defenders of the Faith.

On Wednesday afternoon I visited a College Settlement, and there addressed several hundred Friendly Visitors of the Associated Charities, on Service and Sanctification. And on Thursday afternoon I addressed the students of the University of Cincinnati on The Choice of a Profession. And on Friday I made a little excursion into Indiana, to Shelbyville, to spend two or three hours with Mrs. Hodges' mother, who is living there with Mrs. Hodges' sister—a very pleasant little visit,—and yet a sad one too, for I suppose I shall never see her again. I forgot to mention a luncheon party which the Bishop made for me on Wednesday and a dinner party on Thursday. And then in the middle of the afternoon yesterday I started for home, seeing my brother for five minutes as we passed through Utica, and here I am writing all this stuff to you, just for the pleasure of writing to you.

April, May, June, July, August, SEPTEMBER. Dear me, it is so long till Camp!

My love to Mr. Richards and all.

Always most faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

April 3, 1897.

To Mrs. Richards:

The Deanery,
Cambridge.

My dear Mrs. Richards:

It is in the beautiful early morning, just past six, and I am enjoying the quiet of the house and of the planet generally, wherein everybody else seems to be asleep. The sun is shining across the green grass of the school yard, and the lilac bushes outside the window are promising to be full of blossoms by and by, and all conditions are favorable for writing to you. And, especially, just now, to remind you that a year ago today I was contemplating a visit to Gardiner with anything but anticipations of pleasure, and that Friday will be the exact anniversary of the day when I first met you and Mr. Richards and John and Betty. Dear me, is it but a year? I feel as if I had known you all since the beginning of time. . . .

On Easter night I go to New York to address a Women's Club in Englewood, N. J., on Monday afternoon, and on Tuesday I speak at the College Settlement on Rivington St. And now to work!

Mrs. Hodges would send her love if she were awake, so I send love for both to all.

Always most faithfully yours,
George Hodges.

April 14, 1897.

The Church Social Union, Diocesan House,
1 Joy St., Boston, Mass.,
May 5, 1897.

Dear Mrs. Richards:

Behold, with how large an expanse of paper the Secretary of the Church Social Union addresses you. Only, don't take too seriously the instruction above to "address all letters to—1 Joy St." I enclose one of our monographs. You may write a longer one, if you will. And the subject is "Social Responsibilities of a Country Town." And we want it—say, when I make my visita-

tion at the camp, which day may all good influences hasten!

Always most faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

Cambridge,
11 June, 1897.

My dear Mrs. Richards:

My father was a book-keeper. That, I think, accounts for it. I have inherited the habit. It is therefore with great reluctance, not to say pain, that I send by this mail the Poems of Mr. E. R. Sill. This being done, I have a rainbow in my soul, but what is that to having a book on my shelf? Really, I had lost it. I have several times looked for it with great interest. This morning it occurred to me, when your letter came, to look on one of the desks in the study, and there I discovered it. I had thought it as lost as the Hebrew Fathers, or the rest of the lost tribes. . . .

On July 1 we start out bag and baggage for Centre Harbor. After that, peace and serenity, and expectation of a beatific time in September.

Always faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

Centre Harbor, N. H.,
4 August, 1897.

My dear Mrs. Richards:

R. began it. I mean this bad business of not answering letters. She has n't written to me for half a year. And then that fifty-book game complicated matters. For just now if I were to go to a desert island I would n't take any books at all. I might want to come back presently and get some, but I would go empty handed, with the same sense of freedom which St. Francis felt when he did up his clothes in a big bundle and flung them at his father's head and took up his life of cheerful poverty.

First I went to Cambridge, where it was tropically

hot, and then to Nahant where I preached a sermon to agree with the weather, making it hot for the congregation. I stayed with Mr. James H. Beal.

Mr. Richards will be interested to know that I smoked my first cigar for twenty years at Mr. Beal's! At the Harvard Commencement dinner I sat next to Mr. St. Gaudens and he discoursed to me so seductively upon the subject of smoking—a habit which he contracted at the age of 47—that I was tempted to try the experiment.

And after Nahant Mrs. Hodges met me on the way, and we went up into the heart of the hills, by stage, through the Franconia Notch, spending a night at the Profile House, and so on to Lake Champlain, where at Cedar Beach, some Cambridge friends, the Tabers, have a cottage; and there we had a beautiful time, walking and rowing and talking. One day we went to the end of the lake, at Ticonderoga, looking at the ruins at Crown Point on the way, having the Adirondacks on one side and the Green Mountains on the other. And so by and by we came back, having had a beautiful time.

We like the neighborhood of Centre Harbor so much that we are thinking seriously of settling there, and putting up a summer shanty. The thought is a serious one because we have n't any money. You know how the architectural schemes of last summer came to a sudden end; it may be the same again. There is a delightful little bit of ground, of four acres bigness, with a great knoll looking out over the hills and Asquam Lake, part of it thickly wooded with oak and pine, running down to the water, with a little beach for a boat and a bath. We are looking very hard at it.

It is cool and breezy here on the hilltop. Every evening we go out under the big pine,—Mr. Whittier's 'Wood Giant''—and look at the sunset, across the lake and behind the mountains. And we read aloud, and I write a little, and we take walks, and have a good time generally. But the dessert—the sweets—will come on the seventh of September when I see the camp and the campers.

My best love to them all, and believe me always most faithfully yours,

GEORGE HODGES.

So, in great serenity of soul, he went on his busy round, always wresting a blessing from the situation, no matter how commonplace, and leaving a blessing by his presence. He used the "little quiet spaces" for practicing friendship. "His humorous calm made a quiet place about him," an influence felt by all who came in contact with him.

But into his serene life the hand of death brought a devastating sorrow. At the end of a happy summer vacation in 1897 his beloved wife was seized by a sharp illness, and in a few days died. It was a heavy blow for a young husband and two small children to bear. He bore it with the fortitude he had preached to others, and administered to himself the blessed remedy of work and service to others.

To Mrs. Richards:

Cambridge, 12 October, 1897.

. . . But on Sunday, I preached on the Satisfaction of Religion. There *is* satisfaction and strength there. More and more, as one goes on. It is possible to find wells of life in the vale of misery. My work is going on, with its constant demands upon my thoughts. That is a good thing. And the children are a comfort.

His aged aunt became the head of his household as she had of his father's at a similar time. Two years later she also died, leaving him in great sorrow. Friends and relatives rallied round him and gave help by their love and sympathy—and his work was unceasing.

After a few years of extreme loneliness, he married one who had known him since childhood, Julia Shelley. It was not the beginning of life again, but the continuance of a deep family affection. It ended in a rare and congenial union of thought and habit which brought blessings to both. He began the new century full of personal hope and happiness and an optimistic outlook for the world.

CHAPTER IX

TEACHER AND PREACHER

NEXT in importance to administering the affairs of the theological school, came teaching the students pastoral care, liturgics, the English Bible, and homiletics or preaching.

On beginning this work, Dean Hodges frankly said he knew nothing about teaching pastoral care. But he did the most obvious and effective thing, which was to tell the students of his former parish in Pittsburgh. Calvary Church had become as well organized a parish as the famous St. George's in New York, and the concrete examples of working details of a large parish were much more instructive than abstract theories.

First, he instructed the would-be minister himself to be a man of holy living—devout, unselfish, not self-indulgent but self-sacrificing, one who could be an example and inspiration in daily living—a leader. And a true leader, to his mind, could not be elected or appointed, but would lead by temperament, by instinct, because he could not help it.

The notes on these lectures on pastoral care have formed the basis of work in hundreds of parishes in the country where graduates of the Episcopal Theological School have ministered.

One says of his notes: "As I started to glance at my note-book again, after all these years, I found myself absorbed in it, and reading it

through from beginning to end,—the lectures were so full of rich experience, and common sense and spiritual helpfulness, and of such practical advice, of originality and suggestiveness, and true godliness."

There were sentences like these: "A man to write a noble poem, must first be a noble poem himself." "A minister is continually watched. People want to see if he is the kind of man they can trust and confide in and go to in sorrow." "Never scold anybody for not coming to church, or for anything else. Criticize as little as possible, praise as much as possible." "Do not let yourselves imagine that you are working very hard. Never have any idle moments. A minister should be ashamed to be found doing nothing. You go into the ministry to work, and no 'blue Mondays' are permissible." "Self-seeking, looking out for a larger position is deplorable. The minister is the servant and ambassador of Jesus Christ. To get on is to do the work he *has,* as well as he knows how."

There were instructions not only on the many organizations in a parish whereby people could be helpful to each other and to the church socially, but on how to visit the sick and afflicted, how to bring people to confirmation (to desire to be a church member), how to perform the marriage ceremony, and how to bury the dead.

Through it all there ran the saving grace of "uncommon common sense" and humor. Apropos of "common sense" he said: "The fundamental facts of religion, as of life, rest on broad bases. They are not dependent on the vision of any prophet, or the dream of any mystic, not on the logic of any philosopher. They rest on com-

mon sense. And common sense is the invincible assertion of the human mind. It is the thing which we must say, no matter what arguments may be urged to the contrary."

He quoted with approval the lines from Tennyson's "Ode on the Duke of Wellington," which might well have been written of himself:

> Rich in saving common sense
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime.

Sometimes a student asked whether or not a certain practice was acccording to the rubric, and he was known to reply, "According to the rubric of common sense."

In giving instruction about infant baptism, he said, "If the child cries, don't try to drown it—with your voice."

And a bishop, who acknowledges that his early instructions remained an ever-present help in the administration of a difficult diocese, recalls the solemn warning regarding the burial service. "There is one thing you must surely remember," said the dean, and all listened intently. "Do as the family wishes!"

On common sense he based his administration of the parish. He himself was the incarnation of system, order, and industry. There was no time wasted in bringing order out of chaos; order reigned from the beginning. All letters and documents were sorted, filed, and labeled, the letters having been answered promptly. "Do it now," was one of his oft-repeated sayings to his children, and a maxim which he practised. Notebooks and scrap-books aided his memory of important things to be done, and a free use of

printed matter he recommended to keep important events before the minds of the congregation.

In relation to parish work he told his students:

The Church is responsible for the uplifting of the Community. It must be seen to minister to the best interests of the neighborhood. The minister is the captain, and the people the workers. We are all fellow laborers. The minister has sympathetic relations with busy people. He must preach, but he must also have time for prayers and studies as well as sermons. He must send people out with high ideals. It must be the inspirational church.

Never do what you can get anyone else to do. Keep in mind the principle, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need."

Be systematic in the employment of time. This is the open secret of success.

The morning belongs to the whole parish—in it the minister prepares for his tasks; the afternoon to the individual parishioners,—call on them, the sick, the afflicted, new families, those absent from church; the evening, if he can get it, belongs to the parson.

The minister will also associate with civic life, and associate as much as possible with men, and not assert official leadership. In social life the minister will take opportunities to be with men,—societies, clubs, etc., and there behave as a Christian gentleman.

It was this quality of behaving like a Christian gentleman which endeared him to his confrères in the many clubs and societies to which he belonged. Their interests were his interests, and from them he took away a new aspect of the Christian religion as practised by a doctor in his painstaking research for the germ of a hidden and fatal disease: or, from a professor of zoölogy or geology, his conception of the relation of the spark of life

to the Infinite; or, from a lawyer, his idea of justice and honesty in dealing with men. He was constantly alert to bring the Christian religion into touch with all sorts and conditions of men. The rich he knew were ofttimes more in need of it than the poor. "The difference between different people is not due altogether to the unequal distribution of opportunity. Everybody has his opportunity. The difference is not made by much or by little opportunity, but by the *recognition* or the lack of recognition of it."

About parish visits he said: "The parish visit has three purposes—1st, friendship—a sermon means more if the auditor knows the speaker; 2nd, opportunity,—it gives the people a chance to ask questions and make complaints; 3d, application,—an opportunity to enforce different lessons on specific people. It helps the minister also. It is spiritual assistance as discipline, as protection against literary ease, as refreshment of ideas, teaching him what to preach about. Otherwise he will be 'invisible six days of the week, and incomprehensible on the seventh.' "

He recommended variety in methods, thereby achieving greater efficiency, and cited the fisherman as a good example for the Christian minister.

One of the ministerial virtues of the fisherman is his patience. He casts his hook and waits. Another ministerial virtue of the fisherman is his preference for difficulty. He is interested in the elusive fish which hides among the rocks, and views the bait with sophisticated indifference, and when he is hooked fights long and hard to get away. This is worth while, this encounter of will with will, and of wit with wit. The valiant soul rises to the call of opposition as to the sound of the trumpet. There is also a

third way in which the fisherman sets the minister a good example: he makes use of variety. He studies the wind and the weather, the stream and the shore, the bait and the fish. He knows that while some fish like worms, others prefer frogs, and others flies. He tries now this, now that. He has no theory of a standard fish-food, which the fish must take or leave. Still less is he disposed to infer the fishes' appetite from his own, and to offer as bait the sort of thing which he himself had for breakfast: one of the commonest errors of the clergy. His question is, What will the fish take? And he finds the answer by continual experiment.

Looking about in these new times [this was in 1919] for methods of improvement in the conduct of services and in the preaching of sermons, we may profitably call to our assistance the aid of variety. If the Church fails to attract and enlist certain classes of people, it may be because we have not addressed ourselves to these people. We get more saints than sinners because our services and sermons are meant for saints; and more women than men because of feminine gentleness of voice and thought for which men do not care. A part of the fault may be in the monotony of our appeal. We are like fishermen who drop the same bait day after day in the same pool, and catch nothing. Under such conditions our Lord, giving advice from the shore, said, "Cast your nets on the other side." He told the unsuccessful fisherman to do something different. Have services of praise and preparation, to lift up the hearts of the people; family services; a Silent Service, in which is needed a "wise passiveness," relexation of tense nerves, quiet, peace, and waiting for the voice of God.

His own first conspicuous success in parish work had been with children, in the Sunday-school. Therefore he laid particular stress upon the teacher and the lesson in the Church School. The teacher's qualities were described in a pamphlet, published in 1904:

A good teacher must possess punctuality, cheerfulness, sympathy, patience, knowledge, imagination, expression, interrogation, and religion. . . . The first four [qualities] may be roughly described as psychological, the next four as intellectual, and the ninth, and last, has to do with the heart, and is the supreme quality of a good teacher. The Sunday School exists to assist boys and girls to grow up into good Christian men and women. The essential thing is that the scholar shall come into a knowledge of Jesus Christ, and then into admiration and reverence and affection for him, and that in consequence he shall give Him the complete allegiance of his heart and of his life.

The Sunday School should be neither ultra evangelical nor ultra ecclesiastical. Instruction should be given in Scripture, Christian doctrine, and the ways of the Church.

In teaching the Bible, make the past present. The Bible historians were bold persons and made the past appear real by putting words into the mouths of their characters. Children may have a feeling for the Bible as a pious book for Sunday. The teacher should bring it all into vital association with common life.

And with regard to confirmation, in his lectures on the subject, given many times before many classes, he simplifies its meaning as contained in four words: *Completion*—of Baptism; *Confession*—of Christ; *Consecration*—of one's-self to the service of Christ; *Communion*—the supreme help. Staying to Holy Communion means not that we are good but that we *need help.*

These confirmation lectures were embodied in a book, *The Episcopal Church, Its Faith and Order,* in 1915, which is in general use by rectors who desire to supplement their own confirmation instructions.

He pointed out the difference between faith and

the faith, the distinction between religion and theology:

Faith is the act of believing; the faith is what we believe. Faith is a kind of loyalty by which we follow a leader; the faith is like our understanding of the leader's plans. Faith is like the love of a child; the faith like a child's knowledge of his father's business. Faith, not *the* faith, is necessary to salvation. To follow Christ is Christian faith; to define Him is theology. Keep "the faith," but make it possible for modern youth to have faith in Christ's teachings. Bring in the new ideas into the old words, as they stand in service and praise, not in theology; as Christ did with the "Kingdom of God."

Emphasize the importance of character. Keep clear the difference between right and wrong. Cultivate the will to improve. Keep the mind full of good thoughts. There is a needed power in the *expulsive* influence of the good.

A Christian's duty is to live in the world naturally, as Christ did.

What we need is to get out of the profound teachings of religion such definite instruction as shall help us to live better. We are to use the mysteries of theology as we use the mysteries of nature, realizing our ignorance but making the most of such knowledge as we have.

All profound truth has two sides; a nearer side which we can touch and see and can in some measure understand,—a positive side; and a farther side, where we enter into a region of questions without answers, the region of contradiction and perplexity, and of everlasting mystery—the metaphysical side. . . . These two kinds of statement [the positive and metaphysical] are of different endurance: one is permanent, while the other is temporary. The explanation changes, according as men grow wiser, but the fact remains. Thus, men have explained the stars, and then have changed their minds and explained them over again, the wisdom of one generation seeming but folly to the next; but through the whole discussion, the stars have gone on shining. . . . The change

is in the inevitably fallible human element in theology, not in the substantial divine element.

Take for example, the doctrine of the Trinity. This doctrine, on its nearer side, is the assertion of the oneness of God. The doctrine is also, however, a statement concerning the nature of God. It asserts the threeness of God. It means that the nature of God is not simple, like the nature of the lower orders of being, but complex, like the nature of the higher orders of being,—like ourselves, —made in his image. Each of us, being one, is at the same time body, mind and soul. So God, being one, is at the same time Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Throughout we have in mind only one God, thought of and spoken of in these three ways.

In regard to the Incarnation, the essential thing is that God became man. . . . Jesus Christ is at the same time God and man. He is man: we see that plainly enough in every page of the Gospels, and as we look, behold He is God also, the eternal God, dwelling in man.

Thus the nearer side of the doctrine of the Incarnation is that Jesus Christ, the Spiritual Master of the race, is the manifestation of God.

In his lectures on liturgics he treated with sympathy and reverence the forms of worship of the Eastern Church, the Latin Church, the English Church through its several revisions, and latterly the American Church.

He made the history of the Prayer Book vital, because of its association:

A book with such a history has the advantage of association. Here is the Te Deum, written about the year 400 by a missionary bishop in Servia, and sung on a thousand occasions of national rejoicing which have marked the progress of history. Here are collects for peace which were first prayed when the barbarians were battering the walls of Rome.

The Prayer Book serves the purposes of protection, of proportion, and of participation.

It protects the clergy from the necessity of literary composition in the progress of their prayers, and from the subtle temptations which go along with it. And it protects the congregation, in great measure, from the eccentricities of the parson. It provides prayers which are not affected by the size of the congregation, by the annoyances of the weather, by the health of the minister, or by his inevitable limitations. They insure the people a reverent service, on a high spiritual plane.

The book provides for the participation of the people. It is a Book of *Common* Prayer, in which the people, as well as the priest, have part. Also it takes into account the whole being of the worshipper—soul and mind and body. It is constructed on the psychological principle that the body affects both mind and soul, as a lounging attitude induces lounging thoughts. Thus for better attention and devotion we stand in praise, and sit while we are being taught, and kneel to pray. We kneel, as the English Prayer Book says with great plainness of speech, *On our knees.*

As he said in his paper, "Cranmer and the Anglicans":

The Prayer Book was set beside the Bible as an English book, as one of the three or four supreme English books. Ever since that time English-speaking people the world over, Anglicans and Puritans alike, conformists, and nonconformists, have said their prayers in the words of Thomas Cranmer, "Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as are right." Nineteen words, and only three of them longer than one syllable! Cranmer wrote a hundred such prayers, following the thoughts of the Latin, and echoing their simple directness and dignity, but bringing to them his own sense of cadence, and filling them—like "golden vials full of odours"—with the fragrance of his own devout spirit.

The first sentence in his book, *The Episcopal Church,* is: "The Episcopal Church stands on the foundation of the Bible." In teaching his students the English Bible he sought to make plain the everlasting truth running through the Old and New Testaments.

The Bible is the Word of God,—the message of God, the supreme communication in all history of the will of God. . . . We do not need to protect the Bible by any artificial barriers of doctrine. It is its own defence and commendation.

This book will inspire us if we bring ourselves within the range of its influence. It will make us wise unto salvation. It will give us guidance in our perplexities, strength in our temptations, comfort in our troubles. It has been doing that for 2000 years. We are to read it.

"He had a positive genius for applying ancient, historic happenings to present-day events and needs," said the Rev. Dr. Paul Revere Frothingham in his Memoir for the Massachusetts Historical Society. "If he spoke about the Good Samaritan, he took you all the way from Jerusalem to Jericho, pointed out the dangerous sections of the road, and showed you where ruffians could easily lie concealed. Palestine, when he spoke of it, became a present place, the Dead Sea a sheet of living water, the Jordan, a real, as well as a sacred river."

He treated the Old Testament narratives with unsparing frankness, but helped the great truths of human life to shine through its history and prophecy.

The Bible is not an account of a series of monotonous

centuries, like the annals of a stagnant people; it is a record of progress, out of ignorance into better knowledge, from lower to higher ideals. . . . The Old Testament is a record of progress. The accounts which it contains of the making of the world are true in the sense of being true records of what the Hebrews thought about these matters, several thousand years ago. But mankind would be dull indeed if after all these centuries of residence upon this planet we know no more about it than was known a thousand years before Christ in the Mediterranean provinces of Asia.

It is a frank and honest statement of the stages through which the Hebrew people passed on their way towards better civilization and better religion. These things they did, coming as wild men from the wilderness, because they knew no better. They said, "I heard the voice of God speaking in my soul, and God told me to do this and that." They went and did it, in obedience, as they believed, to God. But we examine what they did in the light of the disclosure of the divine will in the New Testament, and we see that they were tragically mistaken. . . . Out of these depths mankind has slowly and painfully climbed to the Sermon on the Mount.

He advised reading the Bible in other languages than English, and he himself used at the daily services first a German, and later a French copy.

Thus he taught the Bible, looking on it not primarily from a literary point of view, as an enrichment of one's intellectual background, but valuing it for its ethical, moral, and spiritual teachings—giving it a modern interpretation.

His method of lecturing was from a carefully prepared outline, enriched by pithy and picturesque illustrations or anecdotes—the nail which drove the truth home. The lectures were fre-

quently amended, shortened or lengthened, as the changing times and conditions required, and each year were freshly annotated.

In teaching homiletics, or preaching, he said the first requisite is to have a message. "Have something to say, and then say it." "Make your sermons plain, practical, positive and Christian."

But a sermon to be "practical and positive" must be built on definite lines. His own sermons, given their subjects, started with clear outlines, titles and subtitles forming a framework. These he elaborated by practical illustrations from daily life, by anecdotes to emphasize a point, by poetry to beautify the whole.

They were models of clearness and logic. "The test of a sermon is the amount taken home by the congregation." "Preach so that the wife of the sexton can understand you as well as the wife of the Senior Warden." "Choose good texts that will arouse attention and clinch your message, like St. Matthew 20: 20, for example, when you want to preach on the Religious Responsibility of Men,—"Then came to Him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons;—but where was Zebedee?"

Among his notes on homiletics, he says: "The ideal sermon is a single important thought, stated, proved, illustrated, and applied." "Beware of somnolent delivery. Anyhow, preach as if *you* thought it a good sermon."

Having been given these bits of advice, the students in homiletics were put to the test by writing a weekly sermon. The method of criticism was simple. Sometimes the dean called upon the man to read his sermon aloud. At other times

he read it aloud himself in the hearing of the writer, when the defects and excellencies became more evident. Often times, when a reluctant student came to ask for an appointment, hoping to put off the evil day of reading, he disconcertingly said, "Why not now?" There was no procrastination in his methods. Keeping an appointment for such sermon criticism became known among the students as "going over to convert the dean."

After revision, this sermon was preached by the student in the school chapel, at Evening Prayer, and listened to by professors, students, and congregation on Wednesday evening. This trying task, often creditably performed, showed those who had the gift of preaching. The criticisms were given next morning in class, by the students themselves, and were unsparing in their frankness.

Perhaps the sermons of the dean himself were their best examples. He had a message to give, and called attention to it first, by his happy choice of titles. Some conspicuous ones were: "The Hallowing of Interruption," "The Larger Loyalty," "The Credentials of Christianity," "The Secret of Serenity," "The Courage of the Commonplace," "The Incentive of Difficulty," "The Belligerent Beatitudes." Usually the sermon was twenty minutes in length and was read from manuscript, though often he spoke extemporaneously. His outline was clear and logical, the sentences short and terse, the subject often recurring, and made prominent by text and illustration.

And in his sermons he sought to help solve the difficulties of the hour. They were not disserta-

tions on bygone events. To his congregation at Calvary he said, "The discussions which we had together over the hardest and profoundest questions in the world used to be present with me when I wrote the sermons which I preached in this pulpit."

In "The Progress of Andrew" he described his own relation to his congregation. "Andrew was Simon Peter's brother. It is plain that the historian felt that in presenting Andrew he was introducing an obscure person of whom he must give some account. So he proceeded, like a good reasoner, from the known to the unknown, and said he was his brother's brother. This makes Andrew our example. For the world is mostly inhabited by obscure persons; congregations are largely composed of obscure persons. Andrew is like us. He is our brother, as well as Simon Peter's. Most of us, I suppose, would feel some constraint in the company of Simon Peter. But Andrew we could ask to dinner without ceremony, and let the children come to the table. And that night, after he had gone, we would say, He is a Saint, and yet he is a human being just like us. And we would make a great resolution to be like him. Andrew was a plain, human, ordinary, approachable and friendly saint."

The congregation of St. John's Memorial Chapel consisted of those theological students and professors who were not engaged in parish work on Sundays, Harvard and Radcliffe students and professors, many of them not Episcopalians, and those men and women who looked to the Theological School for spiritual guidance—citizens of Cambridge and transient visitors. The challenge of addressing this heterogeneous

congregation brought out what was keenest and best in intellect and spirit. His preaching satisfied men and women of mature minds, accustomed to scientific investigation or literary labor, as well as it did questioning youth. The characteristics of his preaching are briefly summed up by a Harvard professor who was for many years an eager listener: "brevity, simplicity, avoidance of theological discussion, conviction and sincerity."

His original way of stating things made some of his sermons unforgettable, for example his sermons on the Book of Jonah, in the first months in Cambridge. One of his students said: "They made us laugh outright and gasp at times, but they interested and fascinated and won us. . . . The memory of them recalls Bishop Atwood's description of the effect of some of the Dean's sermons in England,—'Admiring Englishmen listened with fascination, not unmingled with consternation, to sermons preached in the cathedrals of Worcester and Canterbury.' "

He soon became one of the noted preachers of the city and was asked to fill the pulpits of neighboring churches and colleges. Harvard University hospitably extended an invitation to be one of its preachers. He commented in a letter to Mrs. Richards: "My first term of service as University preacher is over. It was a great joy to me. Men came to talk with me upon all manner of subjects,—love and politics—even religion!"

His field of college preaching broadened. To Dartmouth, Yale, Williams, Brown, Cornell, University of Virginia, Hobart, Vassar, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, Smith, sectarian and non-sectarian schools, he went gladly and was always

welcomed; and there was no shuffling of feet to mark disapproval!

To help a man in college to begin his day with prayer and praise at daily morning service, he considered a blessed privilege, no matter how small a number responded to the opportunity.

"The first purpose of College Prayers is for the sake of serenity of spirit. Prof. James advised his classes in psychology to go, for the quiet of it. Prof. Shaler compared them to the last breath of fresh air before going down into a mine!"

A Harvard graduate, now in the ministry, wrote in reply to a questionnaire by a church paper on the reason for entering the ministry: "The second reason was Harvard College. My four years at Cambridge were for me four very wonderful years. I owe more than I can ever repay to the visiting preachers who came to Appleton Chapel, to Professors Palmer and Royce, and to St. John's Chapel and Dean Hodges." And by letter he added: "He was the only man, I think, who ever spoke to me about the Christian ministry as a profession. He was always willing to come to Harvard Yard and help us in the work at Brooks House and he had a very real influence upon many Harvard students, and I know that we all greatly valued his friendship."

And Radcliffe College, in his near neighborhood, became part of his spiritual family. He was, together with Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Crothers, instrumental in starting morning prayers there. The three men alternated, two mornings each week, at a brief service with a five-minute address in Fay House. This was begun on November 18, 1896, and in 1905 it was transferred

to Agassiz House, where the young women gathered informally, as they do to this day, almost in the fashion of family prayers.

One graduate of Radcliffe wrote: "Dean Hodges has been a very real influence in my life, beginning more than twenty years ago, when I was in college, when, in one sentence, he opened a door for me that has never shut."

In a sermon on "Friendship" in 1899, at a woman's college, he said: "The manliness of young men depends more than anybody can measure upon the good influence of young women. Their ideal of themselves takes much of its shape from your ideal of what they ought to be. Whether their emphasis shall be upon dollars or upon duties, whether they shall be adequately described as vertebrate mammals belonging to the catarrhine family of apes, or as men—men with souls, sons of the Eternal, and loyal citizens of the divine kingdom, depends very much upon you, young women. Do not, I entreat you, in this day of all days, miss the blessed opportunities of friendship." "It may be said that we make friends, and our friends make us."

In a baccalaureate sermon at Radcliffe College, the text being, "What shall we do then?" he said: "Many of you have thus far been living a receptive and responsive life. You have been ministered unto by all people and in all directions. Henceforth, if you take up your new life in the right way, the emphasis will be upon the active purposes and upon the opportunities of your position. You will live the life of service. You will not ask only what can I learn? and what can I enjoy? but what can I do?" Especially to the woman in the country town he said: "Life has

been rich and beautiful, and in the little town all things are different. There people appear to be chiefly interested in their neighbors, and conversation seems to be confined to the saying of small things about small people. . . . She is constrained to change these narrow conditions. She must open the windows of heaven and let in the sun and the winds, but not as who should say, 'Good people, I have come to teach and reform you.' That offends human nature. The least taint of condescension will spoil the best intentions. There must be perfectly sincere equality, giving and taking being kept in even balance. She can learn much from her neighbors. She will find helpful and hopeful forces in it which she has not suspected. She will discover that already there are groups of good people who under various circumstances are doing what they can for the improvement of themselves and of the community. The right thing is to join quietly with them and be patient.

"More and more, as this service is undertaken, as the college woman interprets her privileges as opportunities and tries to be of use in the neighborhood, she will realize that her usefulness depends upon herself, not what she has read in books and learned by heart, but upon what she is, upon her character, upon her personality. . . . When she succeeds, it will be not so much by reason of her plans, as on account of that subtle personal and spiritual element which inspires them. . . . And that is a matter of religion. Remember the life of the Master, the ideal of all who would live in the spirit of service. Every day he lived with God; every day in the midst of his life of service and for the sake of it, he went apart that

he might commune with the Eternal, that he might be alone with God. At the heart of all that he did was the habit of prayer. He never thought, as some people seem to think, that while the body must be cared for, the soul may be left to grow as it will. He lived for others, devoting himself as you are resolved to do, to social and fraternal ministry, but, 'for their sakes,' he sanctified himself; for their sakes, for the right-doing of his work, he kept himself responsive to the life of God. You, too, must do that if you would really live."

That sermon touched upon the problem of the rural church, for which he thought there should be special provision in the training of a minister, and for the possibilities of its extension. "Charles Kingsley in his country parish at Eversley began with what the people cared for, and led them on till they cared for the things that interested him."

He preached frequently on "The Problem of the Divided Church" and published a tract on "The Seven Churches of Lonelyville" in 1897.

> The great number of church spires in a town may not be a measure of the piety of the place, so much as its incompatibility of temper. There are seven churches in Lonelyville. There ought to be but two. The consequence is that most of these churches are poor. The seven buildings are cheap and unbeautiful structures, without permanence and dignity, and misrepresent religion as poor paper and mean printing misrepresent literature. . . . So long as denominationalism is preferred before Christianity, and minor differences are magnified into reasons for division, the seven churches of Lonelyville will continue in their present discreditable poverty.
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> Another consequence of these conditions is that most

of the churches are weak. Weak, I mean, not only in that they have meagre congregations, but in their relation to the town. Lonelyville needs much reformation. It ought to be a better place. There are evident wrongs in it that ought to be amended, and opportunities for betterment which should be met. But the divided Church, on account of its divisions, has small influence in the town.

He frequently used the following illustration: "If you strike a man with the open hand, the four fingers and the thumb, *you* get the worst of the blow. We have been striking the devil with such a hand. There is the Presbyterian finger, and the Baptist finger, and the Methodist finger, and the Lutheran finger, and the Episcopal thumb, and when we strike the devil he smiles. No wonder. Effective blows are struck, not with extended fingers, but with the good hard, solid fist."

In 1906 Dean Hodges was asked to be resident preacher at Leland Stanford University. It was a tempting offer, but he declined, and suggested the method of special preachers, in practice at Harvard and other Eastern colleges. On account of the long journey to the Pacific coast, the term of preaching was to be three months. He was at Leland Stanford as preacher from January to April, 1906. He preached the last sermon delivered in the beautiful chapel before the havoc wrought by the earthquakes of that year. His residence at Leland Stanford he counted one of his most pleasant experiences. New ties were formed with many friends, and he became known as preacher and lecturer up and down the coast.

He was asked to perform the same service in the summer of 1919 but replied that he could not be tempted from the lake at the foot of the moun-

tains, where he hoped to spend the long summer days with his family.

His three weeks' residence at the University of Chicago in February, 1905, made for him an opportunity in the Middle West to get in touch with men of another denomination. From a small Baptist seminary, this institution had grown to a great university, as much by the courage, energy, and foresight of its president as from the millions given by its founders. Though his visit was at the time of the critical illness of the president of the university, he brought back to the little seminary in Cambridge an enthusiasm for the fine and high and beautiful ideals of the university.

Each Lenten season gave him opportunity to preach at noonday services in New York, Providence, and Boston, and so he came in touch with the religious life of toilers in the large cities.

The special distinction of his Lenten preaching was in the three-hour Good Friday services. The succession of hymn, prayer, and short address, in twenty-minute periods through three hours, with the Seven Last Words on the Cross as the theme, is a severe test of the inspirational value of any man's preaching. It is exhausting to the preacher, but if he has truly walked the way of the cross it is uplifting to the listeners.

Many of his sermons were printed in book form —nine volumes between 1892 and 1917—and some in pamphlet form. Besides the weekly sermon printed in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch,* he wrote also for the Newspaper Sermon Association of Boston. In these ways his sermons reached a large number of people throughout the country. He was known, not so much as the popular rec-

tor of a church or the dean of a theological seminary, but as a preacher of insight and power.

The two distinctive notes of his preaching were Christian Unity and Christian Socialism, with Christian principles applied to daily living, and as preparation for the life eternal. He was considered an authority on the social interpretation of the Gospel by churches of every denomination.

If he found a subject that was especially needed and helpful, he repeated it over and over, perhaps forty times, to as many congregations, but it had good wearing qualities. The sermon on "The Courage of the Commonplace" was such a one.

> The commonplace goes on and on. Sometimes it is in the form of pain, which comes and stays and nobody knows when it will end. Sometimes it is in the form of grief, of disappointment, of bereavement; the thing has happened, and there is no way to change it; suddenly, in a moment, we are thrust out of heaven into hell, and there we are, there day by day we are to live without hope of release. Sometimes the commonplace is in the form of drudgery and is made up of the common tasks of the monotonous day, beginning every morning and never ending, uninteresting, done only for the sake of keeping alive, till men question whether keeping alive is worth the cost. Then to be a hero, under such conditions to play the game, under such conditions to live the life with a smiling face, an undaunted will, and a serene heart, to be the master of our fate, to be the captain of our soul, this is to play the hardest and the noblest and the bravest part.
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> The commonplace is so named because it is the condition under which we do our work. If we are to be saints and heroes anywhere, it is of supreme importance that we be saints and heroes here.

Anatole France has an amusing passage in his autobiography in which he says that when he was a little boy, and was casting about in the manner of youth for a

profession, he made up his mind that he would become a famous saint. So he looked up and down the calendar, seeking a good example for his emulation, and at last chose old Simeon Stylites, who, you remember, attained a high reputation for sanctity by living for several years on top of a high pillar, clad in a hair shirt, saying his prayers. The small boy took a kitchen table for his pillar, and improvised a hair shirt, and entered upon a protracted course of fasting. But his father and mother and his older brothers and sisters and the cook made life very unpleasant for him. "Then," he says, "I perceived that it is very difficult to be a saint while living with one's family." "I understood why St. Anthony and St. Jerome went into the desert." . . . Christ said "Go home to your own house, and show your family and your neighbors what the Lord hath done for your soul."

In the early days of persecution there were many people who earnestly desired to be burned at the stake or eaten alive by lions, and were held back from those adventures only by main force. But when it came to holiness and heroism of life; when it was a matter of mere patience, or consideration, or honesty, or truthfulness; when they were summoned to the courage of the commonplace, they failed. They had the courage of the crisis, to meet the dramatic emergency, to face death, but they could not endure the sober and searching admonition, "Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law." And therein they missed the largest opportunities of heroic service.

In a sermon on "The Secret of Serenity" are the following words:

A great deal of the unhappiness of life comes upon us because we disobey what Christ told us about loving other people even as He loved us. The root of it is selfishness. In proportion as we think less about our own comfort, our own convenience, our own position, our own pride, our own rights and deserts, and think

more about the services we can render to our neighbor, we will find happiness, we will attain the secret of serenity. Sensitiveness, for example, which makes so much trouble for so many people, is very often only a subtle form of selfishness. It is the result of thinking too much about ourselves. . . .

Most of the worries of life are connected with that side of it which is of little value in the sight of God. The vexations of business, the perplexities and entanglements of housekeeping, the disappointments and bad service of employees, the cook, the clerk, the dress, the bargain, the dinner,—these suggest a great many of the lesser griefs of life. They are all fertile in hindrances to happiness. But it is almost always our own fault. It is because we attach an exaggerated importance to them. After all, are they worth the worry that they make? Some people actually die from the stings of gnats. They are worried into their graves by the petty cares of common life, whereas it is the counsel of Christ that we should not worry.

His last series of sermons, made memorable to his congregation by his own physical weakness yet spiritual strength, was on prayer.

A New York State boy in the Government Radio School in Cambridge wrote home to his mother:

It certainly was a great sermon—I wish you could have heard it. [Dean Hodges] is quite old, but I don't know when I've heard such a progressive, up-to-date and ahead-of-his-time clergyman. He surely has some wonderful thoughts.

He discussed what changes should be made in the church ritual to make the returning boys, who might think the church service slow, more attractive. He said the Bishop had suggested certain omissions on trial.

And so he discussed the advance of learning in the Church in the last 25 years and said that he hoped the

people would come to realize more and more the Divine presence when they come to and leave the Church.

And another letter by the same boy:

Jan. 26, 1919.

Dear Mother:

I just heard another wonderful sermon by Dean Hodges. He sure can give them. And so informal, too. His topic was where Christ touched the leper. He started by telling how different this was from other people—how everyone kept away from lepers. The whole subject was how people should get in touch—personal touch—with each other. Then he went on to give specific cases—and he always works in some patriotism. . . .

Then, of course, he could n't leave the subject without a slap at capital and labor—how in the old times the employer and employee knew each other well, but the mill and machine had put an end to that, and lack of personal touch caused much of the trouble in this case.

He had to work in some of his humor, too, and told the story about the man who said the moon was brighter than the sun, because it shone when it was dark, and the sun shone when it was light anyway.

So this young stranger summed up the salient points of Dean Hodges's later message—progress, tolerance (by personal touch), patriotism, the whole lightened, even in those tragic days, by a touch of humor.

CHAPTER X

LECTURER AND AUTHOR

As with preaching, so with lecturing. The subject interested him, which seemed to have a bearing on religion, on education, on making the world a better place to live in, on teaching a lesson in vital appreciation; these were the topics he chose to make familiar to the public. In early Pittsburgh days he instructed his congregation in church history, about the English Reformation and the Puritan Revolution.

In the history of these movements, he showed with clarity the difference between bigotry and tolerance. He frequently quoted Emerson's shrewd sentence, "Difference from me is the measure of absurdity," which contrasted with his own statement that men could be honestly different in their points of view, being so made by the good Lord himself.

His tolerant viewpoint and insight into the characters of the past is shown in the following quotation, from *Cranmer and the Anglicans,* and might be a characterization of his own attitude:

> He was an open-minded, friendly person, whose preference was for agreement rather than for disagreement, and he saw that there was good on both sides.
>
> For the moment, in that turbulent time, this was a defect. The age called for a stout archbishop like Becket, over whom neither facts nor arguments could prevail. . . . But Cranmer had the humble mind of the

wise scholar. He knew that truth has many sides. He perceived that the Conservatives were right: the men of the new learning parted with him at that point. He perceived also that the progressives were right: the men of the old learning declined to go with him down that road. This perplexing situation was further complicated by the fact that he perceived himself to be liable to error. He changed his mind. It brought him into distress, and disgrace, even into tragedy. He could not say, with Luther, *"Ich kann kein anders";* he would not say, "A plague on both your houses"; what he did say was, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, be of the same mind one toward another." And when they refused to do that, he was not sure but that they were right in so refusing!

The consequences were bad for Cranmer, but they were good every way for the Book of Common Prayer. This gift of sympathy made it an inclusive book.[1]

In 1890 he saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and again in 1910. On returning home, he made the Passion Play the subject of a popular lecture, imparting to it the reverence and beauty with which the play was enacted. Seeing the play had been a rich spiritual experience to him, and he wished others to see it through his eyes.

Each interesting personal experience was turned to account. There was no waste of time or opportunity. The history of a place in which he lived, perhaps for only a few weeks, was studied. If there was a particularly stirring episode, it was carried away to be made the subject of a lecture later on.

A short residence near Fountains Abbey furnished material for "Life in a Medieval Monastery." He repeopled the monastery with its occupants, and followed the monks through their

[1] *Homiletic Review,* April, 1917.

daily work, as well as their devotions and diversions, even pointing out the supposed spot where Friar Tuck threw Robin Hood into the stream.

"The Forefathers of Jamestown" was delivered many times to mark the three hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Episcopal Church in America, and his own interest was happily intensified by a visit to old Bruton Church near Williamsburg, then beautifully restored.

In summer lecture courses on historical subjects, in the Old South Church in Boston, he pictured, in language for young people, the life of William Penn, of Henry Hudson the Navigator; and told "How Jefferson Bought Louisiana from Napoleon," and about "The Battle of Quebec and What It Meant."

Before patriotic societies he told of "The Apprenticeship of Washington," "The Adventures of Myles Standish," and the "Education of John Harvard"—all connected in some way with the Church of England, and all actuated by a religious motive.

"The Hanging of Mary Dyer" was given as a Founder's Lecture at Bryn Mawr College in 1908. In it he said:

> Mrs. [Anne] Hutchinson was the first person in the country to perceive the importance of assembling the women of the neighborhood for mutual cultivation of mind and for the direction of public opinion. She exercised her wit in the organization and maintenance of a Woman's Club. Mather says that these meetings used to be called "Gossipings," but the gossiping was of a very serious and improving sort. The sixty or eighty women who met every week at Mrs. Hutchinson's house in School Street came to listen to her exposition of the sermon which Mr. John Cotton had preached on the previous Sunday. She would repeat the sermon, point

by point, by way of refreshing the memory of her hearers; and "after the Repetition," says Mather, "she would make Explicatory and Applicatory Declamations." These Explicatory and Applicatory Declamations soon brought Mrs. Hutchinson and her club under the censure of the church. For the interpreter allowed herself a large liberty of difference. . . . When Mrs. Hutchinson was excommunicated, as she, "in obedience to the terms of this imprecation," made her solitary way out of the meeting-house, one woman rose up and took her hand and walked out with her. This woman was Mary Dyer.

His happy gift of understanding people and events of centuries past, and of making them live again in modern times, made him a lecturer of uncommon attractiveness.

A course of lectures on the Hebrew prophets of the eighth century, given at Haverford College in 1908 on a foundation provided for an annual course of lectures on the Bible, gave him an opportunity to make contemporaneous the preaching and teaching of the prophets of Israel.

From "Amos the Prophet" are these lines:

These historians were prophets because they were occupied in showing the presence of God in the experience of the nation. Their chronicles are historical sermons. They were interested not so much in the event, as in the will and purpose of God which the event revealed. They predicted nothing. They spoke, as a preacher speaks, for God. . . .

The Hebrew prophets were all engaged in stout opposition to the conventional religion and the selfish prosperity of their neighbors. They were mighty censors of both church and state. Their business, for the most part, was to call the priests and the princes to a stern account. And they got themselves hated in consequence. Amos was arrested and deported as an an-

archist. Isaiah would have been served in the same way, if it had not been for his strong political influence. Jeremiah was put in the stocks; he was beaten, and imprisoned and left to die. . . .

The prophets were the journalists of their day. Their old prophecies are like old editorials. They need for their interpretation an acquaintance with the men and the events with which they were concerned. . . . The prophecies are open to our understanding only in relation to the marchings and counter-marchings of Assyrians and Chaldeans. . . .

"This have I done, and that have I done," says Amos, speaking for God. "The sun have I darkened, the earth have I shaken, famine have I sent, plague have I sent, yet ye have not returned to me." The point which Amos makes is that these calamities were in their true meaning beneficent. They came to men who in their peace and wealth and in the serenity of their sheltered lives were forgetting God and their own souls. Drinking deep in the cup of material satisfaction, they were missing the significance of life. They were confusing the old distinctions between the honest and the dishonest. Knowing no inconvenience or discomfort, they were inflicting upon the poor pains with which they had no sympathy. They were perishing in their pleasures. Then came these sudden and terrible interruptions, enough to make the most foolish turn with some sobriety to consider the world in which he lived, and himself in the midst of it. These calamities gave the nation a chance. They were a strong call to it; as it went unheeding to the pit of destruction. The nation went straight on. Amos warned them that the next messenger of the Eternal should come horribly out of the east. "Behold, I will raise up against you a nation, O house of Israel, saith the Lord the God of hosts, . . . and the houses of ivory shall perish, and the great houses have an end, said the Lord."

Amos made it plain that he was not a professional prophet. "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son, but I was a herdsman, and a gatherer of sycomore

fruit; and the Lord took me as I followed the flock." He was a layman, whose natural business was quite other than that of preaching, but he was compelled to preach. The clergy were silent, and he had to speak. . . . The soul of religion, according to Amos, is a good life in the fear and love of God. . . . Amos was a moralist: to him the supreme fact was sin. Hosea was a mystic: to him the supreme fact was God. Both of these facts are present in the world; both need to be emphasized in the teaching of religion.

"Amos was an example of divine revelation by the medium of human experience . . . his love reveals God's love.

Thus he made Amos speak to our generation, in warning against too great materialism, lest we forget God, and the souls of our brothers, and perish in our pleasures.

Dean Hodges's great interest, even from seminary days, in the Christian Social Movement found expression in lectures such as "The Church and the Labor Movement" and "Alms and the Man," which were given as a Lowell Institute course in 1896, under the titles of "The New Forces," "Indifference," "Doubt," "Poverty," "Labor," "Moral Reform," and "The City." He had become an authority on the interpretation of the Social Gospel. Such practical methods of applying Christianity as suggested in these lectures were comparatively new in Boston then and roused much interest and enthusiasm. Though many more agencies for relief of social distresses exist in 1926, his suggestions are quite as applicable as in 1896.

He helped awaken the social conscience of more than one city. "The great problem is," said he, "how to make the indifferent different"; and a contagious optimism aided him.

I like to believe that the world is in the main a good world, and is every year becoming better . . . May it not be said that the present sense of general wrong, the complaint that we make about the bad world, and the emphasis that we put upon the fact of indifference are marks of progress? It is observed that the saint is more keenly aware of his faults than the sinner, and that the wise man knows how little he knows better than anybody else in the neighborhood, and that the platform of the "done," as Canon Barnett says, is but a standing-place from which to see the "vast undone." As we ourselves come to have higher ideals, the number of those who are indifferent to them necessarily increases, but the increase is only relative.

The world is growing better. The Christian religion has not been in it all this time for nothing. It is not in vain that powder and printing and steam and electricity have turned up the race of man as the plow turns up the earth. The Pharisee looked out over the town and saw no good in it. The people, he said, know nothing and are cursed already. But that was the judgment of one who prided himself that he had no acquaintance with the people. Jesus Christ went among them, sat in their houses, and ate at their tables, and made himself one of them; and he declared that they were better than the Pharisees. He did not hesitate to say that they would go into the kingdom of heaven first, leaving a good many Pharisees outside. . . . There was never a time when there was so much kindness in the hearts of men, so much sympathy with pain, so much honesty of purpose, so much real religion in the world, as there is today. Men and women were never so ready to listen to the Christian gospel. People were never before so willing and glad in such great numbers to give themselves to good causes, to enter into the service of humanity, to hold out a helping and fraternal hand to the man who is down. The conventions, the institutions, the phrases, and the formulas of the church do not keep their old place. And it sometimes seems, in consequence, that we are fallen upon

evil and indifferent times. But beneath the surface the great heart of the people beats strong and true.

Another significant statement was in regard to poverty:

Poverty means that the wonderful possibilities that are resident in human beings are not developed. Thus we are all the poorer for it. We cannot afford to let poverty go on. . . . And poverty means not only loss, but peril. Two things combine today to make the present social condition a source of serious danger. One is materialism, the other is democracy. On one side is a materialized society, teaching a doctrine to which the poor man listens with terrible attention—the doctrine that a good house and a good dress and a good dinner are essential to the happiness of life; on the other side is poverty, lacking all these things, and looking in at them through the palings of the fence, and watching the shadows on the window with hungry eyes—and in possession of supreme power. The poor man scarcely knows it; the ballot as yet is but a bit of foolish paper on which he will write what somebody bids him, in obedience to a political party which has no interest in him except to use him. But he is finding out. We have put all power into his hands, for worse or better. It is a new thing in the history of nations. This present democracy has no precedent in all the experiences of the race, and what it will do when it appreciates the situation no man may wisely prophesy. It is plain, however, that such a day as this, when property is in the hands of the few and power is in the hands of the many, is a day of peril.

Poverty is the supreme problem. Everything else turns upon it, and leads up to it, and is confronted by it. We weary ourselves over our petty controversies, or go on idly living our pleasant, contented, and unprofitable lives, taking no account of the weather, and making light of all predictions of the deluge. Neither do I believe

that there will be a deluge, but the position is one of grave peril, notwithstanding.

So he went on with faith, believing in the doctrine of the dignity of man, and preaching the doctrine of brotherly love. He expressed it thus: "It is interesting to note that, after all the researches in history and human nature which philosophers and psychologists and ethical reformers have carried on these many years, seeking for the highest good and man's best duty, we are brought back at last to the Sermon on the Mount, and to him who preached it, and to the two sayings which every Christian knows by heart: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' and 'This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.' "

These lectures on the Christian Social Movement were given also at the Virginia Theological Seminary in 1901, at the Summer School for Clergy at Lennoxville in the Province of Quebec in 1905, at the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1911, at Chautauqua, and, in part, at the Philadelphia Divinity School in 1904.

Another allied course dealt with specific methods of philanthropy and was called "The Difficult Art of Doing Good." In speaking of old and new ways of doing good, he said: "The fine thing about the old philanthropy was its kindly spirit. People sometimes find it lacking in the new. Organized charity seems to them like artificial ice, or like the milk of human kindness sterilized. But remember that the motto is 'Not alms but a friend,' and the idea is that the ambassador of all help is friendship."

It will be noticed that his visits were not confined to seminaries of the Episcopal Church, but

extended to those of other denominations, including Union Theological Seminary, Auburn Theological Seminary, Kenyon College at Gambier, Berkeley Divinity School, and the Church Divinity School of the Pacific; also schools of religious education in Southern California in 1914, and Hartford, in 1915.

A second course of Lowell Lectures in Boston was given by him in 1908 on "The Early Church." He did not teach church history in the Theological School, and perhaps it seemed like infringing on the rights of other professors to speak in public on this subject, but he had been deeply interested in it as early as his own seminary days, and from time to time had made his congregations familiar with the characters of Gregory and Ambrose, Chrysostom and Jerome, Augustine and the other early Fathers, and with the great movements in the development of the Christian Church. It was always a vital and important subject to him, as one's genealogy is to many New England Pilgrim families. And he treated the subject with such insight and enthusiasm that the life and history of the church became a precious heritage to conformist and non-conformist alike.

He did not consider himself a scholar. He made no great contribution to learning or scholarship, but he read widely, and a quick grasp of the essential points and a retentive memory gave him a wealth of knowledge and wisdom. Neither was his learning superficial, for he was by nature a student, painstaking and accurate; but he interpreted the old learning with a light touch and a fresh and original point of view which sometimes led his critics astray. He made the lectures on "The Early Church" as interesting as the history

of the Virginia planters or the Pilgrim Fathers. In the closing lecture on St. Augustine he said:

> The interests of men change, their emphasis passes from one matter to another, even the theology of the old time becomes unreadable to the new generations; but human nature remains the same. It is forever contemporary. . . .
>
> The "Confessions" is one of the immortal books, with the epics of Homer and the dialogues of Plato, because it is an honest disclosure of the temptations, the contentions, the aspirations of the soul of man.

Harvard College asked Dean Hodges to deliver the Dudleian Lecture in April, 1919. The subject was "The Validity of Non-Episcopal Ordination," and it was his last public utterance. He ended his teaching in Cambridge, as he began it, with a plea for inclusion; not only inclusion of all parties within the Episcopal Church, but inclusion of all Christian sects within the church.

> Christ planted his gospel in the souls of men, and it grew into the Church. He contributed the initial inspiration of his personality and his message, and the men whom he inspired did the rest; assisted indeed by reference to him and by prayer, but meeting each new situation according to their best judgment, assuring themselves as well as they could of his approval. . . . The primitive Christians had no directions derived in detail from Jesus Christ; what they had was inspiration, by which we mean that guidance into truth and right which God gave them, and still gives, to those who honestly desire to do His will. The inference is that if experiment was a valid process in the first century, it was valid in the sixteenth, and is still valid in the twentieth. No ordering of the ministry is sacrosanct; neither the papal order with its many ministers; nor the episcopal order, with its three kinds,—bishops, priests and deacons; nor the presbyterian order, with presbyters and deacons;

nor the congregational order, with independent presbyters; nor the Quaker order, with no minister at all. . . .

He maintained that non-Episcopal ordination was not invalid but irregular, and ended his argument by saying: "The difference between Episcopal and non-Episcopal ordination is not in the matter of validity; for the test of validity is acceptance with God, who blesses these ministries alike, and gives His grace as abundantly by the sacraments of the one as by the sacraments of the other. The difference is in the matter of regularity, according to the standards of the canon law. It is a minor difference, but yet important because it has to do with the better union of the churches. . . . It is proved by actual experience that most of the types of religion which now separate people into divided denominations can live together in a reasonable measure of peace and maintain the principles for which they stand, under the conditions of a constitutional episcopacy. It is as democratic and as comprehensive as the administration of the United States." Thus he again stated his loyalty to his home church, but in no better way could he have summed up his tolerant opinions and his love for his Christian brethren. Surrounded by friends of all denominations in Phillips Brooks House, he made it clear that narrow ecclesiasticism had no part in his practice of Christianity.

In a lecture on "Pastoral Care" he had said, "Our refusal to exchange pulpits is an aspersion upon the validity of other ministers."

His responsiveness and quickness of repartee made him an unusually acceptable after-dinner speaker. Called upon unexpectedly, he estab-

lished his point of contact by a good story, and often brought out some unusual characteristic of the theme, which made his speech memorable.

One summer at York Harbor, when the chief speaker at a Republican rally had been called away suddenly, Dean Hodges was asked to fill the place and had the felicity of pointing out to the critics who accused President Roosevelt of being too belligerent that, after all, Roosevelt was the first winner of the Noble Peace Prize.

At an anniversary dinner of the alumni of the Episcopal Theological School, when Bishop Lawrence made a laudatory speech and called attention to the "simple transparency" of the dean's character, the dean quickly responded in the words of the Rev. Dr. Huntington's verses representing the reply of a portrait of Charles I in a stained glass window in a near-by church, to the statue of William Penn on top of City Hall, Philadelphia: "Men look up to you, William, but they see through me."

But his quick wit never left a bitter sting, for he did not use it as a method of offense. To defend a character or a cause was his delight, and he used all his wit to do it.

So it was perhaps because he had the gift of conciliation, and love for humanity, that he was chosen one of the speakers on the occasion of a dinner at the Tavern Club, given in honor of the Archbishop of York. In the turbulent days of the war, it showed his poise of mind, soundness, and patriotism, as well as his wit. He addressed the Archbishop thus: "You come, sir, from a walled city whose gates are called 'bars.' They used to be bars. The purpose of them was to keep some people in, and other people out. But

they are bars no longer. They are open wide as the gates of the celestial city in the Revelation. This transformation of bars into gates is a symbol of that changed relation which we desire between England and America. Down go the bars of ancient prejudice, and the gates of hospitality and understanding and unfailing friendship open wide."

If an eager questioner, at home, inquired what he said on various public occasions, he was wont to reply, "Oh, I made my usual flippant remarks."

He was greatly amused on one occasion to be introduced as the "Mark Twain of theology." But he knew, and his listeners knew, that there was no flippancy and no disrespect for serious matters. On every occasion he bore testimony that he was proud to be in the service of the Master. Though with such a keen sense of humor, there was nothing that irritated him more than the recital of "clerical" jokes, on the assumption that ministers could enjoy no other form of humor.

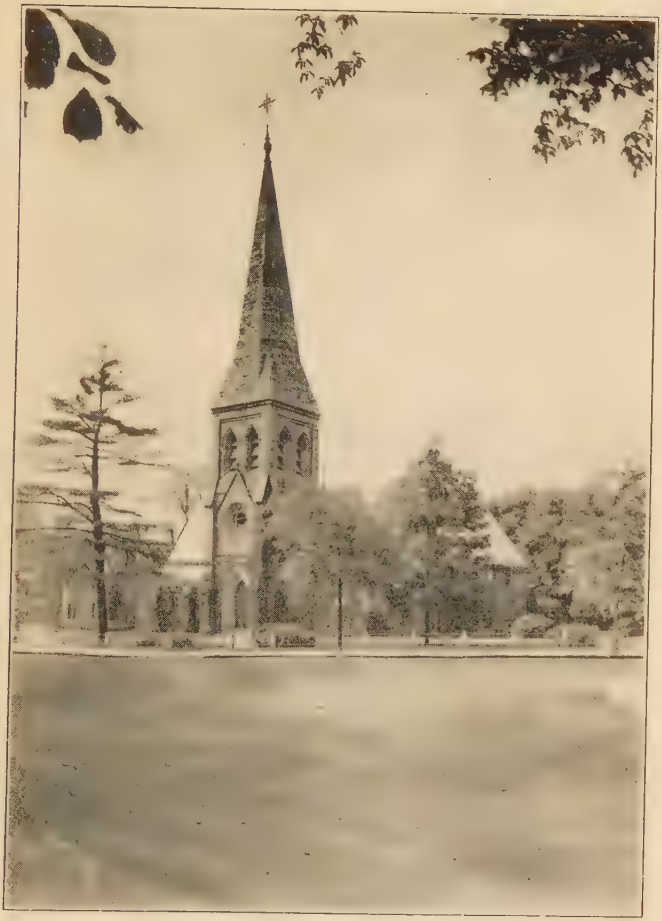
It was often asked how so busy a man, teaching, preaching, and constantly ministering to others, could find time to write so many books. He did not find time; he saved time, and made the best use of the time given him, and he used for the making of his books those ideas which he had already set forth in Sunday-school lessons, sermons, lectures, talks to parents. If the subjects were worth while, and touched a responsive chord in his listeners, they were worth repeating again in print.

From early boyhood it had been his ambition to write books. His style of writing had been individual from the beginning; short, pithy sen-

tences, simple and direct, and full of homely illustrations, set forth in aptly chosen words. It was plain and comprehensive, as the following passage shows: "George Fox, the first Quaker, was a cobbler; and the first Quaker dress was the leather coat and breeches which he made for himself with his own tools. Thereafter he was independent both of fashions and of tailors. Cobbler though he was, and so slenderly educated that he did not express himself grammatically, Fox was nevertheless a prophet, according to the order of Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa. He looked out into the England of his day with the keenest eyes of any man of his times, and remarked upon what he saw with the most honest and candid speech." No ambiguity here, and we see George Fox and William Penn and Samuel Pepys in a new and interesting light.

He had the gift of a delicate and delicious sense of humor, which ran through all he said and wrote.

His first book to be published was *The Catechism in Forty Lessons,* then *The Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments in Forty Lessons,* all addresses to the Sunday-school at Calvary Church. Next, *The Episcopal Church, Its Doctrine, Ministry, Discipline and Worship;* then the nine volumes of sermons, all heard by his congregations, and in frequent use by lay readers. They had suggestive titles and invited acquaintance: *The Heresy of Cain, Christianity Between Sundays, The Human Nature of the Saints, Battles of Peace.* Sermons are not, as a rule, popular reading, but these sermons carried the spirit of their writer and one felt sure that he had experienced what he preached.



ST. JOHN'S MEMORIAL CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

The testimony of one stranger, a librarian in the West, is worth quoting: "Whenever I come in tired and blue, I say to my mother, 'Let us read one of Dean Hodges' sermons,' and I carry them with me and try to live them day by day, and they are a source of endless help and comfort. . . . I wish you could know just how much this 'thank you' means, for you certainly cannot realize the far reaching influence for righteousness which you are exercising."

The story of the life of Christ, which he told in simple lessons to Calvary Sunday-school, he made into a typewritten book for his own children. Those who read it persuaded him to expand it into a book called *When the King Came,* a beautiful and reverent telling of the life of Christ. Said Bishop Lawrence, "It is a real story, as full of imagination as a fairy tale, as true to fact as history."

This book attracted the attention of the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* who persuaded him to write lessons from the Old Testament. These were published in two series in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1907 and 1908, and eventually were made into two books, *The Garden of Eden* and *The Castle of Zion.* They were told in his usual crisp masterly style, making Old Testament heroes as real as those of to-day, and were beautifully illustrated by William A. Everett. These stories reached an audience of many thousands of girls and boys and parents. That it was an appreciative and grateful audience was evident from the number of little letters written to him by ardent readers.

One little girl, who had asked for his autograph, was greatly disappointed when she saw it,

because his writing was "so bad on the outside of the book, when it had been so good inside." And another printed the following:

My dear Dean Hodges:

I want to thank you for the Bible stories which you are writing in the Ladies Home Journal I am a little girl six years old My Mother reads your stories to me on Sundays and I like them so much I save them and have them all pasted in my scrap book. please write a lot more of them

Your little friend
M. W.

Sept. 30, 1908

They were written in the summer-time at Holderness, and his own little boy of four waited in silence beside his father until a story was finished. Then it was tried on him, and if it met with the approval of the little boy all was well. His own children were in danger of thinking that father wrote the Bible, so greatly did they prefer his version to any other.

Another series of stories for children was "Saints and Heroes," in two volumes: *To the End of the Middle Ages* and *Since the Middle Ages.* These made fascinating some characters which might be by nature forbidding to a child.

He had made a name for himself in telling stories for children. Now followed *The Child's Guide to the Bible* and *The Training of Children in Religion.* The first chapter of the latter, called "The Securing of Independent Goodness," is a valuable contribution to child psychology.

The first course of Lowell Lectures became a book under the title of *Faith and Social Service,* about which Mrs. Richards wrote:

Around the book my friend did write
There runs a slender thread of gold;
On crimson ground a line of light,
Around the book my friend did write.
I turn the pages, black and white—
What else is this mine eyes behold?
Through every line my friend doth write
There runs a living thread of gold!

The lectures on the early church became a book, and so did the historical lectures, under the title of *The Apprenticeship of Washington.* "The Battle of Quebec" was used as a chapter in *Stepping Stones of American History,* and "Episcopalians," a King's Chapel lecture, became a chapter in *Religious History of New England.*

The Happy Family was a series of papers written for the *Ladies' Home Journal,* and *The Pursuit of Happiness,* a series of addresses to the students and congregations of St. John's Memorial Chapel. This little book contains many helps toward right living, in such sentences as these: "The quality of life depends upon determination. It is actually what we make it." "A serene face helps to make a serene soul; a smile on the lips induces a smile in the heart." "Look steadily on the bright side of life. Cultivate the grace of a good hope." "The name of one of the enemies of our peace is Hurry, the name of another is Worry. They are both of them put out and kept out by regulation." And from an editorial: "When you don't get what you like, like what you get." Also, "A pessimist has been aptly described as one who, being offered the choice between two possible evils, takes them both. . . . In the case of the lesser ills our happiness or unhappiness is mostly mental, like the weather.

The weather, as far as it concerns us, is mainly in the sky of the mind. It is only in small part a matter of temperature or humidity. The only important weather is the storm and sun of the soul. Anybody may elevate or depress the thermometer by twenty degrees by making much or little of the discomfort of the day. And on the other hand nothing is dull unless we are dull ourselves. We are all the time determining the quality of life. A song in the heart is better than a grand piano in a gilded parlor."

The two books, *Holderness* and *Fountains Abbey,* were the fruit of golden summers. *Three Hundred Years of the Episcopal Church in America* was his contribution to the Men's Thank Offering in 1907. *The Administration of an Institutional Church* (St. George's New York) was written during his three months' residence at Leland Stanford, in collaboration with Mr. John Reichert, for which service they received not much gold, but a gold medal from the Paris Exposition Internationale du Livre et des Industries du Papier.

On request he wrote *A Class Book of Old Testament History* and *Everyman's Religion,* both used as text-books in schools and colleges. There is much wisdom and potency in his words about religion:

> The true test of a church is not the glory of its buildings, not the strength of its organization, nor its wealth nor numbers, but its actual result in character. Thus a parish is tested by the conduct of the congregation, and an individual by his ordinary behavior. . . . The church, like the creed, is for the sake of character. It exists to make men good. . . . A man may say, "I was devoted to the church; I entered unfailingly into all its rites and

customs, and partook of all its sacraments; I was baptized and confirmed and came with uninterrupted regularity to the Holy Communion; I was a good churchman all my life." And the Lord will answer: "And were you also a good Christian? Did the sacraments of the church inspire you to self-sacrifice for the welfare of others? Were you more kind because you went to church, more watchful of opportunities to be of use, more restrained in your criticism of your neighbors, more conscious of the constant presence of God?"

Neither orthodoxy nor churchmanship shall avail anything when the Lord says, "I was anhungered, and ye gave me no meat." They will only aggravate the offense of our omissions. It all comes back to character. That is both supreme and essential. . . . Character is defined in the Beatitudes as a goodness which consists in the endeavor to attain ideals. It is independent of all laws; never asks, What does the law say? never asks, What must I do? It is a glad following of splendid examples. It is a joyous exercise of high principles.

These sentences show his constant and earnest endeavor to set forth religion as one of the essentials of life—the relation between the soul of man and God, which supplies a motive for conduct, not found in ethics or philosophy.

Perhaps it is "as difficult to write a good life as to live one," but he proved his ability to do both, in the two biographies—one a short Beacon biography of William Penn, and the other a life of Bishop Henry C. Potter. His readiness to put himself in another's place, to understand another person's point of view, and to interpret character rather than events, places these two books in the rank of good biographies.

Of the famous Friend, whose name to us means chiefly the association with the State of Pennsylvania, he wrote: "There have been many reli-

gious persons in high positions who have been so shut in by church walls that they have been incapable of wider outlook: they have accordingly been narrow, prejudiced, and often impractical people; they have been blind to the elemental fact of difference; they have hated the thought of toleration. Penn was almost alone among the good men of our era of colonization in being a man of the world, and a man of the other world."

The Episcopal Church, Its Faith and Order, published in 1915, was a series of ten lectures, offered to the younger clergy as a suggestion in their preparation of persons for confirmation. In its preface he said, "Whoever uses this book aright will bring to it his own personality and experience, and the actual needs of his own congregation, and will differ from it, here in interpretation, and there in emphasis. . . . The constant purpose has been to set forth, without partisanship and without prejudice, 'a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us.' "

The three books, *The Early Church, The Episcopal Church,* and *Henry Codman Potter,* which were published in 1915, were succeeded by another book of sermons, *Religion in a World at War,* in 1917, and *How to Know the Bible,* in 1918. With the last his ever busy pen came to rest. He was seldom seen without a book or a pen in his hand. His pen was as characteristic of him as his eye-glasses, and it seemed to aid him in composition. He preferred it to the more mechanical medium of a typewriter, though his shoulders became bent in the many hours spent in writing at his desk.

The habit of pacing to and fro at intervals,

while thinking his way through a subject, was also characteristic. He walked miles during the writing of a book.

His were not great books, but they were helpful, and great in their service to his generation and it may be to several following, for his thought was ahead of his time. As he said, with characteristic humility, when he could write no more, "There is no great scholarship in what I have written, but people seemed to like my books, and it was all very pleasant."

It was a remarkable record of writing—thirty-four books within thirty-five years, besides innumerable essays and magazine articles, and two sets of school readers (the Golden Rule and the King's Highway Series) in collaboration with Professors E. Hershey Sneath, Edward Laurence Stevens, and Henry Hallam Tweedy of Yale University.

He was enabled to produce so much because of his unceasing industry, and because of his joy in writing. It was to him a recreation, and many a summer vacation was spent in making another book, rather than in travel or in playing golf. It was his hobby, and, as Mrs. Howe said, "Our hobbies keep us young."

CHAPTER XI

MINISTER AND CITIZEN OF CAMBRIDGE

For his coming to the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge one of the inducements had been that in becoming dean and teacher he need not cease to be a parish minister.

There was a considerable congregation worshiping regularly in the school chapel. While it was the chapel of an institution, and not a parish church, there were many of the usual activities of a parish. Its close proximity to Christ Church made it unnecessary to duplicate men's clubs and women's clubs, but there were a Sunday-school, a Missionary Society, and a Young Women's Guild.

The Sunday-school was under the superintendence of either a theological student or a member of the congregation. The former plan was excellent training for the student, but the latter found favor because it brought some of the fathers into closer relation with the religious training of their children. The dean was usually present at each session, either at the opening service, or to say a few words at the close, and on festival occasions—Christmas, Easter—made a fitting address, often illustrated by pictures.

He opened the meetings of the societies with prayer, seldom failing to be present, and called attention to work to be done in the five fields of

parish, community, diocese, nation, world. St. John's was a Church Service League in fact, and accomplished much helpful work, in which the dean took a keen interest.

Many recall his Bible and confirmation classes, when he sat in the chapel at a small table beside his listeners, and talked to them informally and simply about being good, and suggested helps to that end, confirmation being, as he said, "the consecration of one's self to the service of Christ." Among other helps, he stressed reading good books and hearing good music. He suggested "bibliotherapy," its materia medica being books, for people who needed consolation, conversion, or warning against moral evil.

Soon after his arrival in Cambridge, he was appointed missionary in charge of the Church of the Ascension in East Cambridge, with a senior student in the Theological School, Robert Walker, as assistant. After ordination, Mr. Walker assumed full charge and was rector of this church for fifteen years, and chaplain of the prison. In his prison work, as well as parish work, including the service in German, he went to the dean for advice and consultation. This brought the dean into active relation with people in the East End of Cambridge. At the same time St. Phillip's and St. Bartholomew's in Cambridgeport opened their doors to him and his students for participation in their mission work, while he frequently exchanged pulpits with the rectors of St. Peter's and St. James's Churches in Cambridge. With these five Episcopal churches in Cambridge he was an active co-worker, and they united to do him honor.

With Christ Church his relation was particu-

larly neighborly and happy, after the first suspicion of his orthodoxy was dispelled. In his usual humorous way he often referred to the Rev. Prescott Evarts as "my rector," but he meant it as a tribute to their loyal friendship.

With the neighboring Shepard Memorial Church (Congregational) and First Parish Church (Unitarian), and the Methodist Church across the Common, the Baptist Church near Harvard Square, Father Moriarty's Church on the hill, and Father Scully's Church of St. Mary on Mount Auburn Street, there was most friendly coöperation. They united in carrying on the no-license campaigns, and in districting the city for the care of the needy.

He was the moving spirit in the forming of the Committee of Twenty-One, made up of three representatives from each of the seven churches of Harvard Square to promote fellowship between the churches.

For nearly fifteen years he was president of the Associated Charities of Cambridge, and regularly gave liberally of his time and strength to meetings and conferences. To the Visiting Nursing Association, the Avon Home, the Cambridge Hospital League, and to every good cause he gave his encouragement and help. One friend said, "It is astonishing how many sides of the life of the whole community he has touched, and his touch has always strengthened." And another added, "This entire community leaned on his judgment, was sustained by his sympathy, cheered by his faith in God and man, and will long and affectionately cherish his memory."

He devoted himself earnestly to the training of young men to meet the social issues of the com-

munity and the nation, and set them a practical example of patriotism. He believed it the duty of every citizen to take part in public affairs; to help form public opinion, by appreciation, by recognizing the good, and not indulging in easy abuse of public men; to assist in supporting social institutions, by being present at caucuses and polls, by voting.

To a boys' school he said: "You will live your life under a democracy, which means that every man counts one, and that the majority rules. . . . But the majority is ignorant, which makes manhood suffrage a peril. Under these circumstances, the educated citizen must rule by influence, by educating his masters. The life of service is essential to national safety and prosperity."

A little pamphlet, *The Value of a Vote,* written by him and published in 1910 in English and Italian by the American Institute of Social Service, was widely circulated. It expresses the value of his citizenship.

The Value of a Vote. The value of a dollar is a hundred cents. You can take it into the market and buy with it something which costs a hundred cents. . . .

The value of a picture cannot be measured by dollars and cents. It depends on the pleasure which it will give us. . . .

The value of a key depends on what the key will do. It is nothing but a key, without any lock, it may be sold for old iron. But if it will put a man in possession of a library, or a gallery of pictures, or of a house of his own, then there is no sum of money which will express its value; it is beyond that. . . .

The value of a vote is not to be measured by looking at it, nor by waiting to see what will happen when it is put into a box. . . . A five-dollar bill has value, but

a vote seems to have no value. Some men, when they have a chance to exchange the one for the other, and thus to get five dollars for their vote, do it, and think they have made a good bargain. . . .

What is the value of a vote? That depends on what a vote will do for us. If a man sells a vote for five dollars, when it is really worth a thousand dollars to him, he makes a very foolish bargain.

The effect of a vote is to put a man into an office. . . . But men are put in office in order that they may do something for us. They are there to serve us. There are so many things which need to be done in order that life may go on well in a place where a considerable number of people live that we ourselves cannot look after them. We have too much else to do. We, therefore, choose men to attend to these things for us. . . .

The things we commit to the men for whom we vote are of very great importance. One of them is the education of our children. . . . Another is the preservation of public health,—the water supply, drainage, cleanness of streets, proper inspection and regulation of buildings. . . . We need to be protected from fire, and against thieves and disorderly persons. . . .

Thus it is of tremendous importance whether we vote for the right men or the wrong men. . . . The right men will take the money which we pay in taxes and spend it for us, not for themselves. . . .

But between these two kinds of men who offer themselves for public office, between the right men and the wrong men, how shall a body choose? . . . The man who wants to buy our vote is the wrong man, always. Because the wrong man is the one who wants to get into office, not to render a service to the town but to get what he can for himself. No man would pay five dollars for our vote unless he expected to make ten dollars or a hundred dollars for himself out of the bargain. . . .

Is there, then, a price, at any figure, for which a man may honorably sell a vote? No. For the ballot is a sacred trust. It is given to the citizen by his fellow citizens that he may use it not for himself but for the

best good of the community. Whoever tries to buy it is a conspirator against the people; to sell it is to enter into the conspiracy. A man's vote is his opinion, his judgment, and his will; it is himself. When his vote is sold, the man is sold with it.

Again, he urged each citizen not simply to take part in public affairs by voting, but to make his own distinctive contribution to public welfare, to be on the school board or common council, or to work for some national issue. He cited such an instance of public service as that of Henry C. Stetson for the city of Cambridge, "whom death took in the full strength and vigor and hope of his early manhood, with every social opportunity, yet who had given himself unreservedly to the service of the people and contradicted the bad tradition of the selfish indifference of the cultivated classes."

He mentioned also Richard H. Dana's work for the civil service reform; Robert de Courcy Ward's work for restriction of immigration; Robert Treat Paine's interest in international arbitration; and S. Homer Woodbridge's lottery investigations and restrictions. They were all private citizens, engaged in their own arduous professional work, yet inspired by a zeal for public service and reform and doing constructive work therein. They gave themselves without calculation or reservation to the public need.

In this connection he spoke of the rewards of service: "The joy of achievement, of getting things done, of coming into relation with the soul of things, of being fellow-labourers with God; the joy of fulfillment, the fulfillment of the promise of one's own nature, of exercising one's powers, of growing in favor with God and man."

The love of praise is a human craving. If we do well, we like appreciation. Realizing this he went on his daily round, cheering every one by his presence, and the radiance of a rare spirit. Life was a joy to him, though it had its trials. But trials were things to be surmounted, and joy was the result of overcoming difficulty.

He believed that the church should be an inspiration in the life of the city. He did not hesitate to speak from the pulpit on any public question in order to quicken the public conscience.

Every national holiday was commemorated by a service of prayer and praise. His own prayers for these occasions may be quoted:

AT ELECTION TIME

Almighty God, whose kingdom is everlasting and power infinite, who rulest all the nations of the earth; Bless now this people, we beseech thee, in this season of political decision. Guide us into wise choices; give us a right judgment; and grant that by our endeavors all things may be so ordered that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may prevail among us; so that we who are thy people may give thee thanks forever, and show forth thy praises from generation to generation; through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

PATRIOTS' DAY

O Lord God of Hosts, in whose service obedience to the right is more acceptable than sacrifice, and whose truth doth set men free; We thank thee for the devotion of those whom we commemorate this day, who on the Green at Lexington and by the bridge at Concord gave their lives for their country. Help us, we pray thee, to stand fast in the liberty which they secured for us, and in their spirit manfully to fight against whatever would bring us into bondage; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

LINCOLN DAY

O Lord Almighty, who hast made us and all mankind, and dost govern us in ways whose wisdom and patience exceed our understanding; We thank thee that thou hast established on this continent a nation dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal: equal in the administration of thy divine justice, equal in their right to the privilege of liberty and of opportunity. We thank thee for the brave men, living and dead, who have consecrated themselves to the fulfillment of thy will, and to the accomplishment of thy purpose, as thou hast revealed it in our national life; especially for thy servant Abraham Lincoln.

Grant us grace, we pray thee, still to set forward that great cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion; that government of the people, by the people, and for the people may not perish from the earth. And this we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord.

He showed his progressive spirit in his interest in the cause of women's suffrage. While not admiring the militant type, he favored the movement and was one of the vice-presidents of the Political Equality Association. Writing in 1896 he said: "A new factor appears in the problem of the city in the person of the new woman. . . . In the course of social evolution year by year new classes of people have come into the field of politics and have taken their part in the work of the community. The last to appear was the working-man. . . . The next to come will be the woman. . . . That has happened of which our forefathers did not so much as dream: woman has become an economic factor. . . . It is impossible that this economic change should go on without a corresponding political change. . . . We may deplore it, we may point out the evils

that will result from it, we may vote against it and postpone it, we may have all the arguments on our side, but on the other side is the invincible logic of progress."

He lived to see women's suffrage in practice as an influential factor of the time.

It was characteristic of him to look at things in a large way; in politics, not locally but nationally, and in religion, not denominationally but comprehensively.

The hospitality of his mind to new ideas, or to opponents, was as characteristic as was the hospitality of his home and church and school to strangers. To old ideas he gave his reverence, but to new ones his consideration and, ofttimes, approval.

In his home there was always a place for the visiting stranger, the sick student, or the aged relative. Three children were born in the deanery: John in 1902, Elisabeth in 1905, and Richard Gilbert in 1909. Home was his refuge, and particularly the summer home, where there was no ringing of door-bell or telephone. The serenity of his own nature pervaded his home. Children seldom felt peevish in his presence, but if his little boy had a sudden attack of temper, a gentle smile was sufficient rebuke, or a swift walk up and down the study floor, until the little legs were tired and the temper flown. It was impossible to say harsh or rough words in his presence, for they were out of keeping with his nature. One somehow used his best language and his best manners in the atmosphere where a soul was at peace with mankind.

Yet there was no restraint, and the merriest sound in the deanery was the father's voice, ring-

ing out in hearty laughter or call. The study door was rarely closed, excepting on a Saturday morning (sermon morning), and children ran in and out, though quietly withal, and not interrupting. They knew that their father's work was important. But he recognized the importance of their work, too, and was ever ready to help with a lesson or broken toy. A schoolmate of Margaret's recalls their perplexity over some lines of Browning. They visited the study and, on reaching her father's desk, he took each child on a knee and read aloud the verses. "Now, do you understand it?" he asked. When they shook their heads, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Neither do I"; and he was a lover and interpreter of Browning too.

That he was deeply interested in the details of his children's lives is shown in his scrap-book journals, with their many childish letters, first drawings, and school reports, which he cherished.

He was never too tired or too busy to read to the children; a regular time each day was set aside for it, and many books were perused during the year. A child on his knee or the arm of his chair while he read aloud was a familiar sight. Through the *Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, The Joyous Story of Toto,* the Rollo and Franconia stories, with their New Hampshire setting, and the novels of Scott and Dickens he led them. The summer reading was planned with the children's benefit in view, and he chose for them stories of adventure, with a historical background. Howard Pyle was a great favorite, with his knights of King Arthur, as were Jules Verne, Marryat, and Stevenson. It is hard to say what his own inclination in reading was, so much was

his taste bound up in his desire to give his children the best in literature. His greatest extravagance was buying beautiful books for his family. Much biography and history were included in his own reading, but for recreation he turned, not to a modern novel, but to a story of adventure and to poetry. He delighted in the rhythm and imagery of good verse, and read it with a zest and swing delightful to hear.

The friends of his children were made most welcome in his home, and he had an especially tender feeling for the fatherless and motherless boy or girl. One little boy who had lost his father, and whose mother was perplexed by cares, came on from Pittsburgh several summers and shared a father's care with the dean's eldest boy. And five little daughters of a friend who had died came, with their mother, for a stay of several weeks, while they were settling in a new home. There was rarely any effort made to entertain guests, but each felt welcome to take part in the family life.

The day began with family prayers, and grace was said before meals. This daily courtesy toward God did "improve the quality of the day." And the systematic regulation of time and events enabled the dean to fill the day with helpful ministrations.

It is sometimes possible to be a saint or hero in the eyes of the world and a far different and more difficult being to one's family, but not so with George Hodges. His faults were not sheltered by his home, and his behavior there was entirely consistent with his public teachings, full of tenderness and kindness and thought for others.

What, then, were his faults? Perhaps the

greatest was his blindness to the faults of others and too great optimism. Said the Rev. Edward S. Drown:

> He was the most forgiving man I ever knew. He understood what the Master meant when he told His disciples to turn the other cheek, and Hodges knew that that was the manly thing to do. We on the Faculty have our differences, and we have a way, from time to time, of telling each other just exactly what we think. When we criticized Hodges, he seemed to love us all the more. Better than any man I ever knew he had a right to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." He believed that forgiveness is the law of the kingdom of God, and he lived that belief.
>
> Closely allied with his forgiving spirit, was his loyalty to his friends. I have sometimes thought that he would have made a poor politician, because he always thought so highly of his friends. Did he have poor judgment because his loyalty led him astray? Perhaps so, but we loved him for it.

His unceasing activity spurred everybody to be up and doing, and to be doing their best. His smile of approval, and "That was very well done," meant much to those who served him, to whom he was unfailingly kind and considerate. He was innately courteous to the aged and to children. It is easy to be hasty, or to overlook the eager questions of either. An aged member of his family frequently inquired, "How old is such-and-such a person?" To which he unfailingly but non-committally replied, "Oh, about our age." A gentle rebuke to curiosity, but inclusive!

To a girls' school he said: "Don't take the great world too much for granted. Enjoy it and let others see that you enjoy it. When you

like people let them know it,—especially at home. When the things that people do please you, tell them so. Don't wait till they are dead. Remember what Dr. W. said, 'An ounce of taffy is worth a ton of epitaphy.' "

His home was also his workshop. To it came students with perplexing questions and many problems. The effort to keep an office hour was abandoned after a few years, and those who needed his counsel were admitted at any hour of the day. Perplexed students seldom went away without a helpful word. "He never lost his poise but had a sane view of things, a broad mental vision and a magnanimous and fair-minded spirit," said a former pupil. And another friend added: "So many people nowadays get excited and stirred up over things. He never did. His humorous calm made a quiet place about him." His few tranquil words illumined the point in question, and unessentials disappeared.

His affectionate interest followed the graduates of the school. During their three years there he had been quietly studying them, while seemingly unobservant, and he knew the qualities which each possessed, and where they would do most effective work in the ministry. He kept in touch with many a one, and now a suggestion to one, or a word of encouragement to another, helped the good work go on.

Much of his correspondence he did with his own hand, and few of his short businesslike letters have been preserved.

He was always ready to read a manuscript or to write an introduction to a volume of sermons or other book written by one of "his boys," or a

kindly review, and to contribute constructive and encouraging comment. One writes: "He called me always by my first name after I became an alumnus. Very likely that was his habit with others. But it impressed me with the sense of a fellowship knit closer from the very fact of separation from the actual School life."

Another writes: "He called upon us in our rooms, and was always kindly, very approachable, and unusually keen in his advice. . . . He was always considerate and was particularly careful to get the point of view of any one who differed from him."

He seemed often to dramatize a situation in order to get this other point of view. In the case of moving pictures, he tried to get the opinion of youth before condemning them, and one winter in Santa Barbara systematically went on a self-appointed censorship from one theater to another in a search for one he really liked, but their attraction failed to lay hold upon him. In the words of his own little boy, he "preferred to use his mind."

He took great pride in the success of any of the graduates of the school, and often told how many bishops there were among them, and how many had achieved other honors. Fully two thirds of the graduates of the school, up to 1919, passed through it during the twenty-five years of his administration, and through the lives of these three hundred or more ministers he came in touch with as many parishes. The Rev. Clifford G. Twombly chose as the text for his memorial sermon, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added

unto the Lord"; and he called it "The Halo of Dean Hodges," after the dean's own characterization of the text as "the Halo of St. Barnabas." As he had said of the faith of Barnabas, so it was with him. "It was not the mathematical, philosophical, or metaphysical kind of faith. It was the eager hand that he put out to take the hand of Jesus Christ, that Jesus Christ might lead him all the way long."

Bishop Slattery has preserved several letters from the dean, which show his kindly interest in the accomplishment of his friends, as follows:

29 March, 1904.

My dear Slattery:

I have read your life of Atkinson with more than common interest. It makes him live again; nothing could be better for us all than that. You have done a noble piece of work, with great sympathy and with great literary skill. Every page is helpful. It is the best book I know of to put into the hands of a young man who is making plans for his life. We are enthusiastic about it.

Faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

Keewaydin, Holderness, N. H.

My dear Slattery:

I like your last title very much, and so does Dr. Allen who is staying with me. It *might* be better to say

THE MASTER OF THE WORLD

Anyhow, the book will make the title good. I am very glad that it is coming out in these times when sober thinking is so much needed, and when the opportunity of expression so often overcomes the sense of responsibility.

Always very faithfully yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

11 Sept., 1906.

I never see the *Standard,* I am told that its spirit is unChristian, I am sure of it, if it condemned your book.

The twenty-five years in Cambridge were years of quiet development in strength of the Episcopal Theological School. Few new policies were adopted, for it was built upon broad and sane foundations. One noteworthy innovation was the teaching of sociology, begun in 1896 and continued until 1914, by Robert A. Woods. This was a distinct contribution to new methods in training for the ministry, the Episcopal Theological School being the first seminary of the Episcopal Church to introduce the teaching of social science. It was fostered, of course, by the great interest of the dean in the subject.

Gradually, too, less stress was laid upon required courses, and the student was given a freer choice, provided he took those courses necessary to the study of theology. For Hebrew or Greek he might substitute a course at Harvard in social ethics or psychology, or some other subject related to the student's own requirements.

The possibility of taking advantage of the larger opportunities afforded by Harvard University was talked of by Professor and Mrs. Palmer and the dean as early as 1894, soon after his coming, and the idea of having the theological students admitted to courses in the college took root in his mind, and the desire steadily grew. Little by little the privileges of the university were extended, the elective system developed, until in 1914 there was brought about an affiliation with Harvard University, whereby their courses were made interchangeable.

The granting of sabbatical years to the professors was begun in 1911, and this practice has

given the faculty more abundant opportunity for study and research abroad, and needed rest from routine work.

The Theological School welcomed to Cambridge such English dignitaries as Dean Stubbs of Ely (later bishop of Truro) and Dean Fremantle of Ripon, both advocates of the Christian Social Movement; the present Dean Inge of St. Paul's; the bishops of London, Ripon, and Hereford, the latter an apostle of peace; the Archbishop of Canterbury; and such scholars as Dr. Sanday and Dr. Rashdall of Oxford University. Every opportunity to extend the acquaintance between the Theological School and men of scholarship and renown was exercised, and the dean enjoyed thoroughly this contact with the world outside of Cambridge.

And to the popular American preachers and evangelists he gave as warm a welcome, as in the case of Billy Sunday. It was a memorable morning when Mr. Sunday spoke at the Theological School and gave the students some good hints about preaching. In making his farewell speech to Boston, Mr. Sunday said, after many other good-byes: "Good-by, Dean Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School; you have been kind to me. My, but you 're a good scout."

To people moving into the neighborhood of St. John's Chapel he offered its hospitality, whether to the pastor of the Congregational Church, the historian, John Fiske, or the parents of children in the Sunday-school. All were made welcome, and made to feel that it was God's house, and they belonged there. St. John's was called a "personal" church, and perhaps it was true, in the sense that the personality of its minister-dean per-

vaded its services. He had said: "In the ministry much depends on personality. The minister is himself his most convincing sermon. . . . He is to be a minister of strength, of consolation, of courage, of the health of the soul; and he ought himself to be a proof of the value of his prescriptions. A pale lad of studious habits, with a sensitive conscience and a narrow chest, who does not get on very well with the rude boys of the neighborhood, ought to seek employment out of doors; he needs exercise. He may be able to qualify himself for the ministry in the course of time, but before he thinks of putting on a coat of black, he ought to put on a coat of tan. . . . He must have the faculty of friendship, liking people, and being liked by them."

For liking people and being liked by them he had an eminent faculty. He tried to call on every member of his congregation at least once a year, and nearly every mid-afternoon saw him on his way, unless a meeting interfered. The weather was not allowed to interfere. "Never stay at home because of the weather," he frequently said, and also, "In heaven there will be no partings—nor any meetings." If any one needed him in sickness or suffering or sorrow he was quickly at hand. How many has his daily presence helped through the valley of the shadow, strengthening them by his faith and by his steadfastness! He was never too busy to go to one in need. Perhaps it involved sacrifice of time or of pleasure, but he seldom thought of his personal convenience. He was singularly selfless where his own convenience and indulgence were concerned. The simplicity of his tastes made him almost an ascetic in his habits. Like St. Francis,

he might have taken a vow of poverty, so little of time and money and ease did he expend upon himself. Members of his household provided necessities and comforts, but he was quite oblivious of the need of them, though he never failed to be grateful when they were called to his attention.

He was a devoted pastor, not only to his own congregation, but to many outside. He carried his friends constantly in his thought and took every opportunity to be of use to them. His pen was as ready as his speech in saying a word of consolation, or encouragement, or congratulation. His words about St. Barnabas apply to himself: "He, himself, was an argument, a convincing argument for the Christian religion."

In return he received the affection and devotion of a wide circle of friends. Apropos of the ministry he said: "There are better rewards than those which can be put to one's credit at the bank. The chief value of money is its power to purchase happiness. And in this possession the average minister, poor as he is, is rich: richer, I think, than most men whose salaries are larger than his. There are satisfactions in life which no amount of money can buy."

The fifteen years between 1900 and 1915 were probably the most productive ones of his life, from his forty-fifth to his sixtieth year. They were years filled with unceasing activity, and disregard of his own physical limitations.

In *The Pursuit of Happiness* he had said: "People are worn out not by the things which they do, but by the things they do not; the calls which are not made, the books which are not read, the stitches which are not taken, the letters which

are not begun—these are the evil spirits which give us sleepless nights. Not one of them can live in the atmosphere of regulation. They flee before a systematic ordering of life, as mice flee before the cat. The wise man who desires serenity and satisfaction will set about achieving them in the same sensible fashion in which he undertakes the erection of a house. He will draw up specifications. . . . It means a clear understanding between the clock and the conscience."

But though he had been sensible and had practised regulation, he had not practised moderation, and tired nature rebelled. He had a serious physical breakdown in the summer of 1915, and was obliged to take a year's rest. He went with his family to the Pacific coast and in lovely Santa Barbara sought recuperation. He found it in the perpetual "vacation weather, with its light breezes, glancing sunshine, and the surf running the white scales." He added: "This is a condition which makes Santa Barbara an ideal place in which to spend a holiday. The leisure which befits a sabbatical year is there a common possession. Most of the people whom you meet are attuned to the fair weather. . . . Nobody is ashamed to be found sitting with empty hands in the shade of his vine and fig-tree. It is a place where the busiest person, putting off his old habits, may be idle without self-consciousness, without fear and without reproach." All of which betokened that he had been ashamed of his weakness and enforced leisure. He added: "It takes a competent philosopher to tell the difference between being tired and being lazy." But in ten months the climate and rest did their beneficent work. That he had acquired leisurely habits is

evidenced by a longer letter than usual to Dr. Slattery:

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Dear Charles:

I did not intend to avail myself so liberally of your permission to accept your book without acknowledgment, but somehow the weeks have gone on and I have not written. It is not, however, for lack of appreciation. I like the book [*The Gift of Immortality*]. It is a helpful contribution to the study of a subject in which much instruction is needed, and it is done with your unfailing lucidity and reasonableness. I was greatly interested also in your larger book on the Holy Spirit. It seems to me that your chapter on the return of Christ in the Spirit is the best answer to the apocalyptic brethren. . . .

Gardner was down here the other day from Stanford, and spoke appreciatively of your lectures there. I am glad that you had a glimpse of that great college, in which the potencies so far outnumber the crudities.

I have been enjoying the year here thoroughly, and am feeling in excellent condition after the long rest. Rousmaniere reminded me that in music not only the notes but the rests count, and I have been trying to draw the proper inferences and make the right applications. Now I am planning in the spirit of the Western disregard for distance, to run over the continent to the Commencement of the School,—where some matters need my attention,—and return here for the summer, taking my family back in the latter part of August. . . .

I am glad that you persuaded Drown to write a book. I have been urging him for years, but you put the matter in a concrete way. He has done it excellently. The book [*The Apostles' Creed To-day*] is clear, interesting, and informing, a good combination of conservative and liberal ideas.

Always affectionately yours,
George Hodges.

3 June, 1916.

The "matter which needed his attention" was the conferring of the honorary degree of doctor of divinity upon him by Harvard University. This recognition gave him great joy and satisfaction. President Lowell in conferring the degree said:

> George Hodges, a near neighbor and dear friend, who, as dean of the Episcopal Theological School, has brought to the education of the clergy every means of instruction within his reach. A good and faithful servant, who has expended and increased his ample talents in his Master's work.

Even in his year of rest in Santa Barbara his presence was an influence for good in the community. With returning strength, there was returning restlessness, which found outlet in his supplying the pulpit in All Saints by the Sea, Montecito, during the enforced absence of the rector, his friend, the Rev. George F. Weld. In preaching there his confidence in being able to return to active work grew, and never were his words more impressive than in the short simple sermons, without notes, when he seemed almost inspired. After his preaching about "Goodness Plus," one little girl reported to her absent mother, "Mother, you know it was the *'plus'* that made the good Samaritan." And he said, "It is the *plus* that does it."

Said Mr. Frothingham: "What he wrote of William Penn was true in a degree of himself. 'He had taken the world for his parish. He considered himself a citizen of the planet, and took an episcopal, pontifical interest in the affairs of men and nations.'"

CHAPTER XII

THE LAST YEARS: 1916–19

GEORGE HODGES resumed his duties in Cambridge in the autumn of 1916, with renewed strength and enthusiasm. But the shadow of the Great War was over all, and life had to be conducted on new lines, even in the shelter of a quiet theological seminary.

His satisfaction over being able to take up active work again, and not being "laid upon the shelf" at the age of sixty, was tempered by the realization that there was little of himself that a man of his age could contribute in this time of stress.

First was his sorrow and disappointment that all things German had proved contrary to his ideals of that country. Its music and poetry he had loved, its theology and philosophy he had respected, and many of its people had been his friends. He could not wholly reverse his sentiments and begin to hate his German friends. His charity carried him so far as to speak kindly in public of the memory of a Harvard professor of German birth whose former popularity the war had tragically ended. But he was not in sympathy with Germany. His horror of the war grew, and overshadowed everything in life, as it did with countless others.

The classes graduating from the Theological School in 1916 and 1917 were of their usual size,

but the incoming classes were smaller, and by the time America went into the war in 1917 many of the students and younger professors were either in the army or engaged in war work.

The big Naval Radio School of the United States government, with its officers' training school, was located in Cambridge; and this gave opportunity for hospitality toward its members which residents of Cambridge were quick to seize.

One of the dormitories of the Theological School was rented by the government for the radio hospital. Several rooms of the adjacent dormitory, well heated and comfortable, were contributed by the trustees as convalescent wards, and here a group of women from St. John's congregation, assisted by the few remaining theological students, carried on this work of mercy. It was the outgrowth of the dean's impulse of tenderness and care for the youth of the country, so close to his own home in which his own little daughter was suffering from pneumonia.

His patriotic contribution was in writing and speaking words of inspiration and consolation. To stay at home was not a glorious adventure, but he glorified it in his sermon, "The Common Task" (1917):

> One day, the Lord, passing by the Sea of Galilee, finds three men fishing,—one older and two younger, a father and two sons. When he goes on again James and John go with him; Zebedee is left behind. This is not because Zebedee is indifferent, or over-age, but because somebody must carry on the fishing-business. The sons go on their great mission proud and happy; but they must live; they must be fed and clothed. And this necessary provision Zebedee contributes. This is his important and indispensable part in the mission whose final victory

shall transform the world. Every man to his part and place; the sons to theirs, by virtue of which their names are inscribed in the vision of the Revelation, on the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem; and Zebedee to his, with his name out of sight on the sure and strong foundations. You see how it touches those of us who at this moment stay at home, and attend to the commonplace duties while our sons and brothers go to war. . . . Zebedee is one of the most encouraging of saints. There is no halo around his head in the devout pictures, but he is an absolutely essential person and his good example is full of inspiration.

When his oldest son and daughter went to France in 1918 he was more content. He was bearing his share of the world's pain. He had altered the saying, "It won't hurt you to give," to, "Give until it hurts," when asking for funds for war work.

The faith which sustained him is set forth in "The Will to Improve," a sermon preached in many places including the camp at Plattsburg during 1917–18:

Here is the difference which St. Paul found between the Law and the Gospel, between the life which is according to "works" and the life which is according to "faith." Works, he said, are done by rule; as when a man works so many hours in a day, and quits when the prescribed time is ended, and does it for the pay, not for interest in the work; and would not lift his hand in the matter if it were not for the necessity of earning his living. But faith is enthusiasm, faith is earnestness, faith is personal concern and loyalty. . . .

For this ancient difference between the Commandments and the Beatitudes, between the Law and the Gospel, between the will to obey and the will to improve, is at the heart of the war. This is what we are fighting about. We are trying to determine whether the old

order, which is autocracy and despotism and tyranny, or the new order, which is government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall prevail upon the earth. Shall we be ruled from without or from within? by the obligation of authority or by the inspiration of ideals? Shall we be bond or free? The question was answered, and the result of the great contention was declared before the war began, in the irresistible movement of the progress of the human race. . . .

Meanwhile, the immediate concern to us as individuals is as to where we stand on the one side or on the other of the theory of life. We begin with the habit of obedience. This is the chronological order in personal as in racial experience. Our life is regulated for us, in our extreme youth. The anxious time for parents and teachers is the period during which youth should make the transition from the old order to the new, should come out of compulsion into election, out of dependence into independence, and morally stand alone. Now, after the long training, the real contest begins, and the young athlete must play the game without coaching from the side-lines. Can he do it? Will he do it? Will he go on now of his own choice, without our admonition, into moral success? It depends on his will to improve. . . .

This is at the heart of the great word of Jesus when he said, "For their sakes I sanctify myself," for their sakes, for the common good, for the raising of the level of the general life, I sanctify myself. He said also in another connection, "Because I live, ye shall live also." It applies not only to the life to come, and to him who "brought life and immortality to light," but to this life and to us. Because we live, our neighbors live also, well or ill, with ideals high or low, on account of us. For "no man liveth unto himself," but every man's life affects in some measure, and in proportion to his education, his ability and his social position, the lives of those around him. The most potent factor in the affairs of the state and of the church and of society is public opinion, to which everybody contributes, not only by what he says and does but by what he is.

Never has there been a time in the history of the world when there was so great a need for the service of everybody at his best as there is today. . . . The world is impoverished not only by the expenditure of money and the destruction of cities, but by the expenditure of men, and the destruction, so far as we are concerned, of the minds and souls of men. It is a time when everybody, and especially those of privilege and education, is called to come to the salvation of the world.

That we may save the world we must first save ourselves. We must improve ourselves. We are to fight the devil in our own soul, and in our own neighborhood. We are to resist every temptation to do ill, or to do nothing. Every ounce of our energy, every kind of strength we have, every possibility of service, is demanded in this new world into which we enter. God forbid that there shall be among us any traitor, whose alliance is with the worse rather than with the better in our common life; or any slacker who is putting less than his best into this work. Thus shall we bring effectual reinforcements into the universal war, the war of wisdom against ignorance, and of the right against the wrong.

And again in "The Trinity of Virtues," in 1918:

Faith is as original and fundamental, and as difficult of analysis, as filial affection, which is its counterpart. There it is, beyond our definition, but precious beyond all valuation. As that which is easy for intuition is difficult for reflection, we make our faith concrete and definite by the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. . . . In him in whom our human nature came to its supreme height the divine nature is disclosed.

Faith is the ground of hope. Hope is made possible by that faith in the right progress of the world which arises from the conviction that all life, national and individual, is under divine direction. Hope depends on the belief that the world belongs to God.

Christian hope is open-eyed, and maintains its cheerfulness not by looking away from the facts of life, but by looking through them. . . . The value of the virtue of hope is evident. It is a great thing to have a good practical understanding of the world, such as is afforded us by the instructions of wise men of science: they have done much to make life comfortable. It is also a great thing to have the good advice of philosophers and teachers of righteousness. We are sadly obstinate, they find, and must be told the same obvious thing a thousand times before we pay much attention to it. But they keep at us with much patience, and on the whole they make a difference in us, and improve us. But then there comes into our life the inevitable fact of trouble. Some sort of pain, some sort of grief, some disappointment, some tragedy, besets us. We are distressed and depressed. It is as if we had awakened out of a pleasant dream of peace and security, and had found ourselves where the rich man in the parable found himself. That which is an impending possibility in everybody's life is now a universal experience in this time of war. We watch the destruction of civilization, and the advance of our strong enemy, as men in the old time watched the progress of an eclipse.

Under these hard conditions, what we need is a new interpretation of life, a new confidence, a new courage. And science cannot give it to us: its ministrations are intended for the body. Philosophy cannot give it to us: its counsels are addressed to the reasoning mind, and this which has come upon us defies the reasoning mind. Even the moral virtues fail to satisfy us. . . . In the presence, for example, of the sudden death of a little child, science and philosophy and morality are silent. What is needed now is hope: the hope of another life in which these blessed joys of affection thus interrupted shall be resumed; and the hope which without definition or clear expectation maintains that the evil of life has in it a soul of good.

Nothing can shelter us and save us in the storm of adversity except the quality of hope, which is inherent in

religion, and is the fruit of faith. To take life in the spirit of St. Paul, somehow to rejoice even in tribulation, to look through the night to the light of the morning, to maintain the serenity of our soul no matter what happens to us, is to have hope.

The greatest of these virtues is charity. For charity takes faith and hope, which are personal qualities, and makes them social qualities, extends them out of the individual life into the general life. Charity is the love of our neighbor, and the fulfillment of that love in service.

Now, as if with the application of an acid to the invisible ink of a secret writing, there stands out in the midst of the page in letters of shining gold the sentence, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thine neighbor and hate thine enemy, but I say unto you, Love your enemies." There is a kind of charity which rests not on any precautions of prudence, or on any counsels of common sense, or on any social instincts. We rebel against it, and explain the words away, but it is another form of the Christian plus. This he added to the life of men as a new virtue.

Above the fine word, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is set the finer word, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world," the meaning of which is in the new Commandment which he gave, "That ye love one another even as I have loved you." It is the supreme standard, in war as in peace. Implied in it is all possible devotion, enthusiasm, love unfeigned, self-sacrifice which counts no costs, good will and brotherhood which shall reconstruct the world.

The facing of the most serious matters in life, and the indomitable courage with which thousands of men and boys braved death during the war, the mystery of the life hereafter, made it seem probable that, after the war, there would be a new interest in religion. They would look for "some one with a real religion to tie up to," as

an army chaplain wrote. There must be leaders found for these new times. Representatives of fifty-three theological faculties of all denominations, under the hospitality of Harvard University, in August of 1918, united in a conference to discuss future theological education and religious leadership.

This notable gathering, representing Christian fellowship, Dean Hodges attended and contributed to it his usual enthusiasm. Of it he wrote:

The Conference was modest in its estimate of its own importance, and seemed hardly to realize that it was writing a new paragraph in the history of religion.

It is a fact, however, that no such meeting has been held before in any land or time. The convening of such a company, and the happy accomplishment of a three days' session with no disturbance of the peace, is a significant event. The brethren represented differences which their forebears held to be profane and intolerable. The conscience of a former generation restrained a Presbyterian from sitting in the same assembly with a Unitarian, and forbade an Episcopalian to say his prayers beside a Baptist, but on the last day of the Conference they all joined devoutly and fraternally in the service of the Holy Communion.

Nothing in the meeting was more remarkable, admirable, and prophetic than this brotherly spirit. And there is probably no contribution of the Conference to the present situation so useful and valuable as this. For difference became division in the former time not so much on account of lack of agreement as on account of lack of courtesy on the one side or on the other; what was missing was friendliness and sympathetic understanding. Where these are present, as in this Conference, all things are possible.

Returning to Holderness in good health, and departing again in buoyant spirits for Holyoke, there he addressed a group of ministers in the Second Congregational Church on Church Unity. While speaking, his old enemy, shortness of breath, attacked him. But he said nothing about it and returned to Cambridge for the opening of the Theological School the next day.

The epidemic of influenza of that year had already begun, and as the churches of Cambridge were closed, he returned, after a week of busy days and sleepless nights, to Holderness. The signs of another break in health were evident, but after a month's rest he returned again to work. It was work under difficulties now. There was no assistant in the chapel, and the universal illness depleted the ranks of all workers. The calls upon his time and strength by visits to the sick and by the frequent funerals were incessant, but his ministry was unceasing.

A task performed was followed by hours of prostration; then he was up again and about another. He did not acknowledge to his family that he was not well, though he did consent to have a doctor visit him, and he promised to "go slowly." He had a little movable pulpit made, which was placed each Sunday in the middle of the chapel, because he realized that his voice was growing weaker and could not be heard in the rear of the chapel. But there was no explanation of this, and it appeared to be a desire to be in the midst of his congregation.

He gradually abandoned journeys out of town, excepting short ones by automobile, and lessened his attendance at public meetings.

Hopefully he preached to the boys at Milton

Academy on the text Isaiah, xl, 31: "But they that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

The cessation of the war brought much comfort, though the problems attending reconstruction troubled his mind. In his Advent sermon, which he called "New Heavens and a New Earth," he said:

> We are by temperament and situation conservative. And up to this time conservatism has controlled the world. It has restrained and silenced radicals and heretics. In church and state it has kept the upper hand. But it may be coming into difficult days. . . . We must have a new valuation of newness. We will keep our conservatism: we can't help that. We will be critical of new ideas and instruction,—they will be in need of wise criticism. But let us add to our conservatism sympathy. Let us realize that in this new world there are new people. Young men and women are coming back from Europe looking at life in a new way, a new sense of reality, new impatience of conventions. Let us be ready to meet the desire for new conditions, with understanding and hospitality.
>
> Let us realize also that in this new world there are great numbers of people who are not so satisfied as we are. We have fought the war under the banner of democracy. It is a dynamic and revolutionary word. It has dethroned kings: it will break all oppression everywhere. Let us meet it unselfishly.
>
> Our immediate and personal concern, however, is in a new world within, in our own souls.

And in "Religion in a World at War," he said:

> The righteous finds his true life in his own soul, indestructible, safe from all invading armies, unharmed by any ills of war. He lives in his faithfulness to the truth,

in his constant obedience to God, in his allegiance to his best ideals.

The sudden death of his beloved friend and physician, Frederic W. Taylor, was a shattering blow. They had lived side by side in summers past, had traveled together, and understood each other. The loss of this friend was like the loss of one of his own family circle. It had taken away one of the props of his life too. The quiet friend, on whose wisdom he had placed great reliance in the critical illnesses of his family, was gone.

His ceaseless activity was replaced by long periods of meditation, in which he undoubtedly faced the inevitable outcome of his declining strength. But no word of complaint or apprehension escaped his lips.

It was at this time that he instituted silent meetings on Saturday afternoons in the chapel, which were suggested to him by Cyril Hepher's *The Fellowship of Silence*. This showed how to have a profitable religious meeting without any spoken word of prayer or praise, the serene meditation of a Christian congregation.

January, 1919, marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dean Hodges's coming to Cambridge. It was fittingly celebrated by the alumni of the school and by the congregation. Dr. Kellner of the faculty said of this occasion: "One wonders whether there was ever such a collective expression of personal affection before,—an expression made wondrously tender and wistful by the feeling of what the near future might hold for the Dean, and the desire to tell him of our affection while he was yet with us. How he lifted us out

of our forebodings in his gracious acceptance of the Georgian salad bowl and its jingling contents! His voice took on something of the old familiar ring and we went home reassured and hopeful."

To many of the affectionate letters of congratulation he replied in happy vein, as in a letter to Robert A. Woods:

Dear Robert:

Thank you for your note. I have been off my job for two weeks, with shortness of breath. I am accustomed to shortness of ideas, but this new difficulty troubles me. The remedy is rest, to be taken every day between meals, but things interfere with it. I wish I were going as chaplain of your great circumnavigation.

Always very affectonately yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

31 March, 1919.

He participated in the planning of the Summer School of Theology which the Episcopal Theological Schools of the country held at Middletown, Connecticut, for two successive summers, 1919 and 1920.

He continued to have the comfort of writing, and his pen was busy with editorials and book-reviews for the *Churchman* and the preparation of the Dudleian lecture, delivered at Harvard on April 8. This lecture, and the Good Friday service on April 18, when he presented his last class for confirmation, ended his public service.

It became evident that a long rest was necessary. He had once said that his idea of heaven was a camp by the lake, where God seemed always near. He often humorously confessed that he was tempted to say, in opening evening prayer, "O, worship the Lord in the beauty of Holder-

ness." So it was natural that he should wish to go to his home in the White Mountains. Here he could look out and say, as he so often had done, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

He said good-by to his close friends, leaving letters to many whom he could not see. On the morning of his departure, May 1, he wrote to a parishioner who had been in an automobile accident the day before:

Dear Eleanor:

I am sorry to go away without coming to hearten you up a bit after your adventure, but it seems impossible. I must at least say that there is some satisfaction in the fact that Henry showed such presence of mind and command of the situation. It was a sharp test for him, and he met it splendidly. I was proud to hear how well he did it.

And now we are off. The day is fine and augurs well for the success of the expedition. If you could come up for a week-end to recuperate, it would give great joy to us.

In any case you know that I am,

Always very affectionately yours,
GEORGE HODGES.

1 May, 1919.

Cheerfully and apparently full of hope he started on his last journey.

He was happy to be in Holderness, and he made pathetic efforts to feel better. The will he had exercised to overcome difficulties did not succumb, but his heart could no longer perform its functions properly, and day by day his weakness increased. When, in obedience to the doctor, he went to bed for a few days to accumulate a little strength, it was with great misgiving on his part.

As his suffering increased and he was obliged to yield to the ministration of drugs, to which he strongly objected, his mental distress increased. What would be the future of his family? Of the Theological School? Of the church? An election in the church was pending; who would be the bishop of New York? Theodore Roosevelt had died; who would lead the Republican party? And Bishop Lawrence was ill. There were so many wrongs to be righted.

He grieved that he could not see again his son and daughter who were in France; and to the son who hastened from the West, he said, "This is the medicine that I needed!"

The letters and messages and visits of devoted friends comforted him.

Two letters from members of his congregation may be quoted:

I wish I could really put into adequate words all that you have meant for me in these twelve years of my life in Cambridge. Do you know the story of the little boy who was told that he could hold fast to the hand of God just as he might to that of his father? Somehow, through you, it has been an easier thing to "hold to the hand of God." Just by a human tenderness and friendliness, making mere words unnecessary, you have made it enormously easier to carry any burdens I may have had to bear.

The other:

I wonder if it would n't be rather a cheering and profitable occupation while you are sitting and watching the spring unfold in that enchanting spot, to look back over your years of service to others and try, if you can, to realize the sustaining force your very personality, sometimes without a word spoken—has been to so many, many people. It would seem as if it must help you to get well,

—the realization of all that power and force and richness that has been poured out into the lives of others.

"There is something beyond all imagination, beyond all mysticism," he murmured one day; and, "I believe in the love of God, in spite of the fact of pain."

He asked for his note-book and pencil and wrote, "The essential is not accuracy,—we can't have accuracy,—but aspiration, and approach, and approach, . . . not accuracy, but aspiration and approach,—Atonement—be for me." And over and over again he prayed, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

He did not want to die, but when he knew that the end was near, he was at peace. Only an hour before the end, he talked with his neighbor, the Rev. Malcolm Taylor, and said in his old cheerful tone, "Good-by, old man."

Among his papers was found one entitled "A Shield of Faith," in which he said:

I believe in the life everlasting because, as in my belief in God, I enter into the common faith of mankind. The belief of man in the life of the soul has through all ages overcome the contradiction of the death of the body. And, because, when I reason about it, I perceive that the life everlasting is made necessary by the nature of man, which is composed not only of oxygen and carbon and hydrogen,—none of which ceases at death,—but also of love and loyalty and courage and conscience. It is self-evident that God, who is revealed in Jesus Christ, cares more for the soul than for any combination of chemical elements.

On, then, into the life to come goes the soul of man. The conditions of that life are beyond our understanding; only we know that love and courage and loyalty and per-

sonality continue. It is self-evident that the next life depends on this, even as tomorrow depends upon today.

With this *Shield of Faith,* and with the *Sword of the Spirit,* O Lord of Hosts, give me victory in the battle of my life.

On the evening of May 27, 1919, his bright and tireless spirit gained the victory. Like Mr. Valiant-for-Truth in Pilgrim's Progress, he might have said:

"I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

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